

52  
BIG  
PAGES

POW-WOW SMITH INDIAN LAWMAN



# Detective COMICS

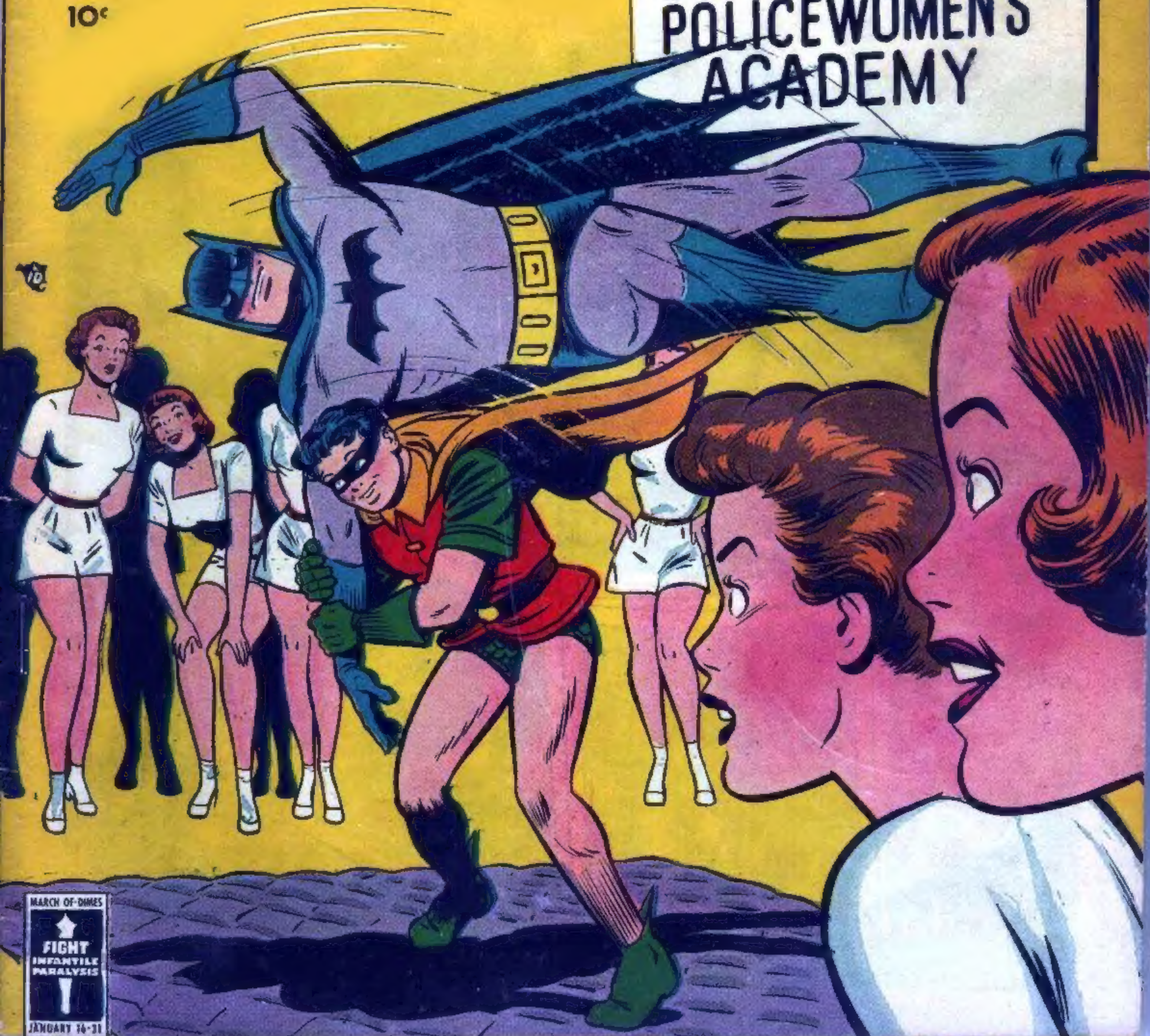
Another  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE  
WITH

**BATMAN**  
and **ROBIN!**

NO. 157  
MAR.

10¢

GOTHAM CITY  
POLICEWOMEN'S  
ACADEMY



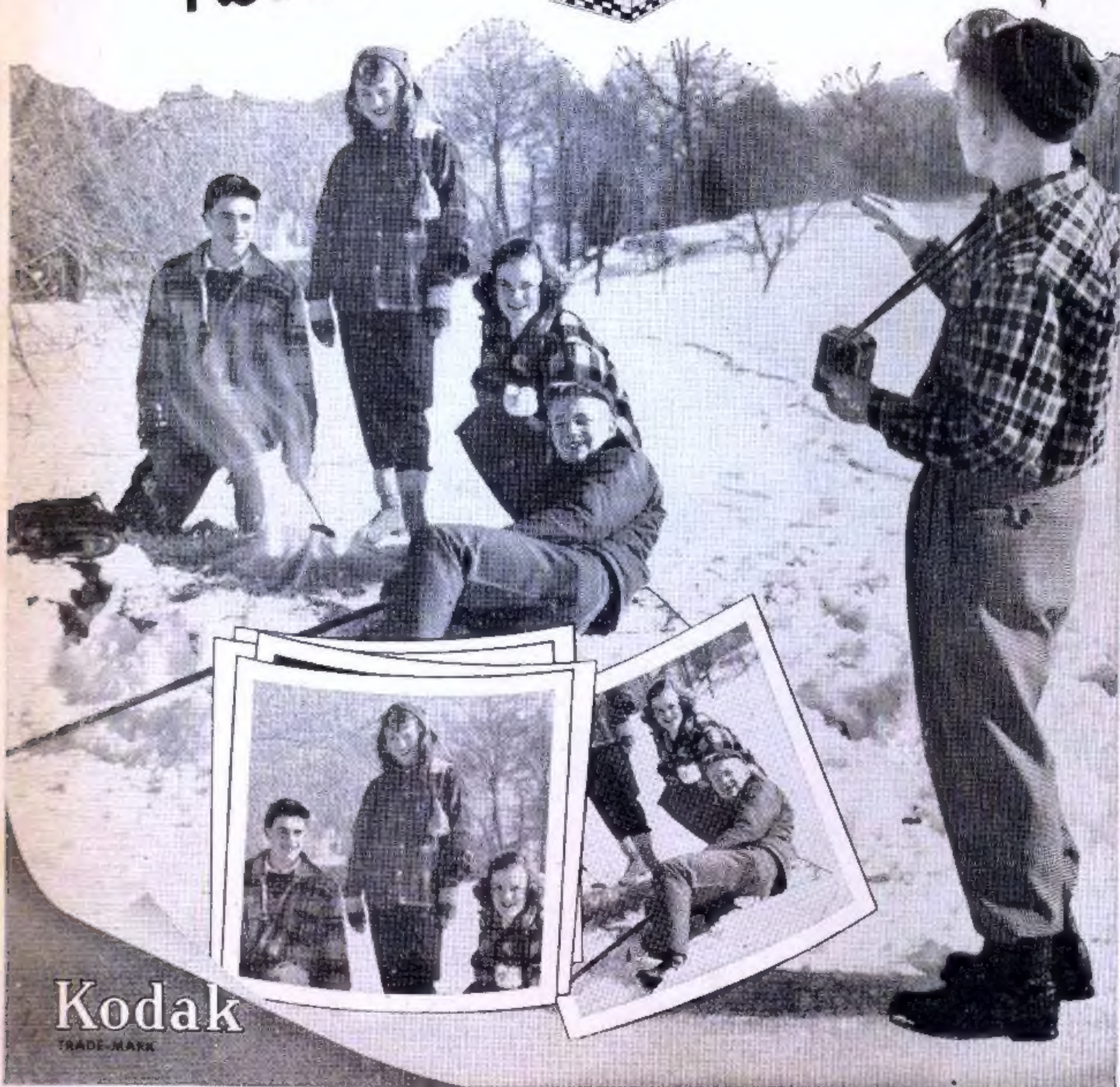


"Anytime's snapshot time!" You know how  
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...the film in the  
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Kodak  
TRADE-MARK



# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

EXCEPT FOR CRIMINALS, EVERYONE LIKES ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER! BUT NOW ROBIN FINDS SOMEONE—NOT A CRIMINAL—WHO ACTUALLY HATES AND MISTRUSTS HIM! THAT SOMEONE IS -- A HORSE!  
*Why* WAS THIS HORSE AFRAID OF ROBIN? *Why* DID HE LET EVERYONE RIDE HIM BUT ROBIN? EVEN BATMAN FOUND IT A BAFFLING MYSTERY UNTIL IT WAS SOLVED IN...

## the RACE of the CENTURY

by  
**BOB KANE**

**HATE**

**FEAR**

**MISTRUST**



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, A MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL WHO RIDES THE SWIFTEST STEED EVER SEEN PREYS ON LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS...

HAND OVER THE MONEY YOU COLLECTED FOR THE GROCERY DELIVERIES!

THE MASKED HIGHWAYMAN!

NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THIS BANDIT WHO GALLOPS THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THUNDERING HOOFS, ANOTHER TIME...

HE TOOK ALL MY GEMS! WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE MOUNTIES!

DAYS LATER, TWO FAMED CRIME-BUSTERS FROM THE U.S. VOLUNTEER THEIR HELP TO CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE...

WELL, BATMAN AND ROBIN, WE'VE FINALLY LOCATED THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HIDEOUT-- THAT CAVE BELOW!

THIS CLIFF FACE IS TOO SHEER TO DESCEND! ATKINS, WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP AND TAKE THE LONG WAY DOWN!

THE COURIER  
MASKED HIGHWAYMAN  
ROBS AGAIN!

DAILY GAZETTE  
HIGHWAYMAN ELUDES  
MOUNTIES' TRAP!

EVENING STAR  
MOUNTIES VOW TO  
GET HIGHWAYMAN

SOON AFTER...

BLAM!!

A SHOT!

ATKINS MUST HAVE REACHED THE CAVE ALREADY! IF ONLY THESE BOULDERS DIDN'T BLOCK OUR VIEW...

MINUTES LATER, LIKE TWIN FURIES THEY BURST INTO THE CAVE!

ATKINS! HE'S DEAD... SHOT!

THAT'S THE LAST SHOOTING YOU'LL EVER DO, MR. MASKED HIGHWAYMAN!



AFTER **BATMAN** NOTIFIES THE MOUNTIES POST MEDICAL EXAMINER...

HMMM! THE BULLET PASSED **THROUGH** ATKINS' BODY! BETTER FIND THAT SLUG SO WE CAN COMPARE THE GUN BARREL MARKINGS FOR BALLISTICS EVIDENCE!



BUT THE SLUG IS **NOT FOUND!**

IF THE BULLET HAD RICOCHETED FROM THESE SMOOTH SLATE WALLS THE GAUGE WOULD SHOW PLAINLY ... BUT THERE'S **NO MARK!**

IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT THE CAVE ENTRANCE, BECAUSE OF THE BODY'S ANGLE! THE BULLET **SHOULD** BE HERE, YET IT **ISN'T!**



AT THE ARREST OF THE UNMASKED HIGHWAYMAN, BART GILLIS...

WITHOUT THE MISSING BULLET, WE CAN'T PROVE GILLIS SHOT ATKINS, SO WE CAN'T TRY HIM FOR MURDER... BUT HE'LL GET FIVE YEARS FOR ROBBERY!



TWO WEEKS PASS AS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS TAKE A BRIEF VACATION IN CANADIAN WATERS...

**BATMAN...** A HORSE ...SWIMMING THE RIVER. HE LOOKS EXHAUSTED!



WHEN THE TIRED ANIMAL MANAGES TO GAIN THE SHORE, **ROBIN** ATTEMPTS TO PLACE A BLANKET ON HIS SHIVERING FLANKS, WHEN...

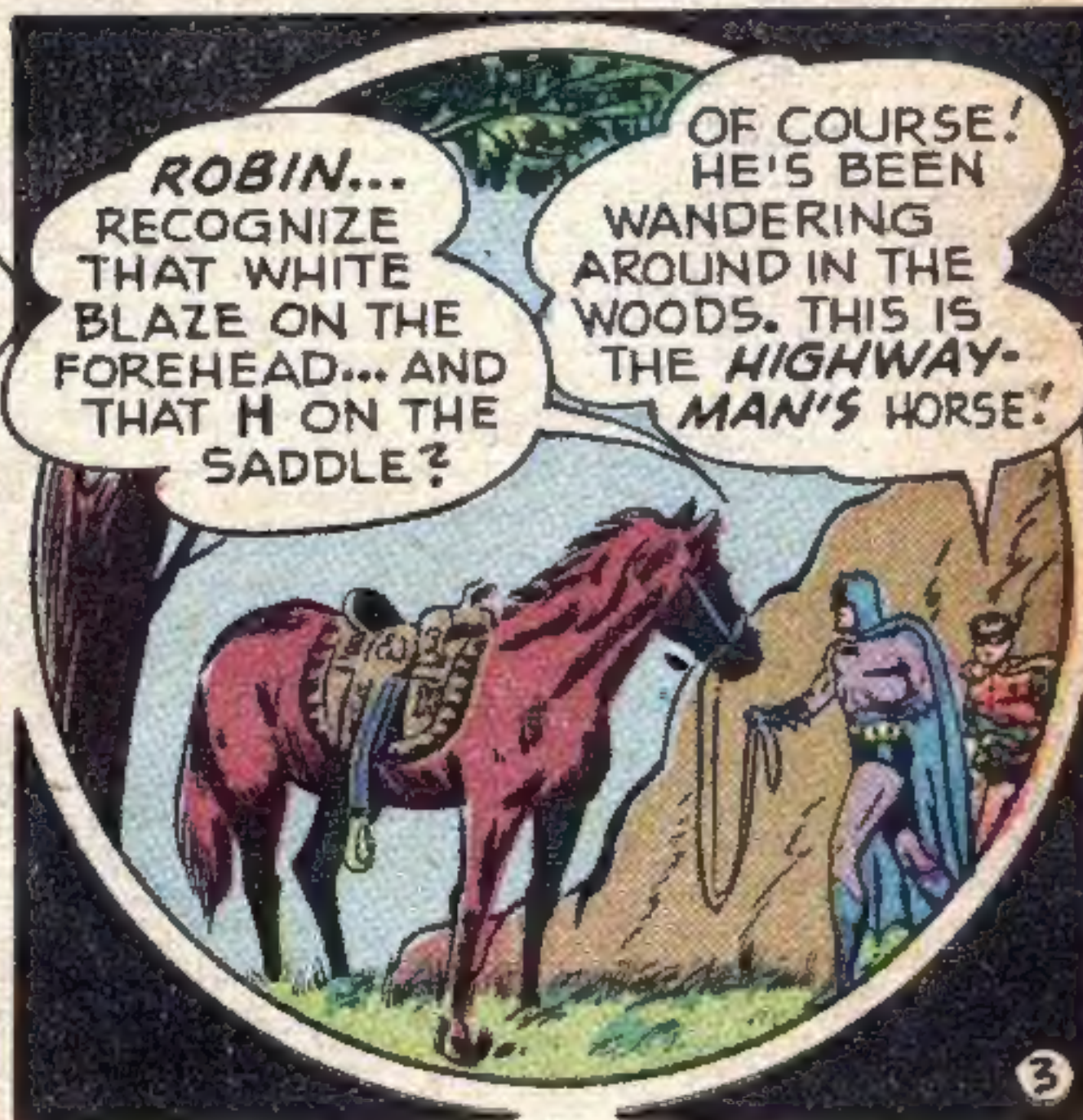
YOW! HE TRIED TO KICK ME!

HE'S PROBABLY STILL SHY OF STRANGERS! LET HIM CALM DOWN FIRST!

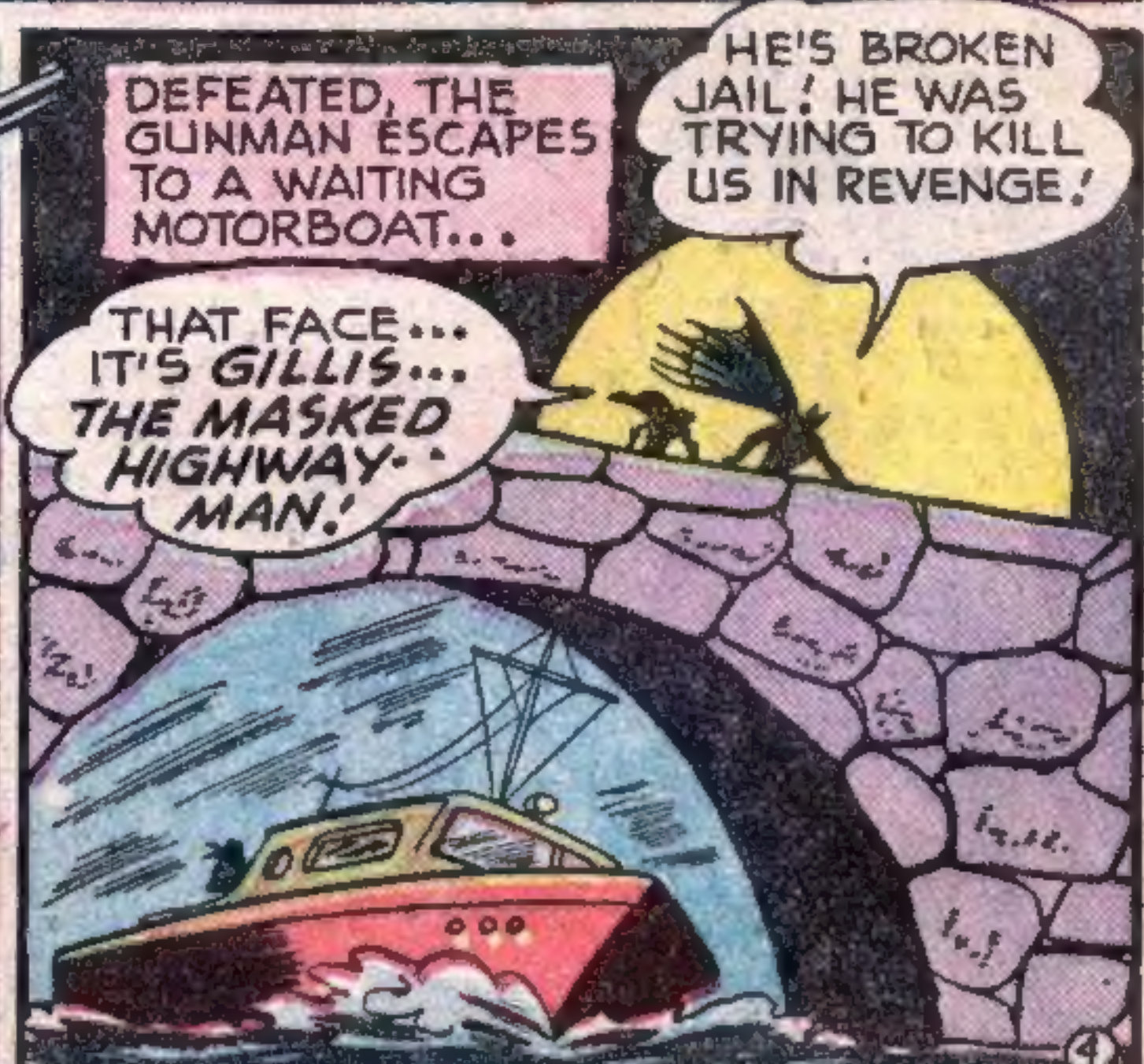
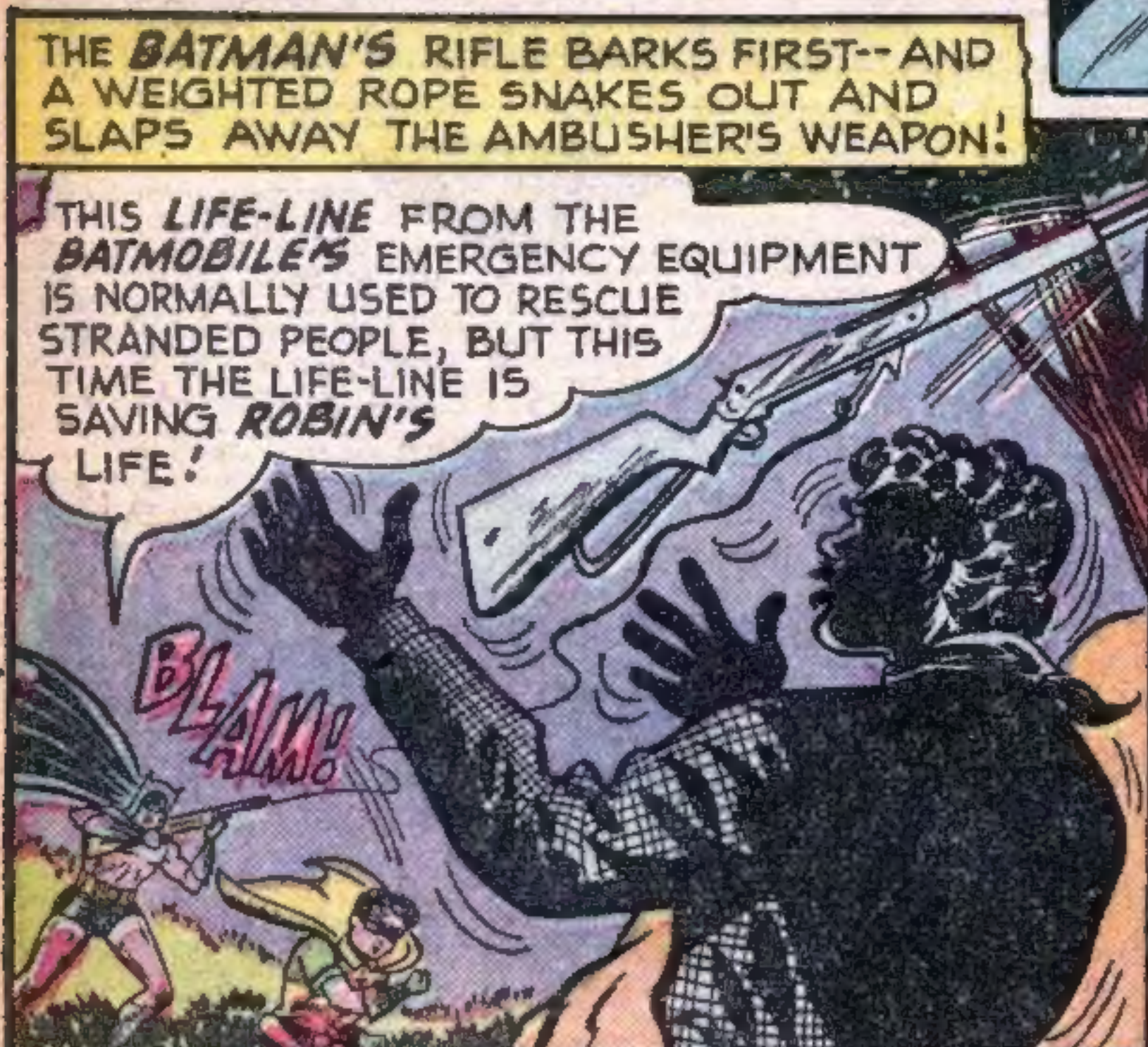
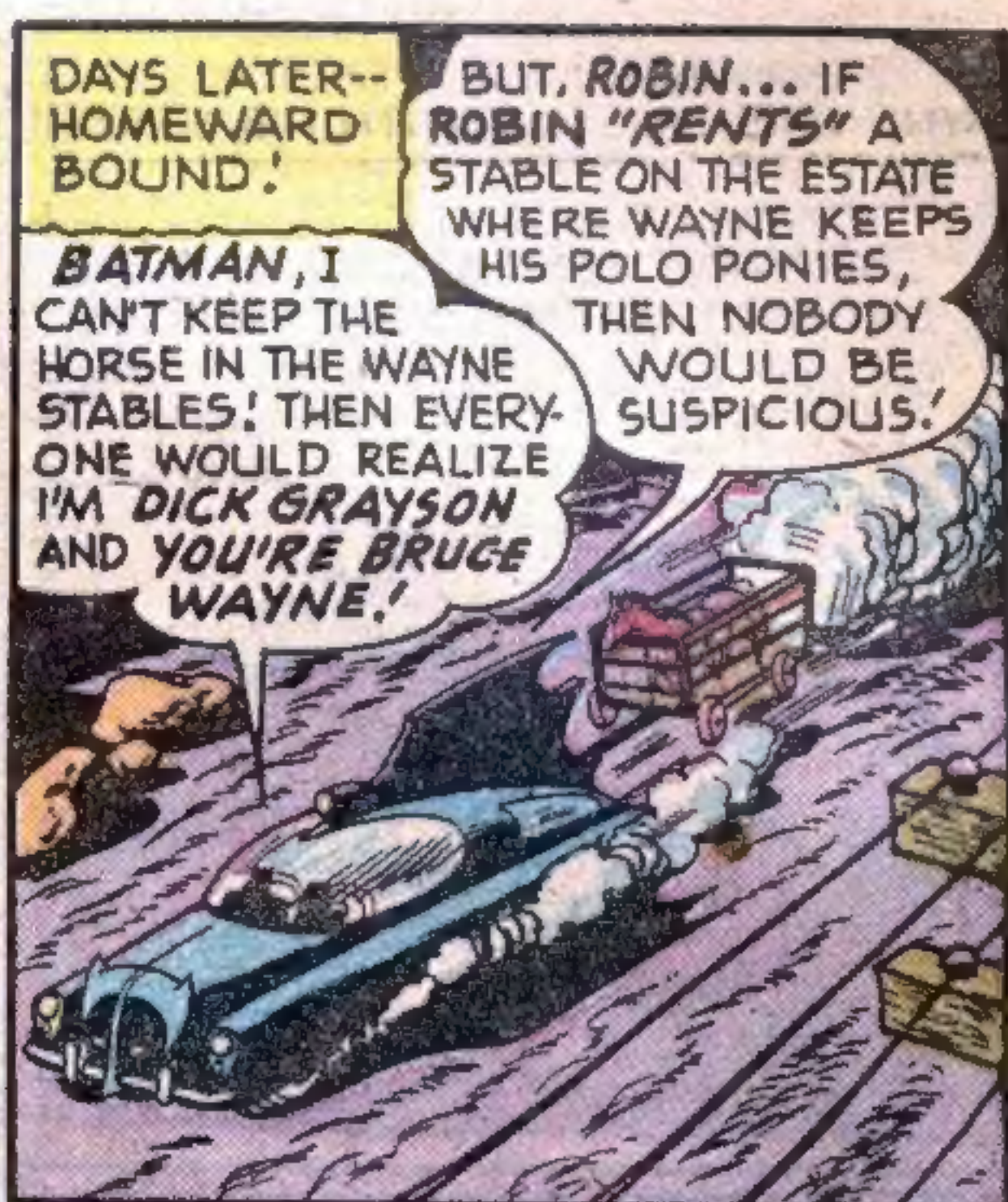


**ROBIN...** RECOGNIZE THAT WHITE BLAZE ON THE FOREHEAD... AND THAT H ON THE SADDLE?

OF COURSE! HE'S BEEN WANDERING AROUND IN THE WOODS. THIS IS THE **HIGHWAY-MAN'S** HORSE!









DAYS LATER—**HOME!** AND ONCE AGAIN SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS SUSPICIOUS DATE--**VICKI VALE!**

NOW WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M **BATMAN?**

OH...THINGS! LIKE YOUR RENTING A STABLE TO **ROBIN!** YOU WOULDN'T DO IT UNLESS YOU'RE **BATMAN!**



I DID IT BECAUSE **ROBIN'S** HORSE NEEDED A STABLE! THAT HORSE IS A BEAUTY! I ADMIRE BEAUTY...ESPECIALLY A BEAUTY LIKE YOU!

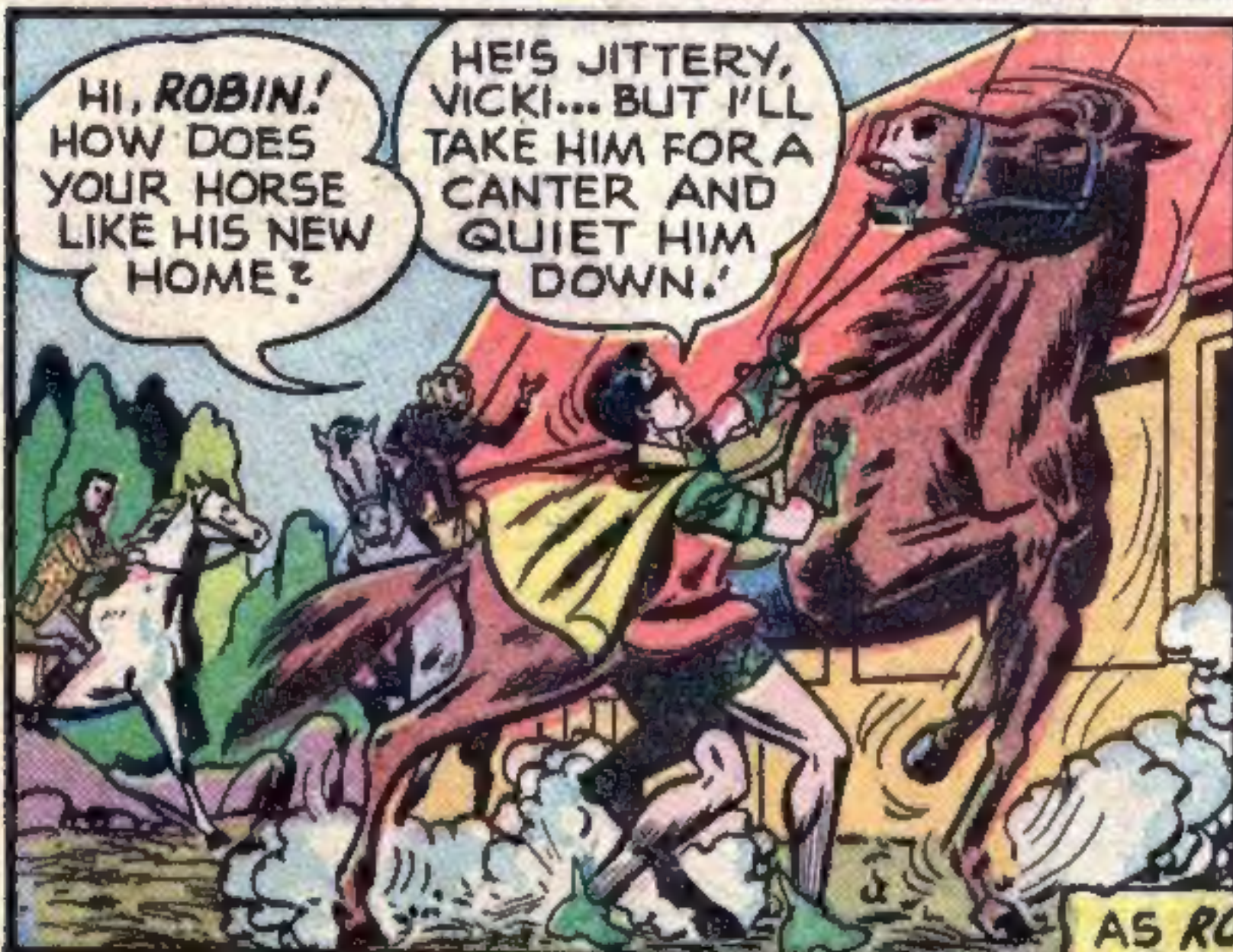
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NO PLACE! TEE-HEE!



BUT AS **ROBIN** APPROACHES AND MOUNTS, THE HORSE QUIVERS FEARFULLY AND SUDDENLY BOUNDS OVER TURF AND HEDGE!

WOW! I'D BETTER CATCH THAT HORSE BEFORE HE TRIES TO JUMP OVER THE **MOON!**

HEY!



HI, **ROBIN!** HOW DOES YOUR HORSE LIKE HIS NEW HOME?

HE'S JITTERY, VICKI... BUT I'LL TAKE HIM FOR A CANTER AND QUIET HIM DOWN!



SURPRISINGLY, THE HORSE IS DOCILE WITH BRUCE ON HIS BACK..

AS **ROBIN** MOUNTS AGAIN, THE HORSE TREMBLES AND VIOLENTLY LEAPS AWAY LIKE A FRIGHTENED STAG!

HE'S QUIET! I GUESS HE'S USED TO STRANGERS NOW!

SURE! I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM ANY-MORE!

LOOK AT THAT HORSE GO!

WHOA... OOH!





THIS TIME IT IS VICKI WHO EASILY RIDES THE HORSE BACK...

LOOK--  
NO HANDS!

ROBIN,  
FOR SOME  
REASON YOUR  
HORSE IS  
**AFRAID**  
OF YOU!

DON'T I KNOW IT! MY  
VERY OWN HORSE...  
AND EVERYBODY CAN  
RIDE HIM BUT ME!  
**WHY?**  
**WHY?**

THE HORSE IS A  
NATURAL JUMPER!  
HE SHOT OVER THOSE  
BARRIERS LIKE  
A ROCKET!

REMEMBER...  
IT'S NOT EASY  
TO RIDE A  
ROCKET!

SAY, THAT'S  
A SWELL NAME  
FOR HIM--  
**ROCKET!**

ROBIN IS ONLY A  
YOUNGSTER  
WHOSE PRIDE IS  
HURT, SO WHO  
CAN BLAME HIM  
IF HE MAKES A  
RASH PROMISE.

LISTEN, I'LL NOT  
ONLY RIDE  
ROCKET, BUT  
I'LL RIDE HIM IN  
THE BIG  
**STEEPLECHASE**  
**RACE... AND**  
**WIN!**

THE STORY LEAKS OUT  
AND ROBIN'S VOW IS  
NEWS!

GLOBE  
ROBIN TO ENTER  
STEEPLECHASE ON  
HORSE HE CAN'T RIDE  
— Evening News —

I'LL  
SHOW  
THEM...  
I'LL SHOW  
THEM ALL!

EXPERTS SAY  
JOCKEY ROBIN  
SHOULD TRY  
HOCKEY

EXTRA 3c  
BOY WONDER  
TO WIN  
STEEPLECHASE  
WE WONDER!

DOGGEDLY ROBIN BEGINS TRAINING...  
USING A LIGHT BAMBOO POLE TO NUDGE  
ROCKET INTO JUMPING HIGHER AND  
CLEANER.

I WISH I  
COULD TEACH  
ROCKET TO BE  
MY FRIEND AS  
EASILY.

DAYS PASS... AND SOON THE  
HORSE LEARNS TO CLEAR  
THE HIGH HURDLES WITH  
BRUCE IN THE SADDLE...

WHEN I RIDE ROCKET IN THE  
STEEPLECHASE, HE'LL BE ABLE  
TO JUMP HIGHER BECAUSE  
I'LL BE A LIGHTER WEIGHT ON  
HIS BACK! I'VE BEEN  
PLANNING IT!

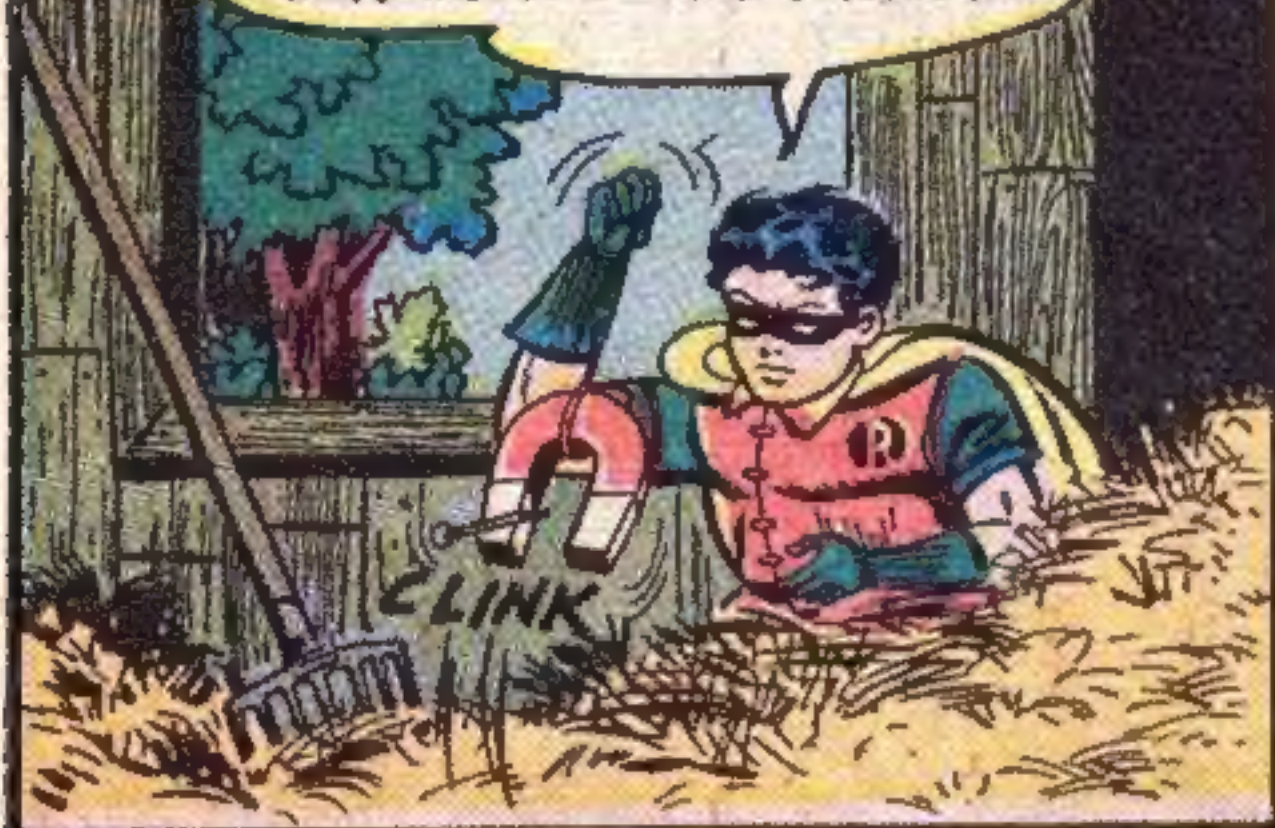
BUT IT IS ROBIN HIMSELF  
WHO HAS THE HIGHEST  
HURDLE TO OVERCOME--  
THE GAINING OF ROCKET'S  
CONFIDENCE!

WON'T YOU EVEN  
TAKE AN APPLE FROM  
ME, ROCKET? GEE  
WHIZ! WHY DO  
YOU HATE ME?



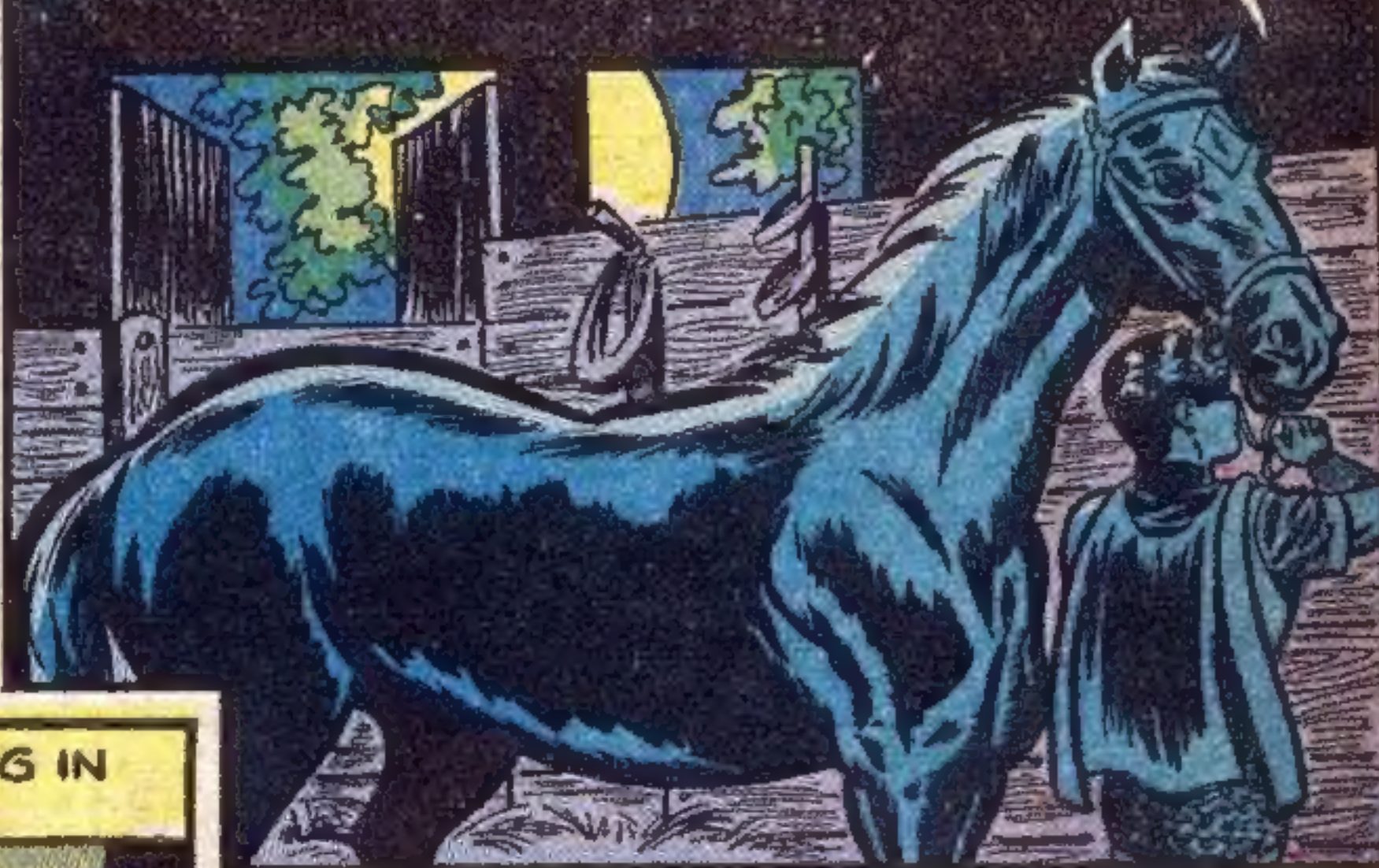
SO CONCERNED IS **ROBIN** FOR **ROCKET**, THAT HE DAILY CHECKS HIS FEED WITH A POWERFUL MAGNET.

A HORSESHOE NAIL! PROBABLY DROPPED IN WHEN **ROCKET** WAS SHOD BEFORE! IT COULD'VE SCRATCHED HIS THROAT!



IT IS ONLY AT NIGHT, IN THE DARK QUIET THAT **ROBIN** IS ABLE TO APPROACH THE TENSE ANIMAL...

GEE, **ROCKET**... YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME IN HERE AT NIGHT! MAYBE WE'LL GET TO BE FRIENDS THIS WAY!



SO **ROBIN** SECRETLY TAKES TO SLEEPING IN THE STABLE, AND ONE NIGHT...

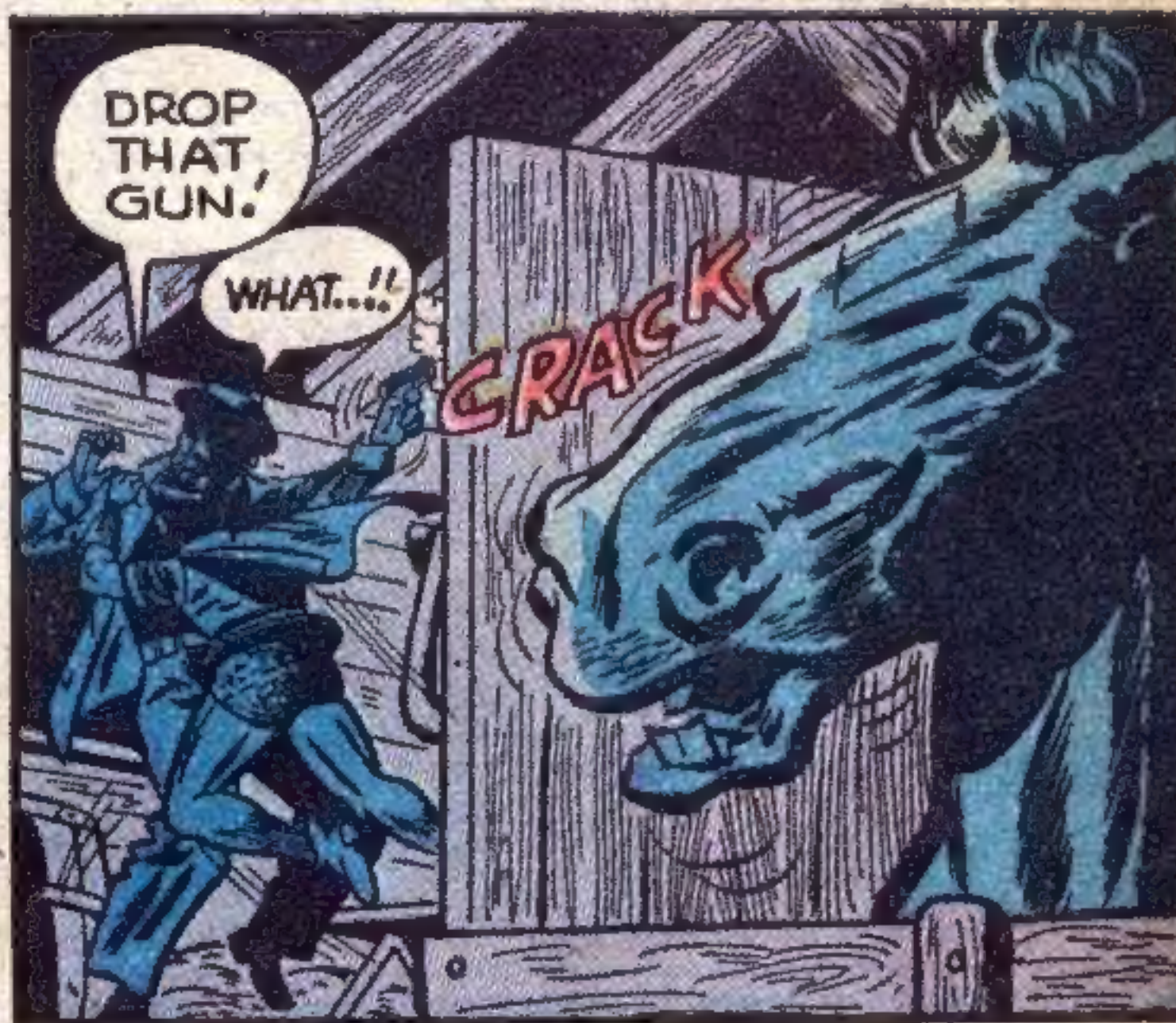
SOMEONE SNEAKING IN! HE'S GOT A GUN!



DROP THAT GUN!

WHAT...!!

CRACK!



GOT TO RUN! THIS CHIRPER'S QUEERED EVERYTHING!

BATMAN! COME QUICK! BATMAN!



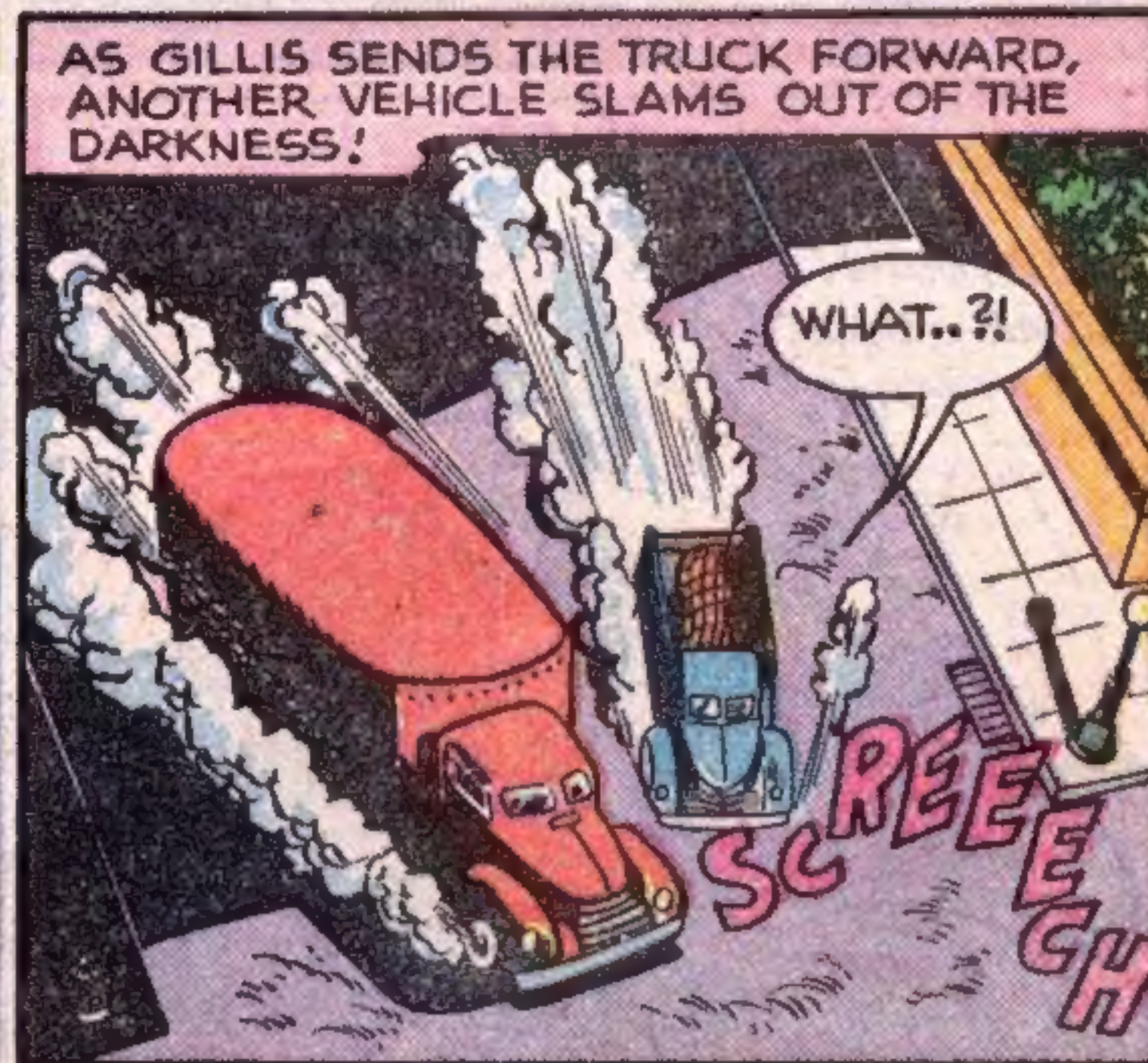
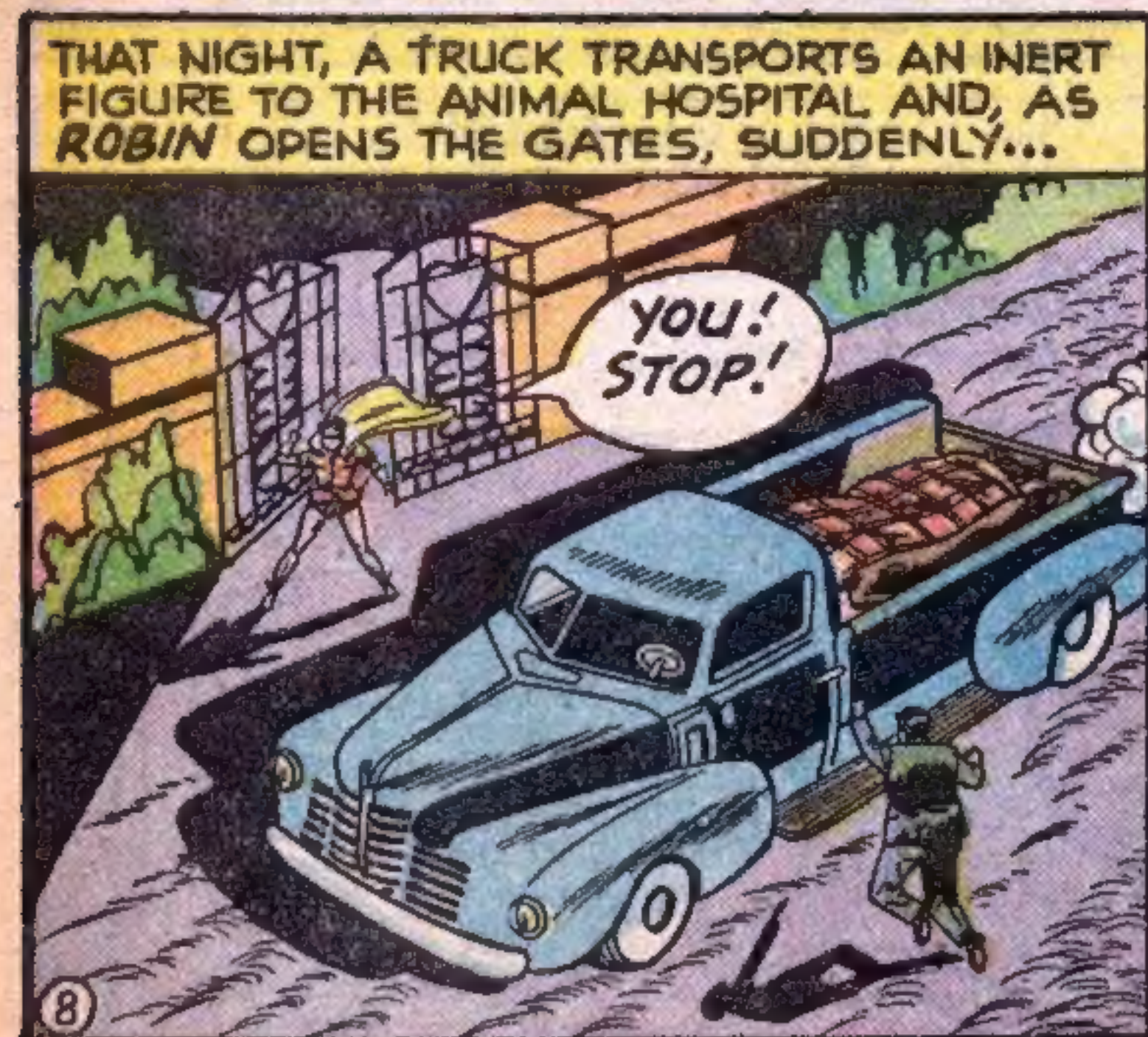
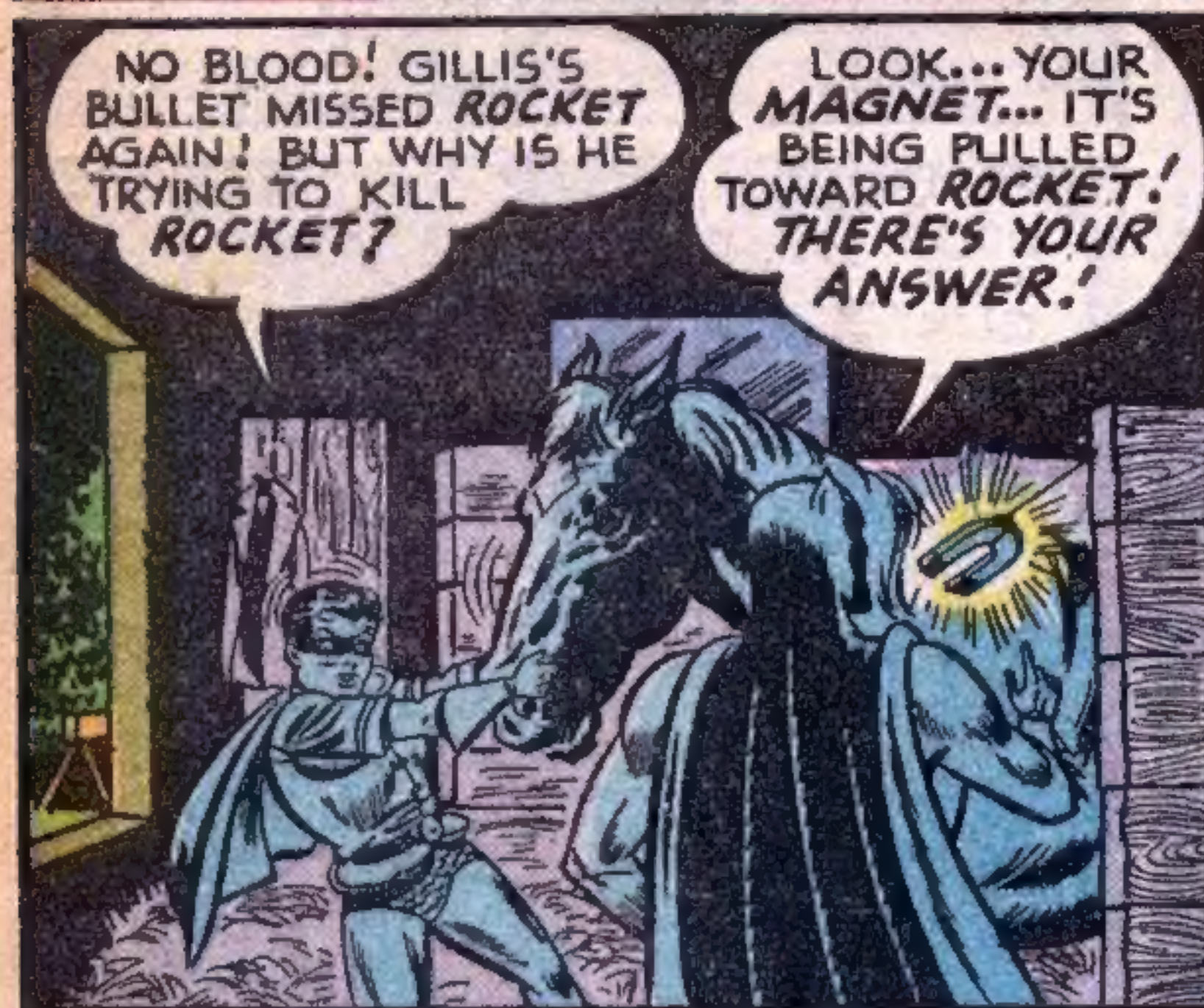
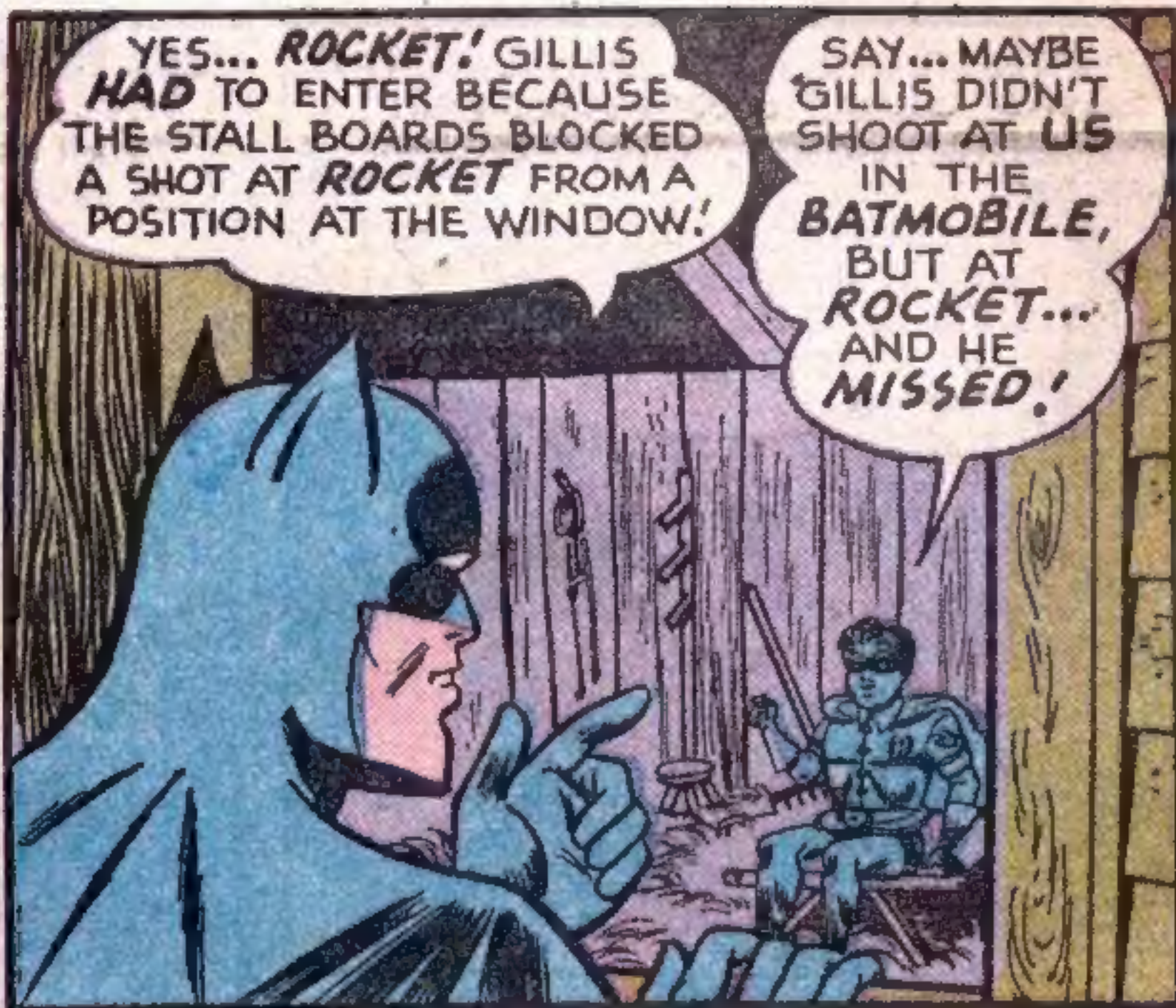
SOON, IN ANSWER TO **ROBIN**'S CALL, **BRUCE** APPEARS CLAD FOR ACTION...

YOU SAY HE CALLED YOU A "**CHIRPER**"? THAT'S CANADIAN SLANG FOR **GABBY PERSON**!

CANADIAN? THAT MEANS - **GILLIS**! HE'S STILL OUT FOR REVENGE! HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME!

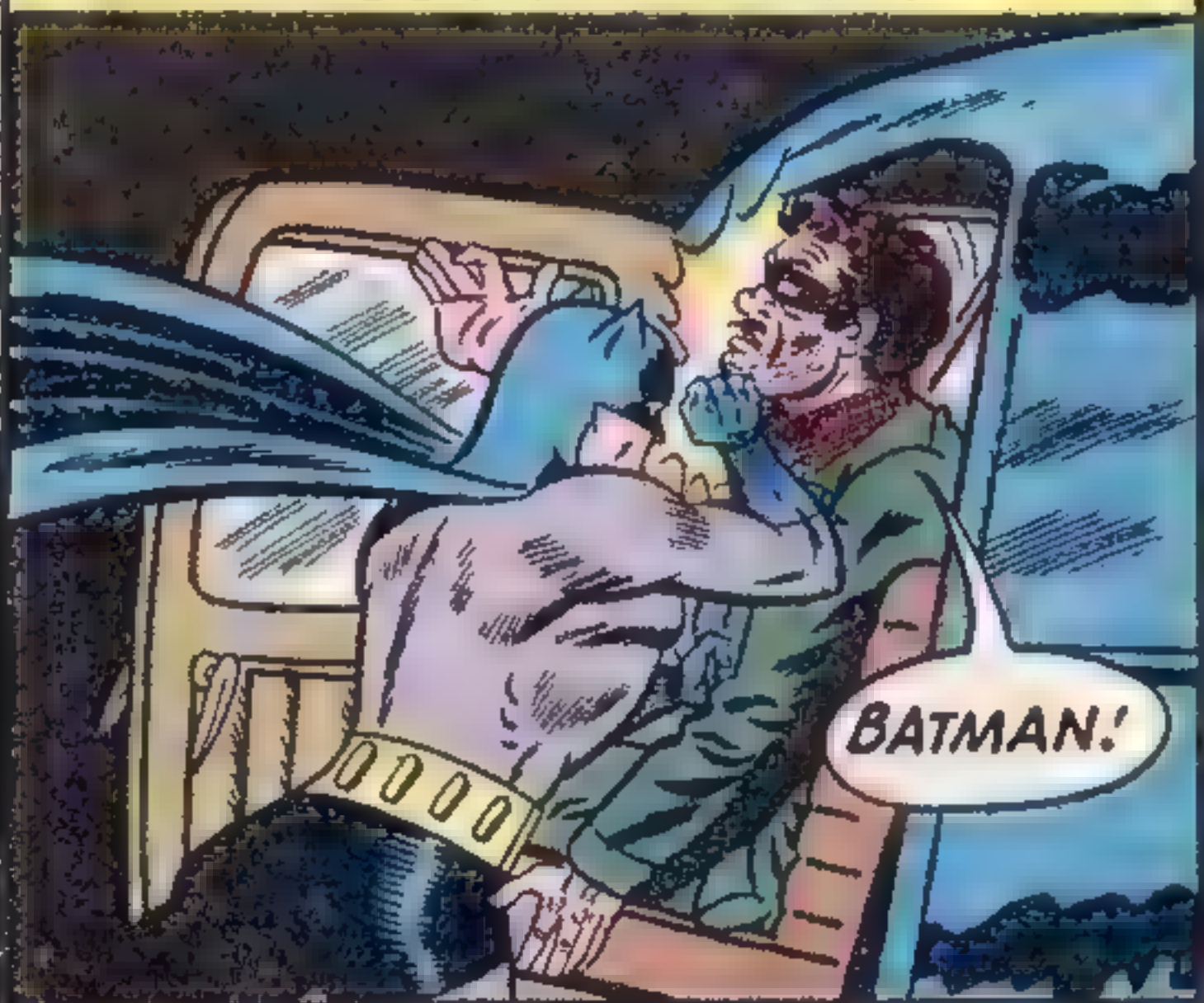








SWIFTLY, THE DRIVER LEAPS FORWARD AND YANKS GILLIS FROM HIS SEAT!

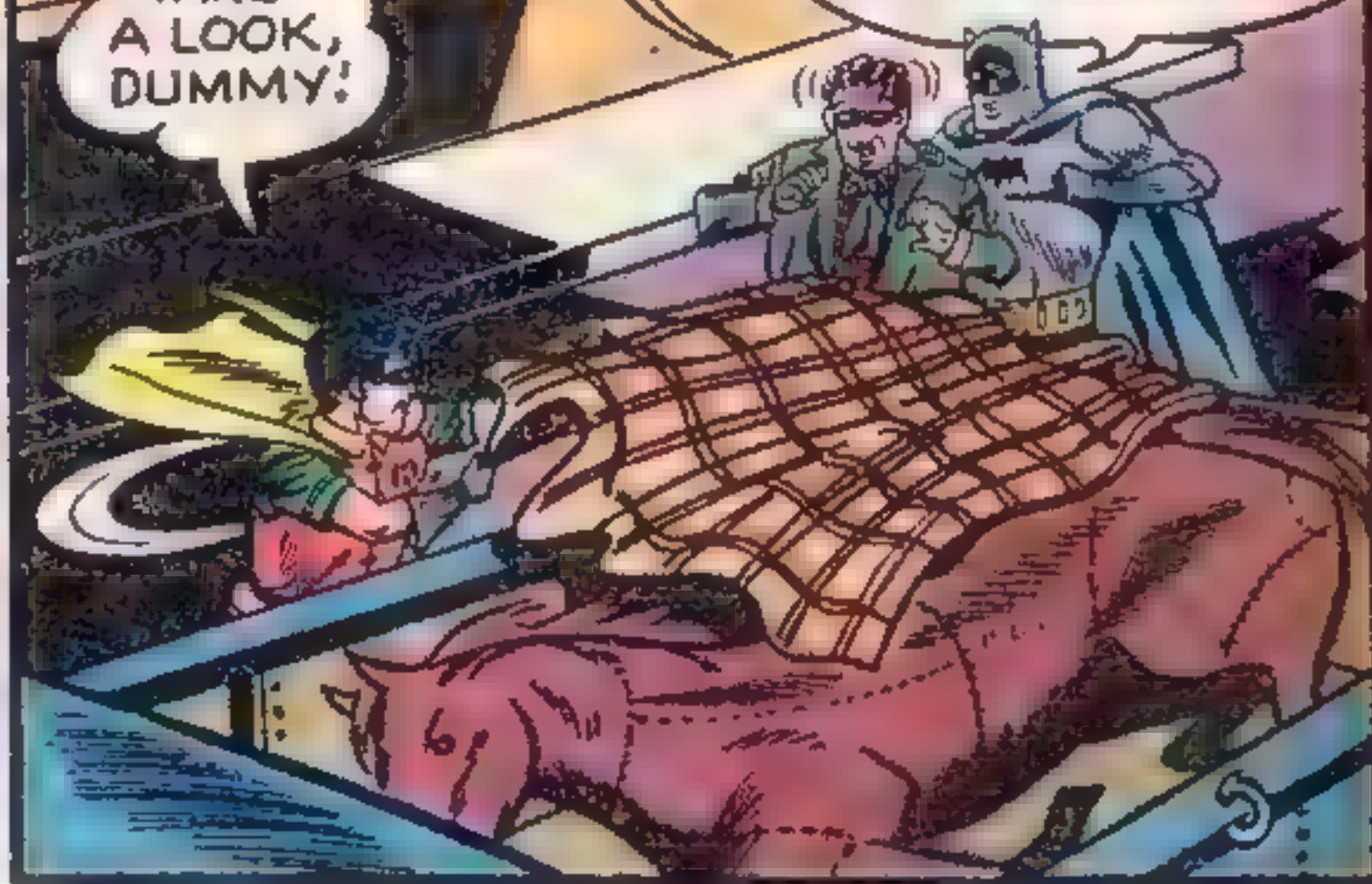


SOON, GILLIS LEARNS THE TRUTH!

A DUMMY HORSE!

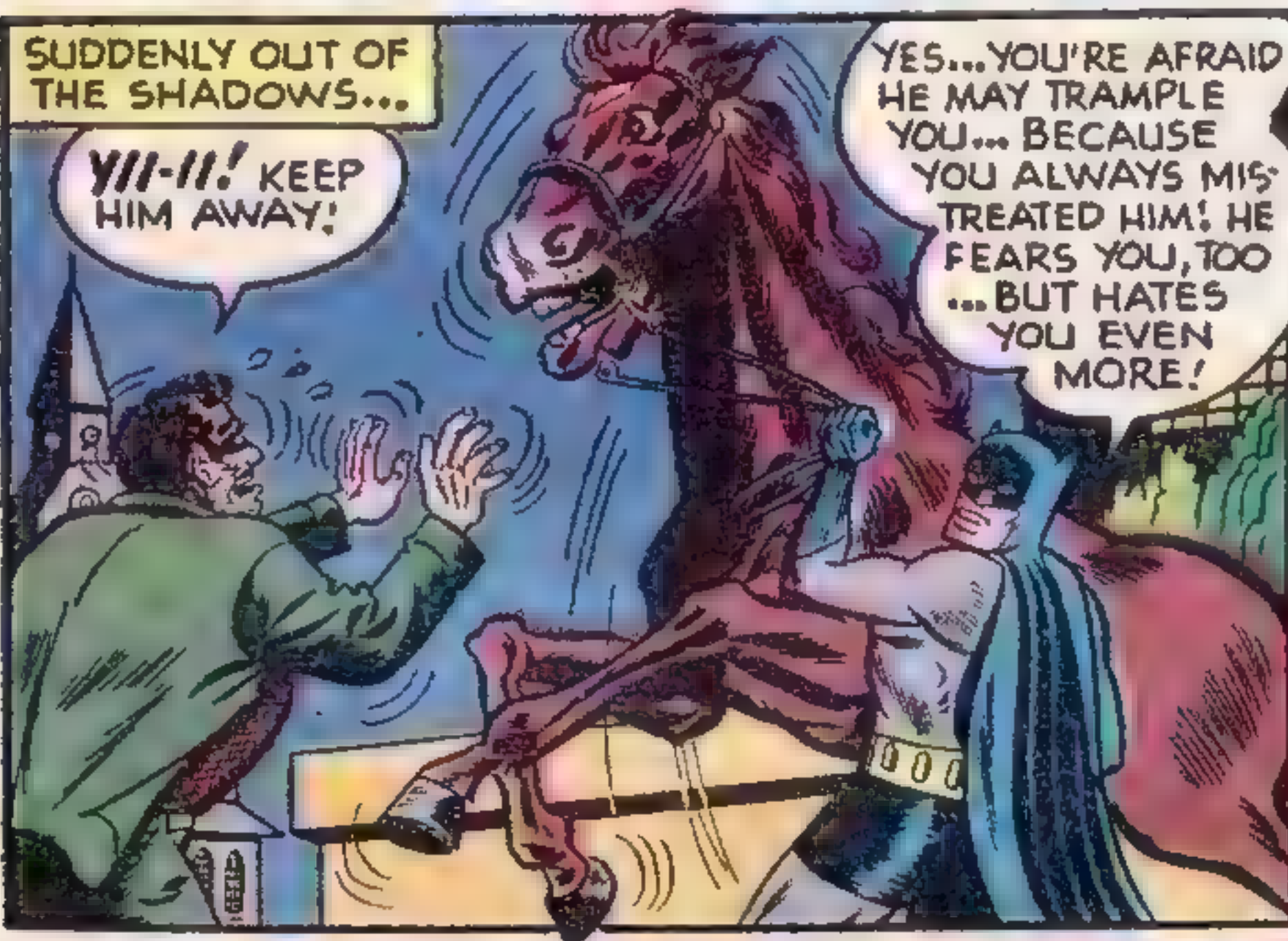
YES... THAT AND THE PHONEY NEWS STORY WAS A TRICK TO LURE YOU INTO OUR TRAP! **ROCKET** IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE!

TAKE A LOOK, DUMMY!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

YII-II! KEEP HIM AWAY!



YES... YOU'RE AFRAID HE MAY TRAMPLE YOU... BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS MIS-TREATED HIM! HE FEARS YOU, TOO... BUT HATES YOU EVEN MORE!

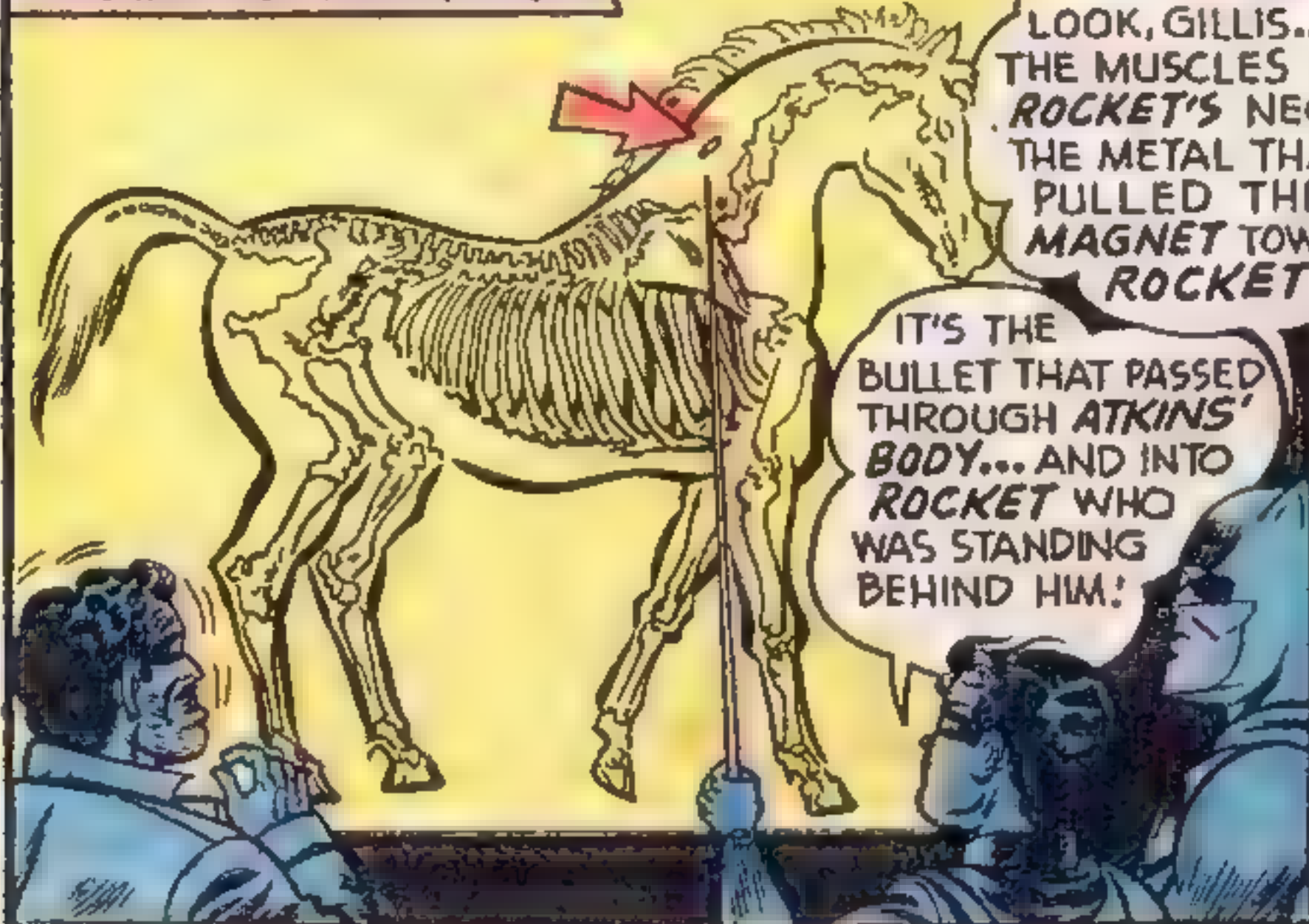
OKAY, BATMAN... NOW LET'S GET **ROCKET** INTO THE HOSPITAL AND SET FOR THE FLUORO-SCOPE!

YES, GILLIS! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW A **MAGNET** SOLVED A MURDER!

FLUOR... NO!! NO!!



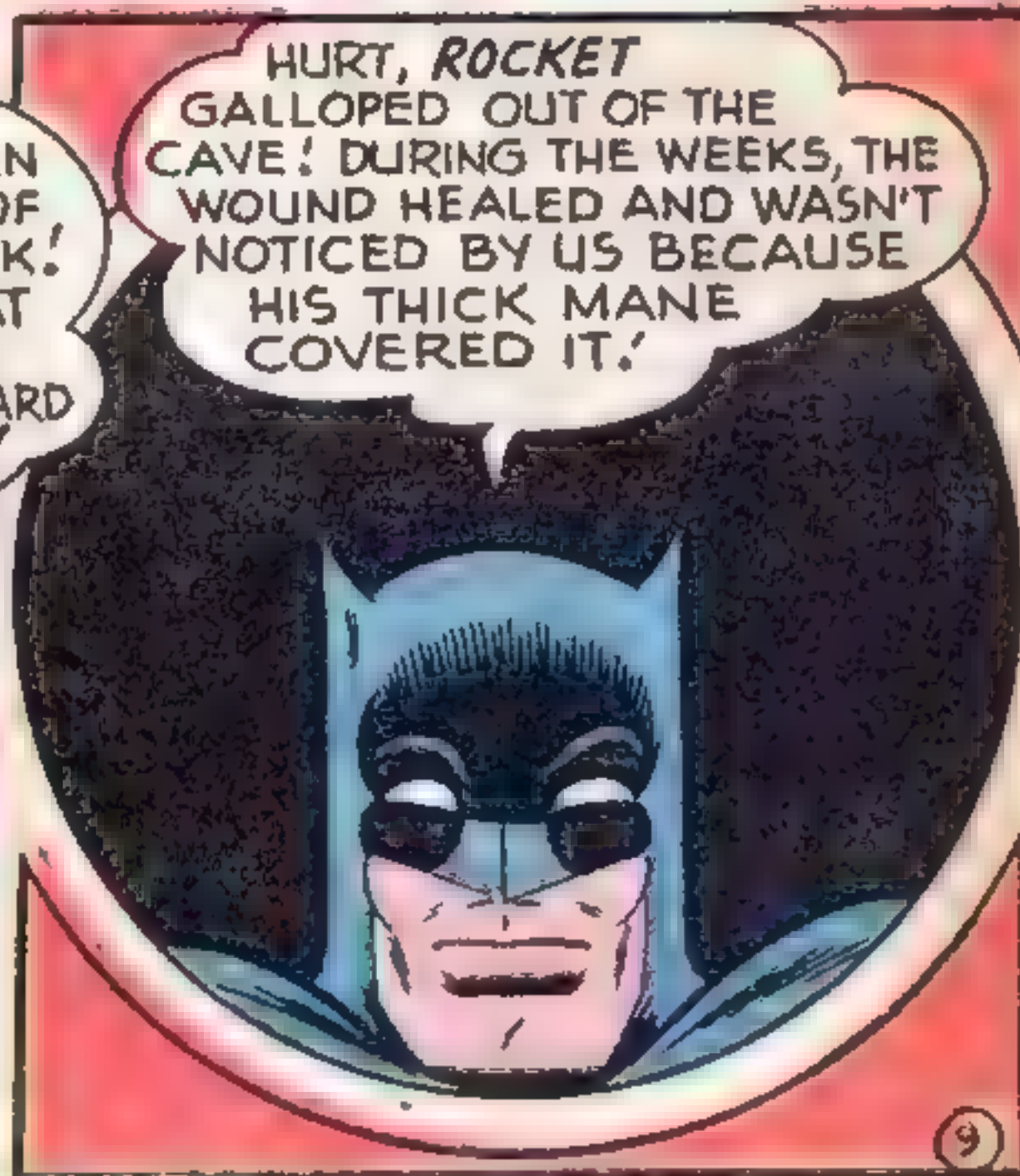
SOON, **ROCKET** STANDS BEHIND THE SCREEN THAT X-RAYS HIS INTERIOR...



LOOK, GILLIS.. IN THE MUSCLES OF **ROCKET'S** NECK! THE METAL THAT PULLED THE **MAGNET** TOWARD **ROCKET**!

IT'S THE BULLET THAT PASSED THROUGH **ATKINS'** BODY... AND INTO **ROCKET** WHO WAS STANDING BEHIND HIM!

HURT, **ROCKET** GALLOPED OUT OF THE CAVE! DURING THE WEEKS, THE WOUND HEALED AND WASN'T NOTICED BY US BECAUSE HIS THICK MANE COVERED IT!





I WAS NEVER SAFE AS LONG AS THE HORSE LIVED! I KNEW, SOME DAY, SOMEHOW, THE BULLET WOULD BE FOUND!

SO YOU WANTED TO KILL **ROCKET**, BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID **THAT HORSE COULD SEND YOU TO THE GALLOWS!**

LATER...

WELL, THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BULLET IS SOLVED, BUT WHY **ROCKET** WON'T LET ME RIDE HIM IS STILL A MYSTERY! (YAWN) GETTING SO SLEEPY... (YAWN)

OH...IT WAS A NIGHTMARE! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF I CAN RIDE **ROCKET**... **RIGHT NOW!**

AND **ROBIN'S** SLEEP IS THAT OF A TROUBLED BOY...

I'M FALLING.. FALLING..

ONCE AGAIN BRUCE IS WITNESS TO **ROBIN'S** DEFEAT..

WHOA, **ROCKET**... WHOA, BOY! GOSH, EVERY TIME I MOUNT HIM HE GOES CRAZY!

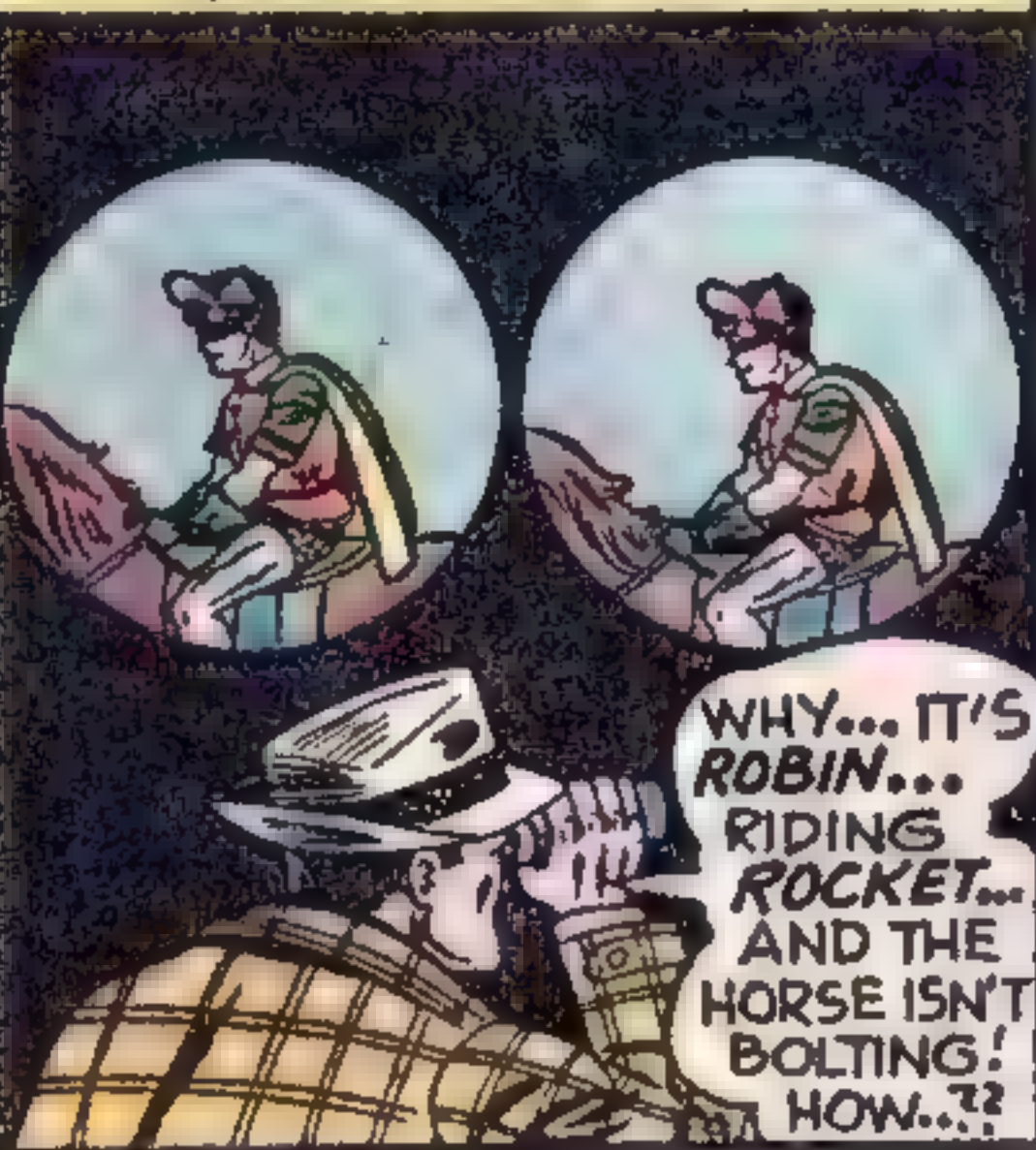
HE'D BE UNMAN-AGEABLE IN THE RACE TOMORROW!

THAT SETTLES IT. **ROBIN**, IF **ROCKET** THROWS YOU AT THE STEEPLE-CHASE, YOU CAN GET TRAMPLED!

I'VE TAKEN GREATER CHANCES THAN THAT IN THE PAST. BESIDES, I HAVE AN IDEA...

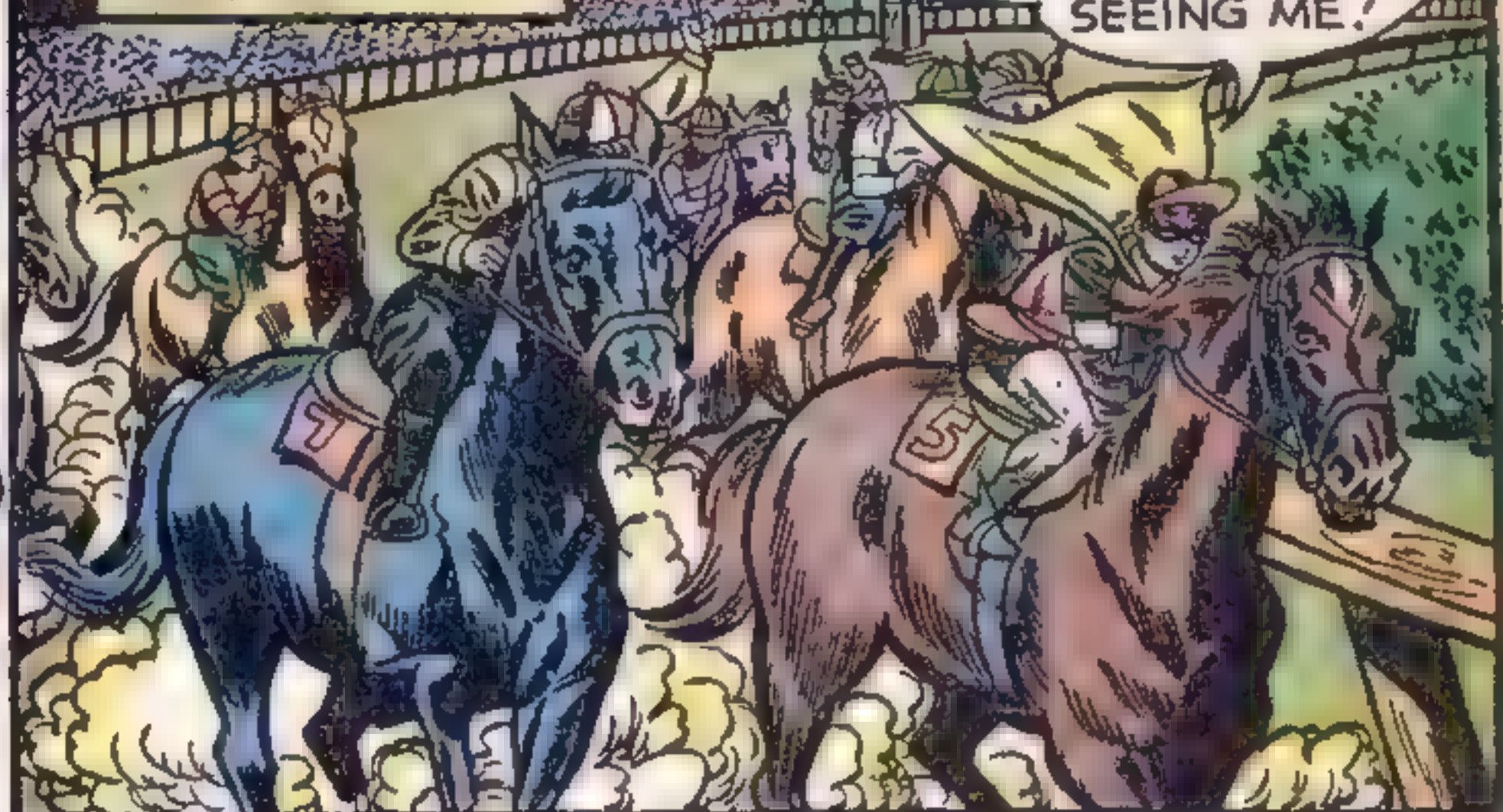


NEXT DAY...THE BIG DAY...  
**STEEPLECHASE DAY!** AMONG  
THE EXCITED, RESTLESS TURF  
FANS, BRUCE WAITS IMPATIENTLY.



WHY... IT'S  
ROBIN...  
RIDING  
ROCKET...  
AND THE  
HORSE ISN'T  
BOLTING!  
HOW...??

SUDDENLY...THE  
CRACK OF THE  
STARTER'S GUN!  
THEY'RE OFF!



ROCKET IS NOT  
NERVOUS BECAUSE  
HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M  
RIDING HIM! THE  
BLINDERS PRE-  
VENT HIM FROM  
SEEING ME!

ROBIN'S  
RUSE  
SEEMS TO  
BE A  
GOOD ONE,  
BUT  
SUCCESSIVE  
JUMPS  
LOOSEN  
THE  
BLINDERS  
AND...

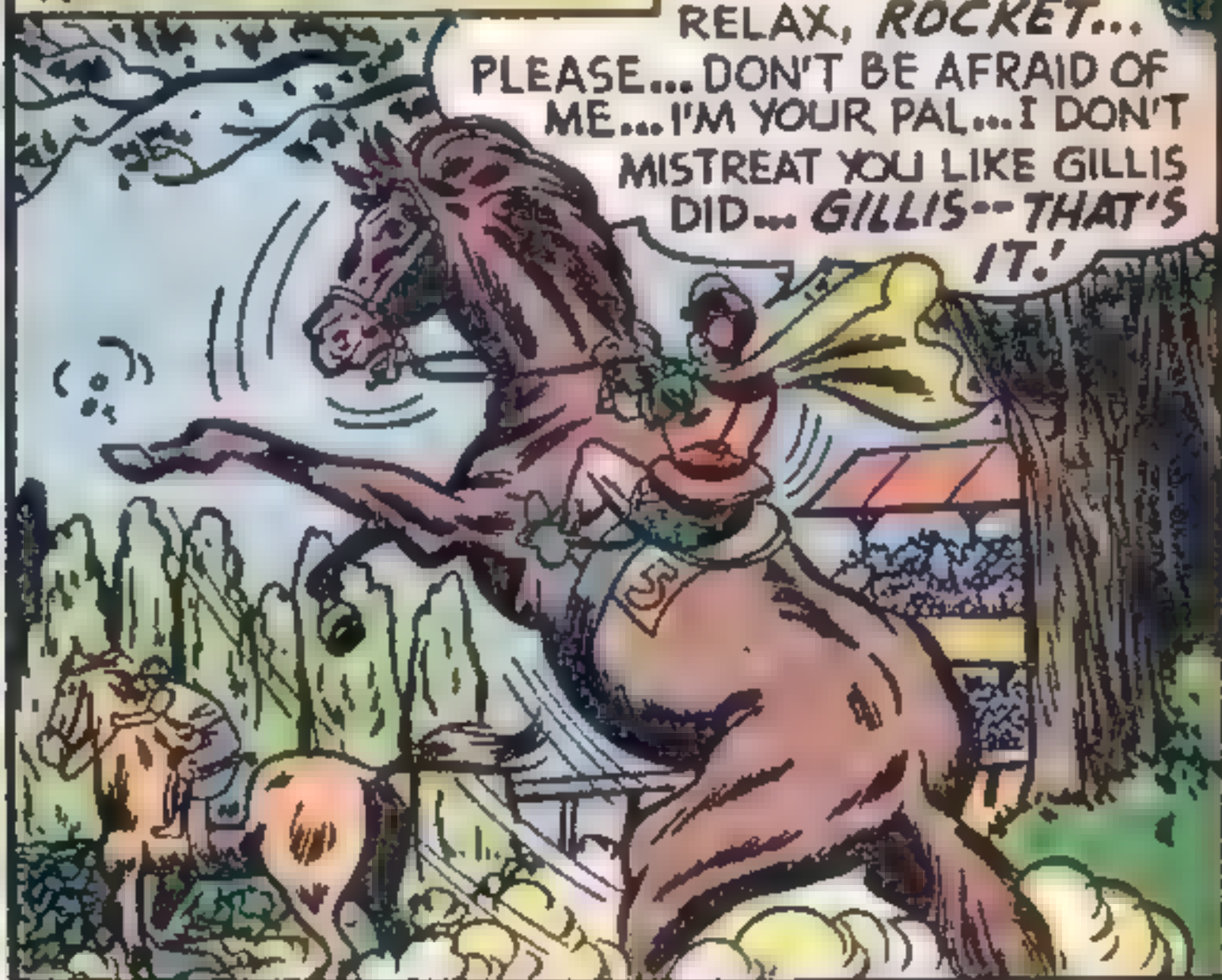


NOW WHAT? THE  
BLINDERS DROPPED  
OFF!

IT'S MY MASK! GILLIS  
WORE ONE LIKE IT WHEN HE WAS  
THE HIGHWAYMAN, AND THE HORSE  
ASSOCIATES THE MASK WITH GILLIS! I  
CAN RIDE ROCKET ONLY IF I REMOVE  
MY MASK...AND THEN I'D BE RE-  
VEALING MY SECRET IDENTITY!

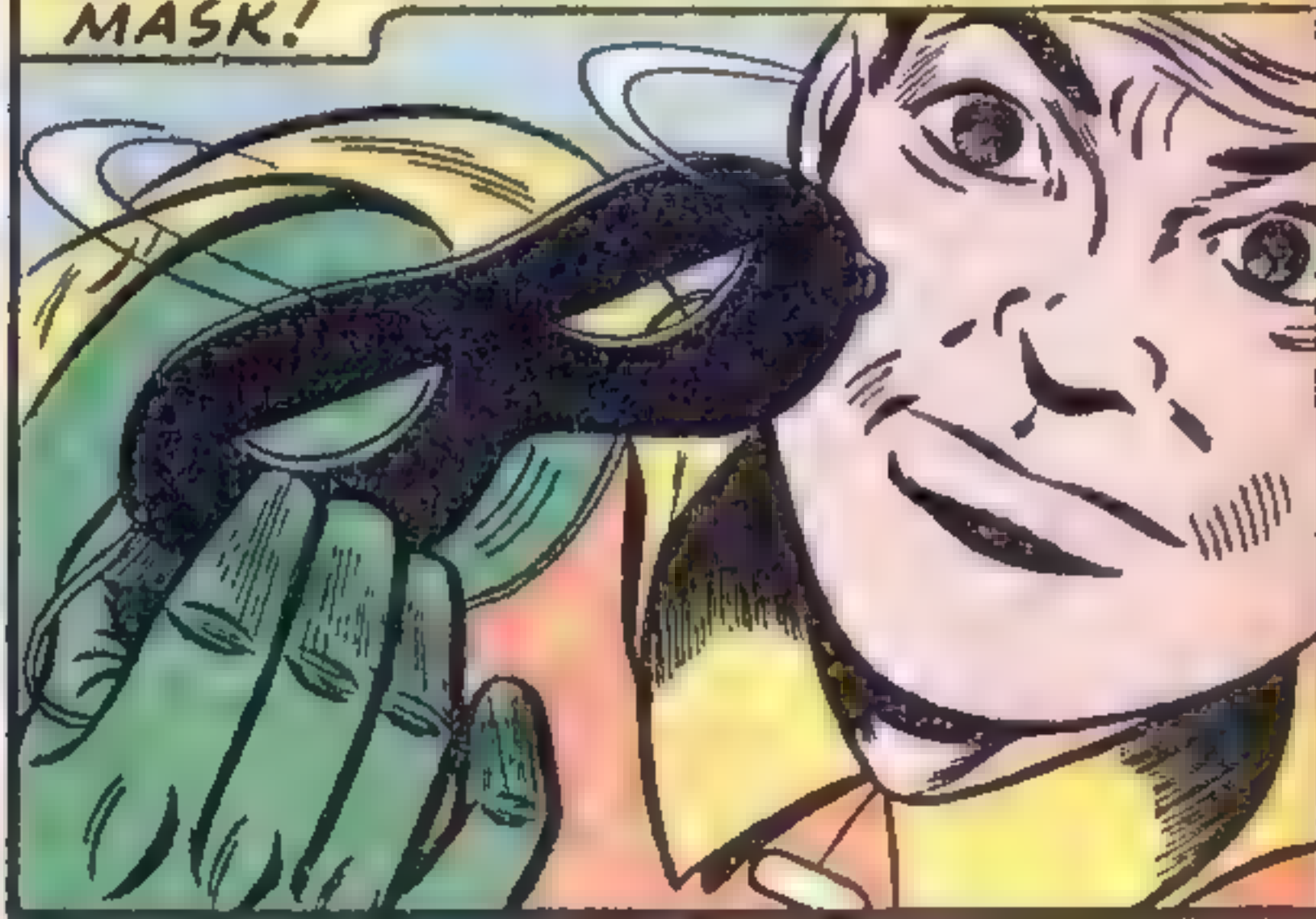


UPON TURNING HIS NECK AND SEEING ROBIN,  
ROCKET GOES WILD!



RELAX, ROCKET...  
PLEASE...DON'T BE AFRAID OF  
ME...I'M YOUR PAL...I DON'T  
MISTREAT YOU LIKE GILLIS  
DID... GILLIS--THAT'S  
IT!

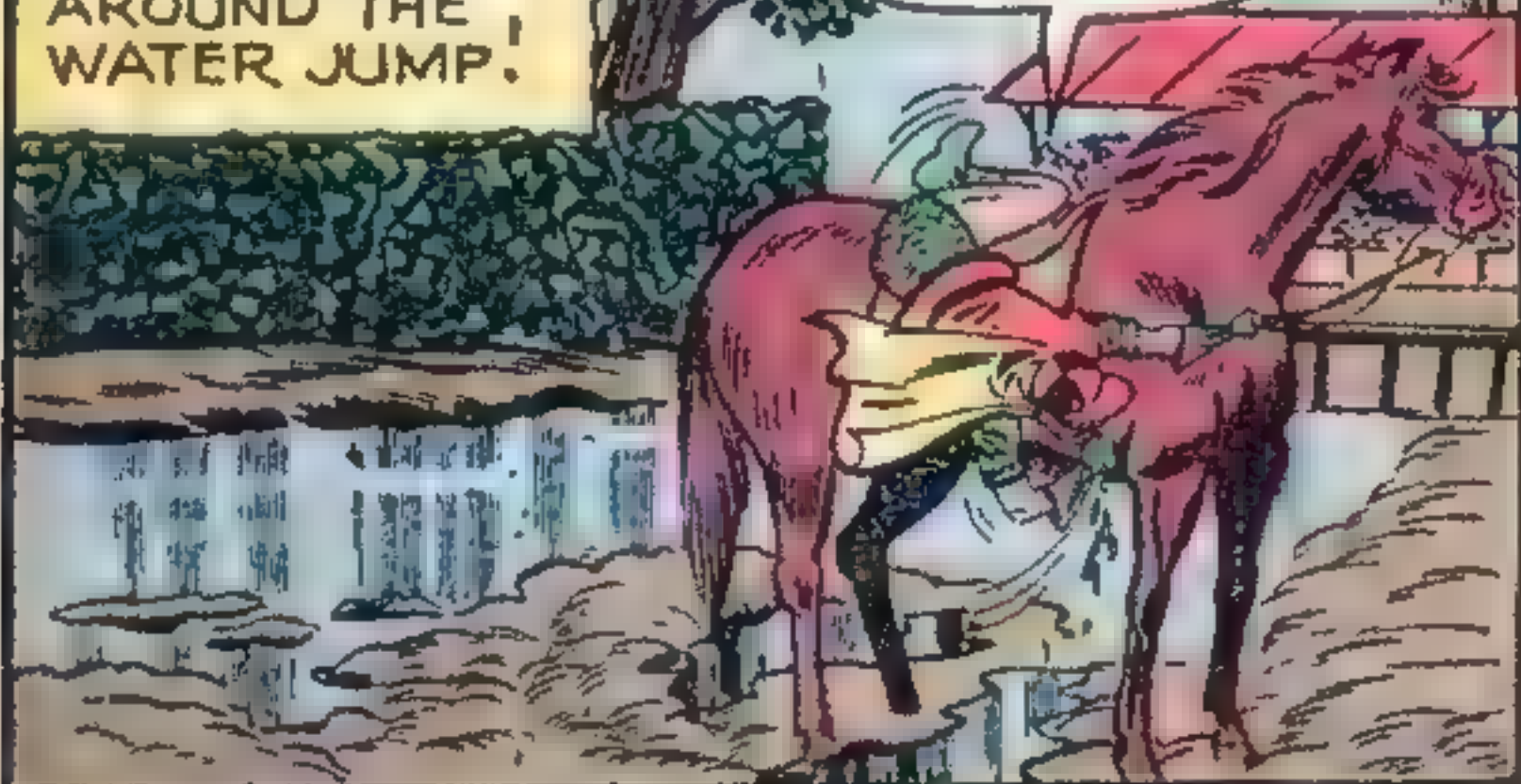
ROBIN MAKES HIS DECISION! IN ONE SPLIT-  
SECOND MOVEMENT, HE WHIPS OFF HIS  
MASK!



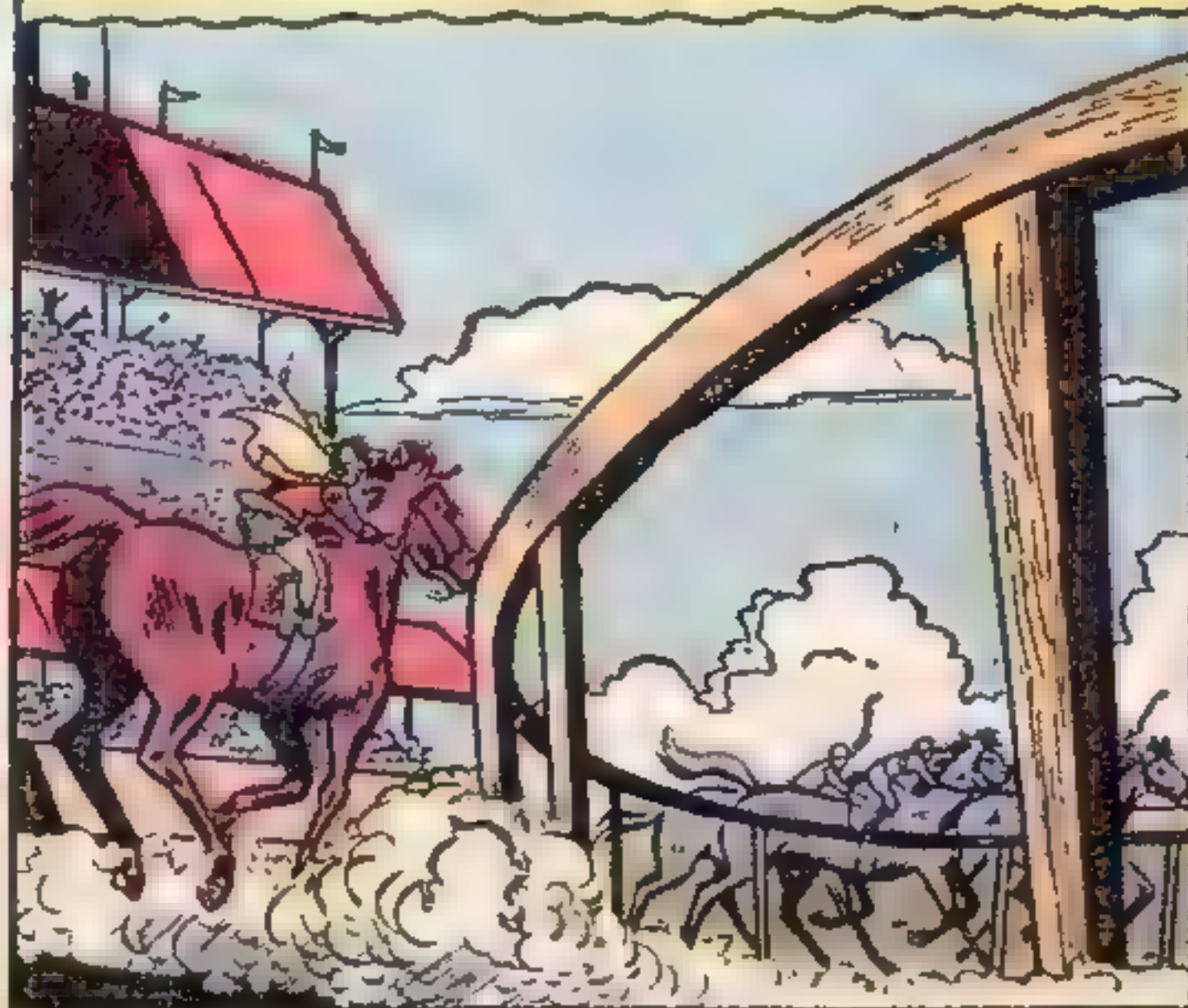


BUT BEFORE THE CROWD CAN GLIMPSE HIS FEATURES, **ROBIN** STOOPS AND SCOOPS UP MUD AROUND THE WATER JUMP.

NOW..WITH THIS MUD ALL OVER MY FACE, NO-BODY WILL RECOGNIZE ME AND **ROCKET** WON'T HAVE TO SEE MY MASK ANYMORE!

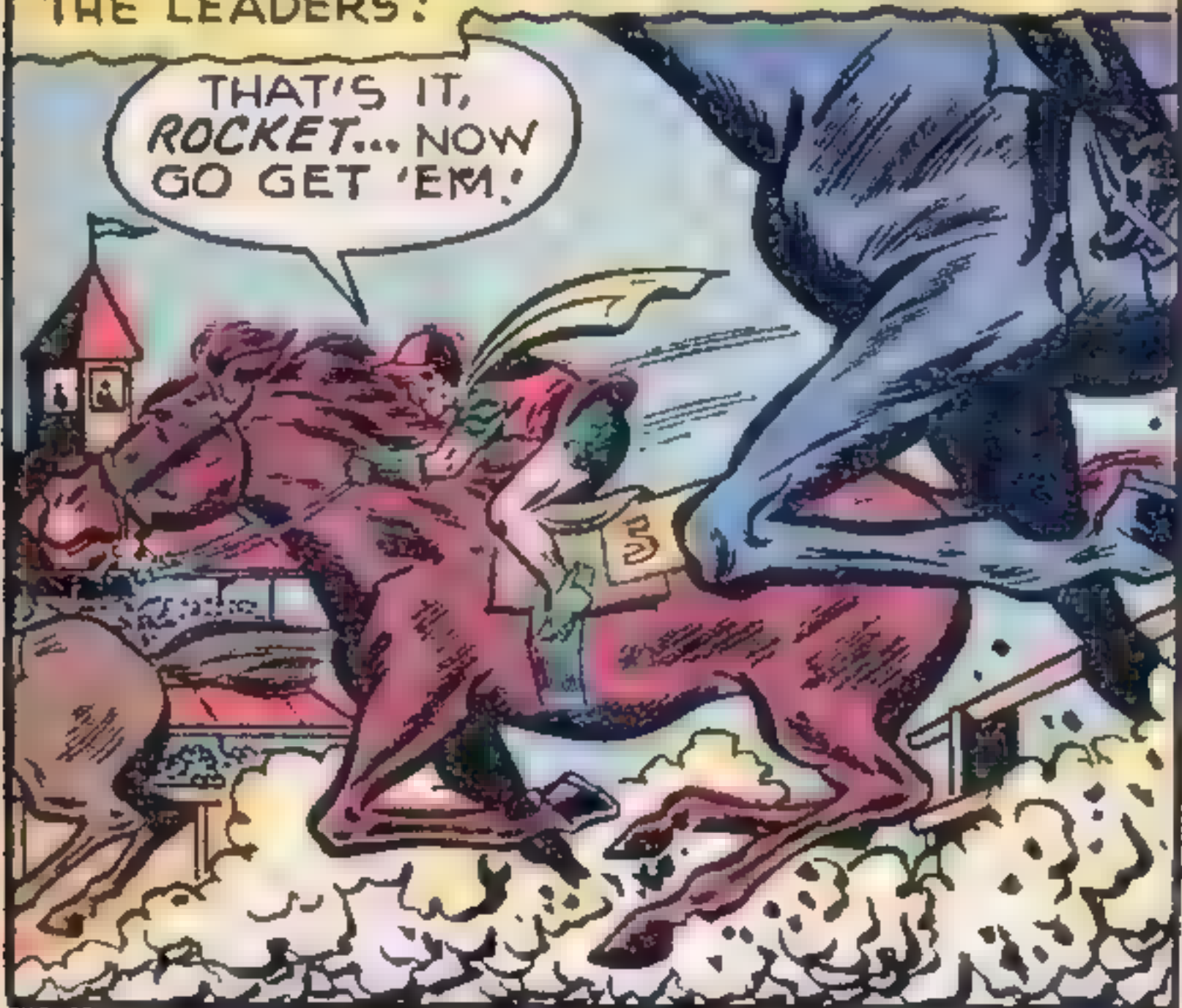


AND NOW THE CROWD GOES MAD AS THE STEEL-MUSCLED **ROCKET** BEGINS TO SURGE AHEAD INTO THE HOME STRETCH.



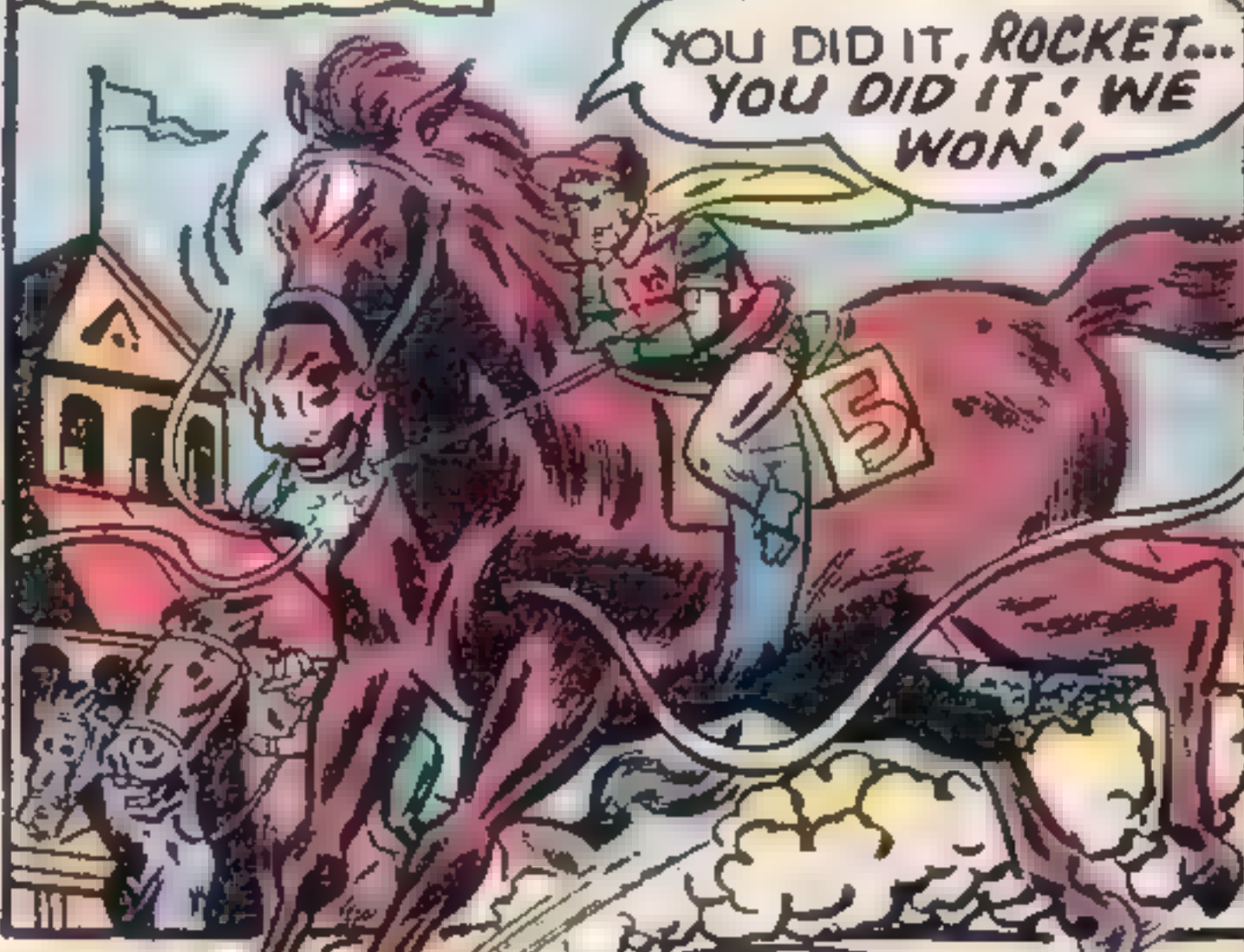
STEADILY, STRIDE FOR STRIDE, JUMP FOR JUMP, THE GALLANT HORSE GAINS, CLOSING IN ON THE LEADERS!

THAT'S IT, **ROCKET**... NOW GO GET 'EM!



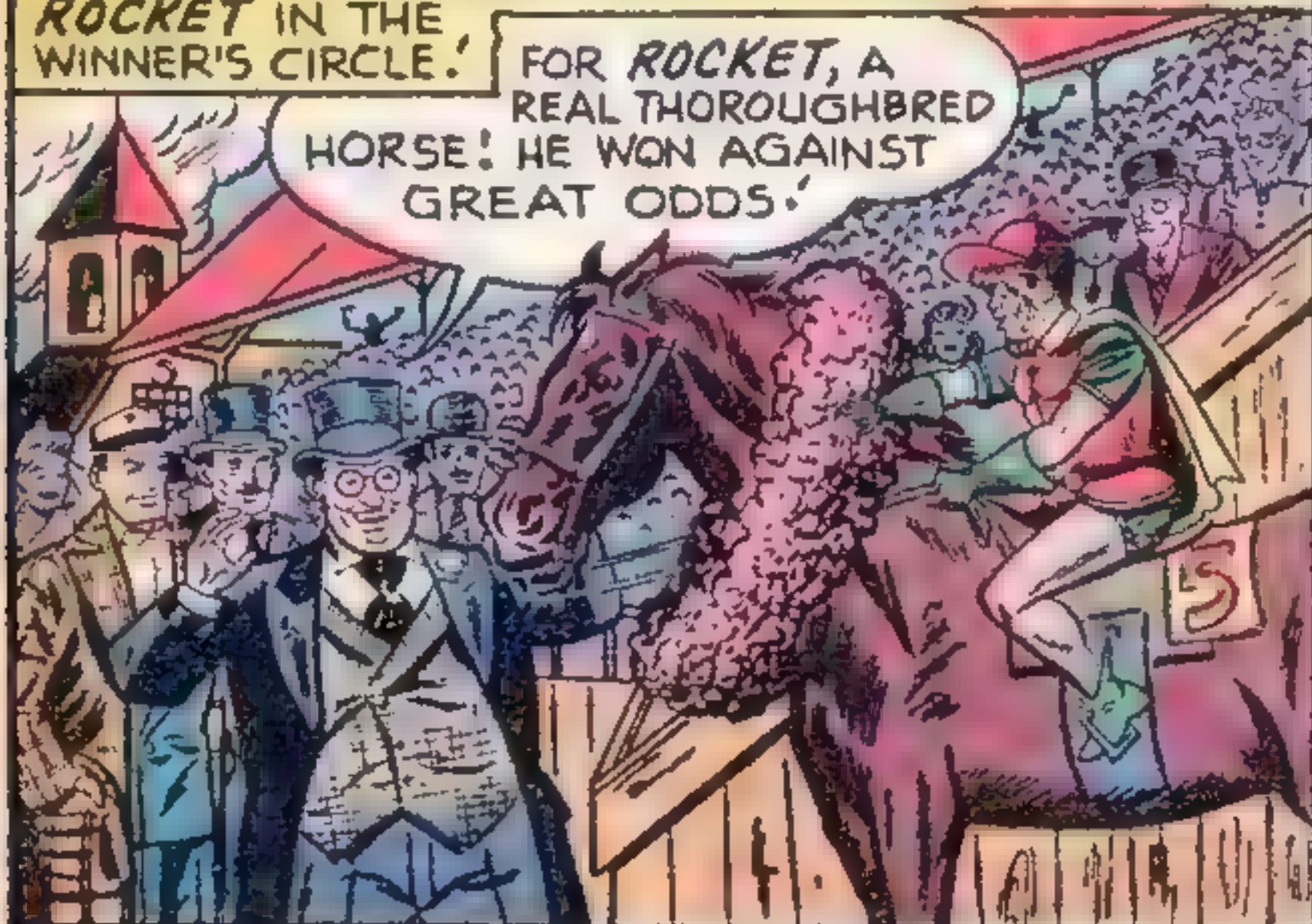
NEW POWER SEEMS TO GATHER IN **ROCKET** AS HIS STRONG LEGS POUND THE TURF! CLOSER... CLOSER... NECK AND NECK... AND THEN...

YOU DID IT, **ROCKET**... YOU DID IT! WE WON!

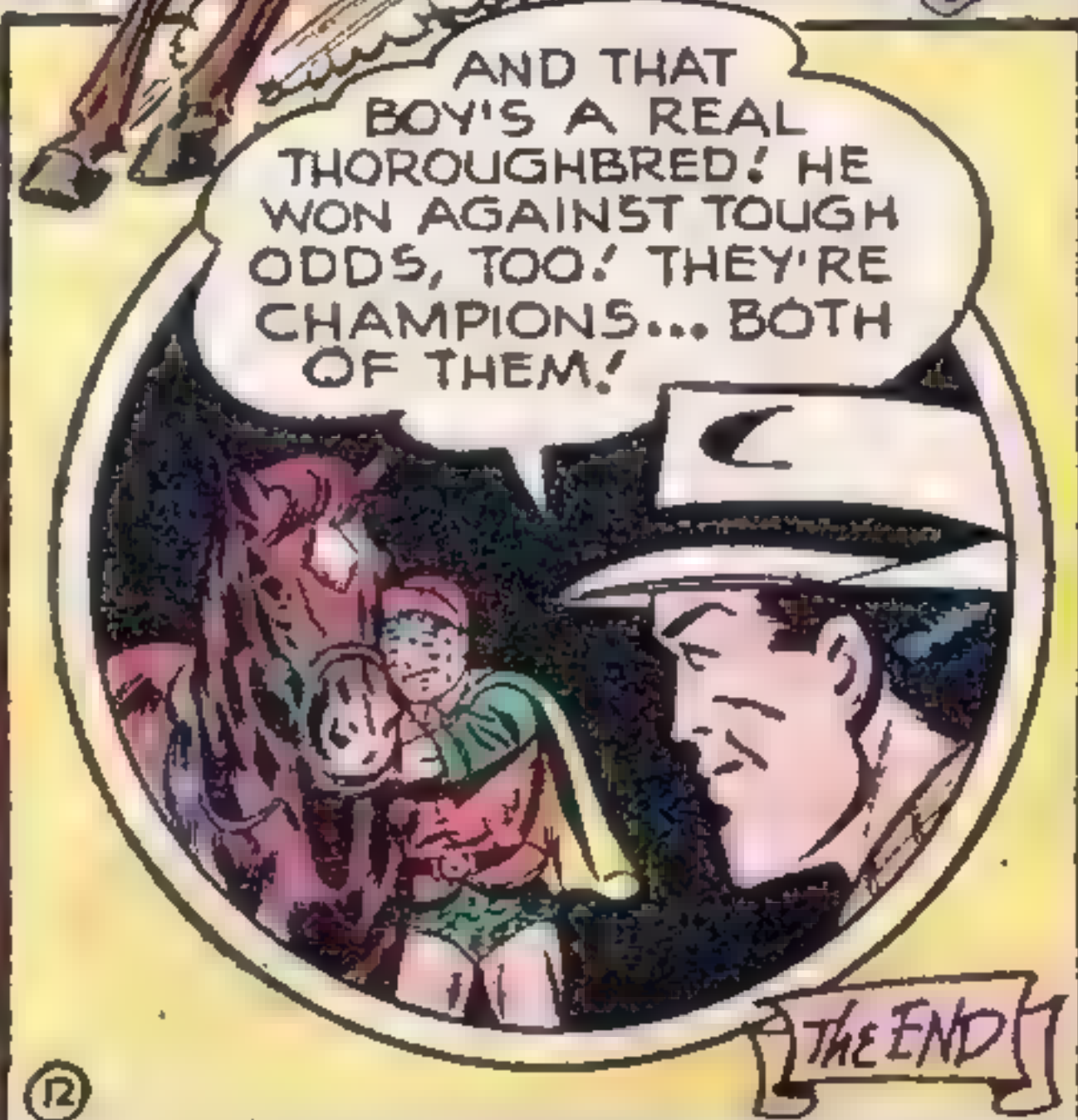


IT IS WITH JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE THAT **ROBIN** PARADES **ROCKET** IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE!

FOR **ROCKET**, A REAL THOROUGHBREDED HORSE! HE WON AGAINST GREAT ODDS!



AND THAT BOY'S A REAL THOROUGHBREDED! HE WON AGAINST TOUGH ODDS, TOO! THEY'RE CHAMPIONS... BOTH OF THEM!



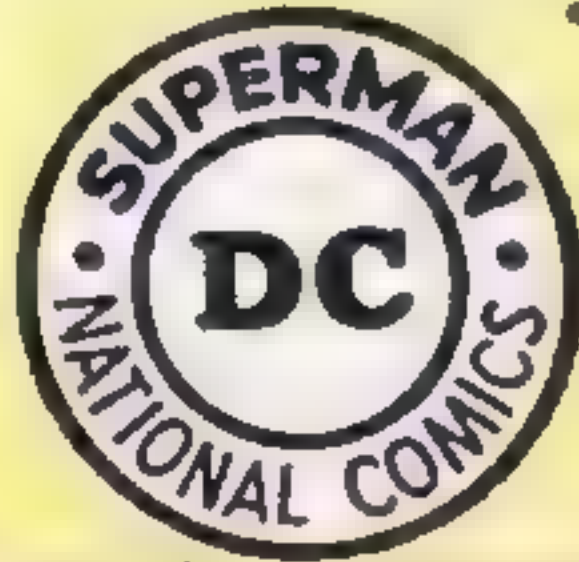
THE END



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**Whip Wilson** SAYS:  
FOR A REAL PARDNER WHEN THE  
GOING'S ROUGH—YOU CAN'T WHIP

**Bazooka**  
THE ATOM BUBBLE GUM

Desert Danger!  
Whip kills the  
rattler with one deadly  
switch. You'll never  
"switch" from Bazooka!

Whip Flicks...  
the match is out!  
There's no "match"  
for Bazooka  
Value!

Tough Hombre  
draws but Whip's  
quicker! Bazooka  
makes big bubbles  
quick too!

Two whips!  
Two cracks! Two robbers  
down! Bazooka gives  
you two big chews  
...1¢

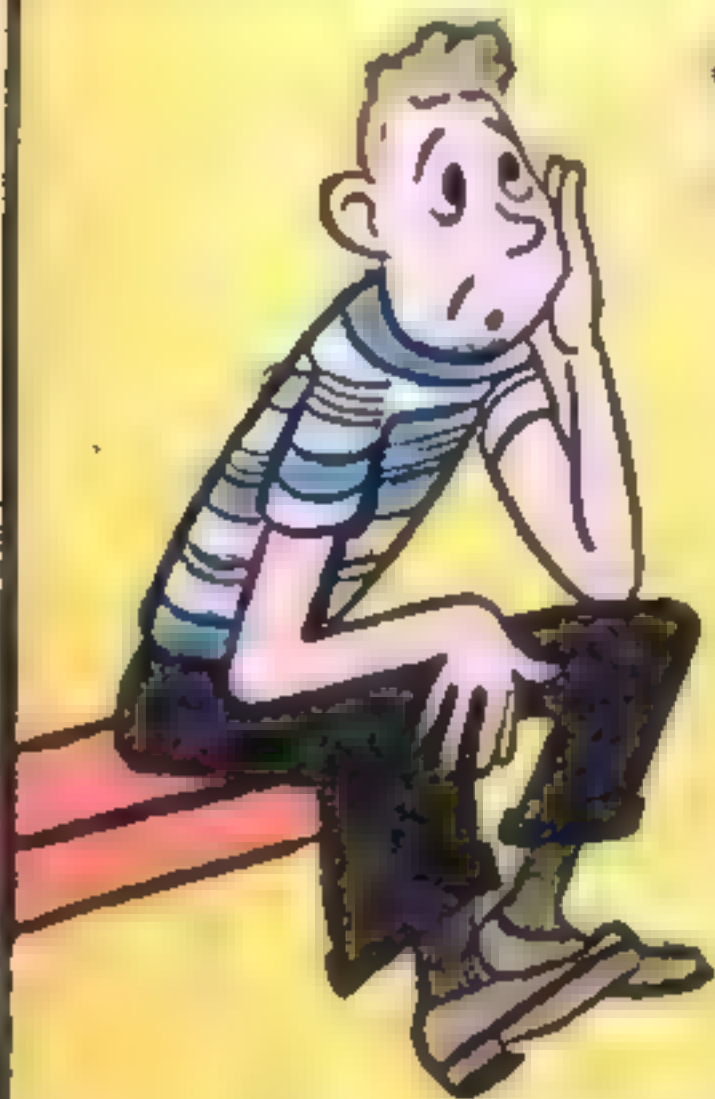
Chew the  
gum the  
Western heroes  
chew

2 BIG  
PIECES 1¢

COMICS  
Prizes

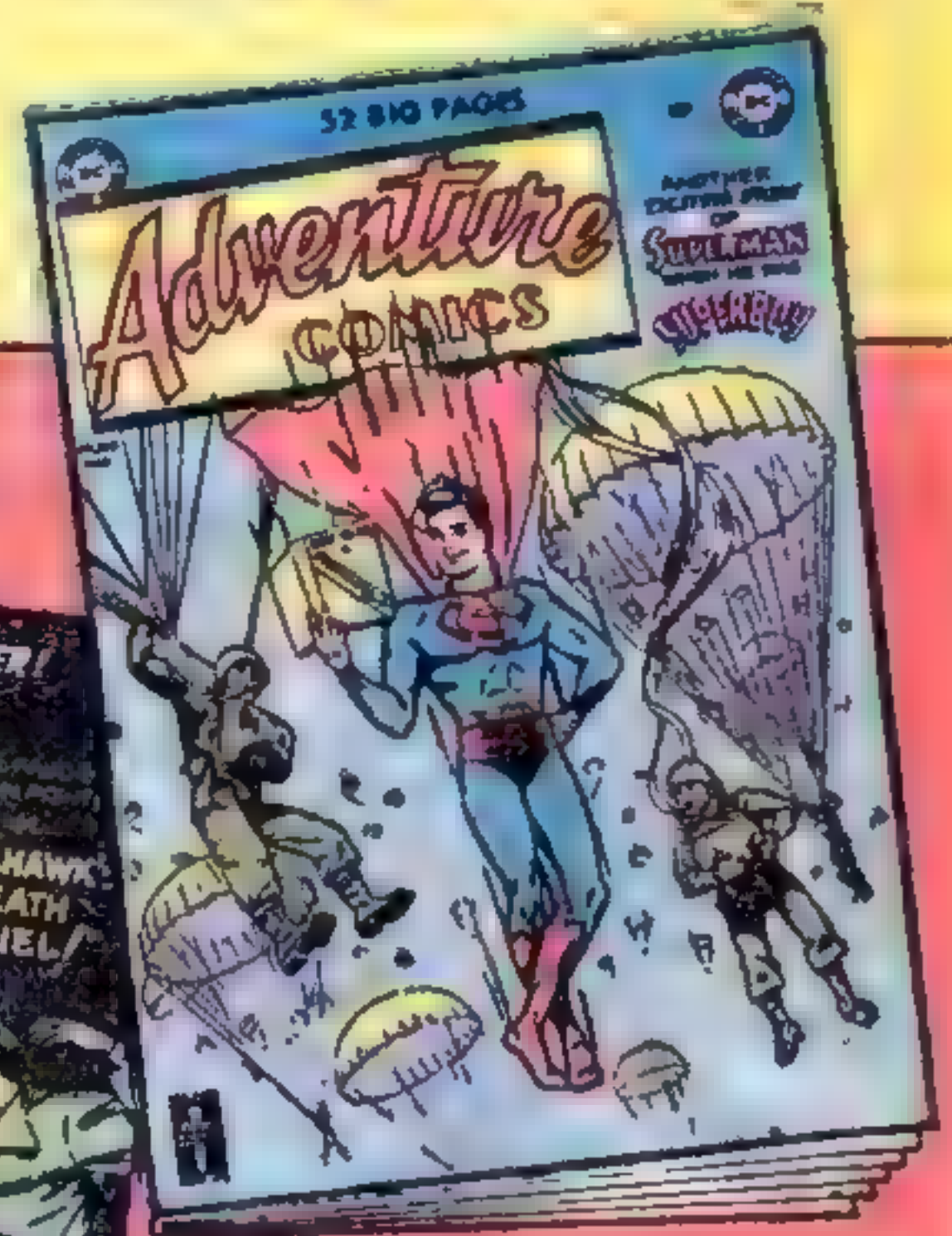
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TOPPS CHEWING GUM





# YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT 2 MONTHS FOR THESE GREAT MAGAZINES!

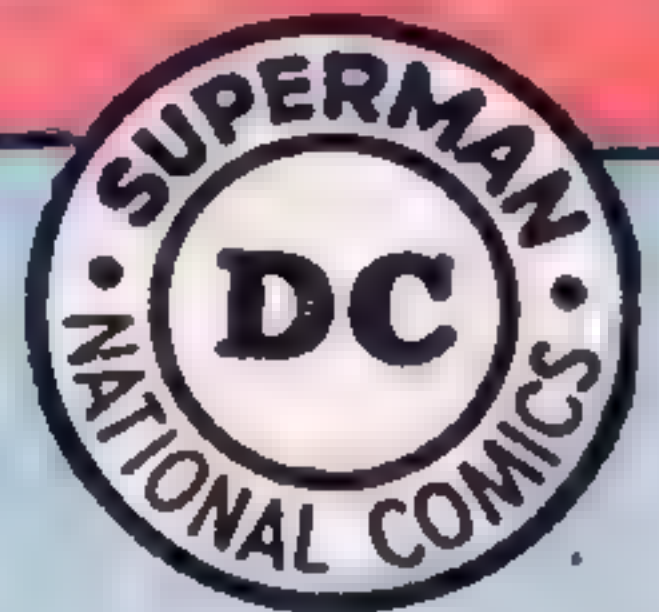
YOU KNOW, MOST COMICS MAGAZINES  
ARE PUBLISHED ONLY EVERY *OTHER* MONTH,  
BUT *THESE* BEST-SELLERS COME OUT  
*EVERY* MONTH — BECAUSE YOU WANT  
TO READ THEM *TWELVE* TIMES A  
YEAR INSTEAD  
OF *SIX*!



*But*  
THE BIG THING  
TO REMEMBER IS TO

## GET YOUR COPIES EARLY!

(THAT WAY, YOU WON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!)





# Impossible-- BUT TRUE!

YOU ARE RIGHT!  
THE FATE MACHINE  
HAS FORESEEN  
YOUR DEATH!

THAT MAN--  
LYING DEAD THERE!  
HE BEARS A  
REMARKABLE  
RESEMBLANCE  
TO ME!

HE WAS AN AMAZING MAN. HE CLAIMED HE COULD PREDICT THE WINNER OF NEXT YEAR'S WORLD SERIES. HE SAID HE KNEW WHO WOULD OCCUPY THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1952, AND THAT HE COULD FORETELL THE DATE OF YOUR DEATH! ROY RAYMOND DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY COULD CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE--BUT EVEN HE WAS BAFFLED BY THE AMAZING VISION OF...  
**"THE MAN WHO COULD SEE TOMORROW!"**

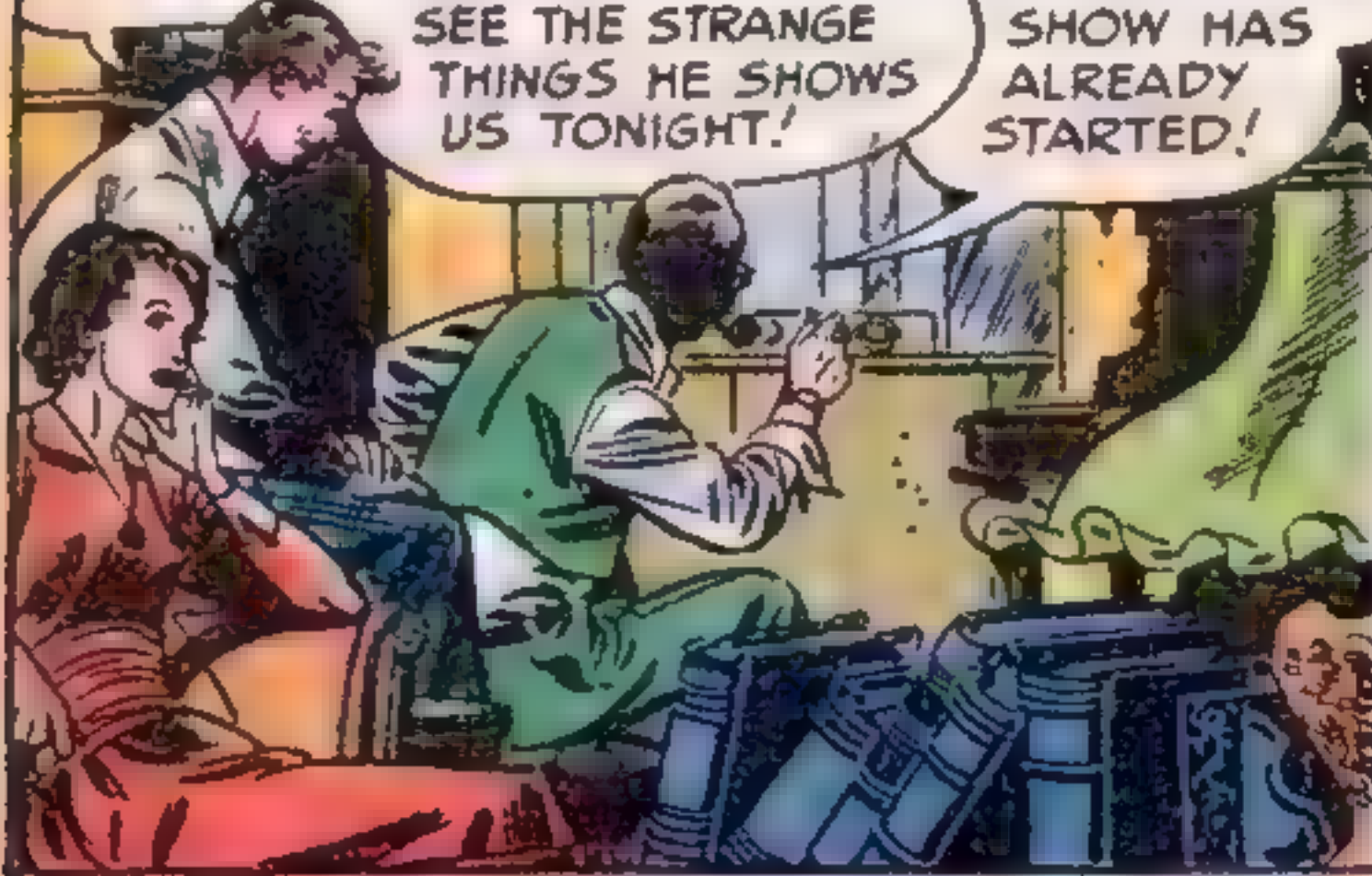
DAN  
BARRY



IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES, THIS FAMILIAR SCENE OCCURS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT...

TUNE IN ROY RAYMOND'S "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE" SHOW, DAD! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE STRANGE THINGS HE SHOWS US TONIGHT!

NEITHER CAN I! THERE-- I'M JUST ABOUT TUNED IN! THE SHOW HAS ALREADY STARTED!



IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT FINGERPRINTS **CAN** BE DUPLICATED! SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE BIOLOGICAL PATTERN THAT MAKES EACH SET OF PRINTS DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS **CAN BE REPEATED!** I'LL PROVE IT!

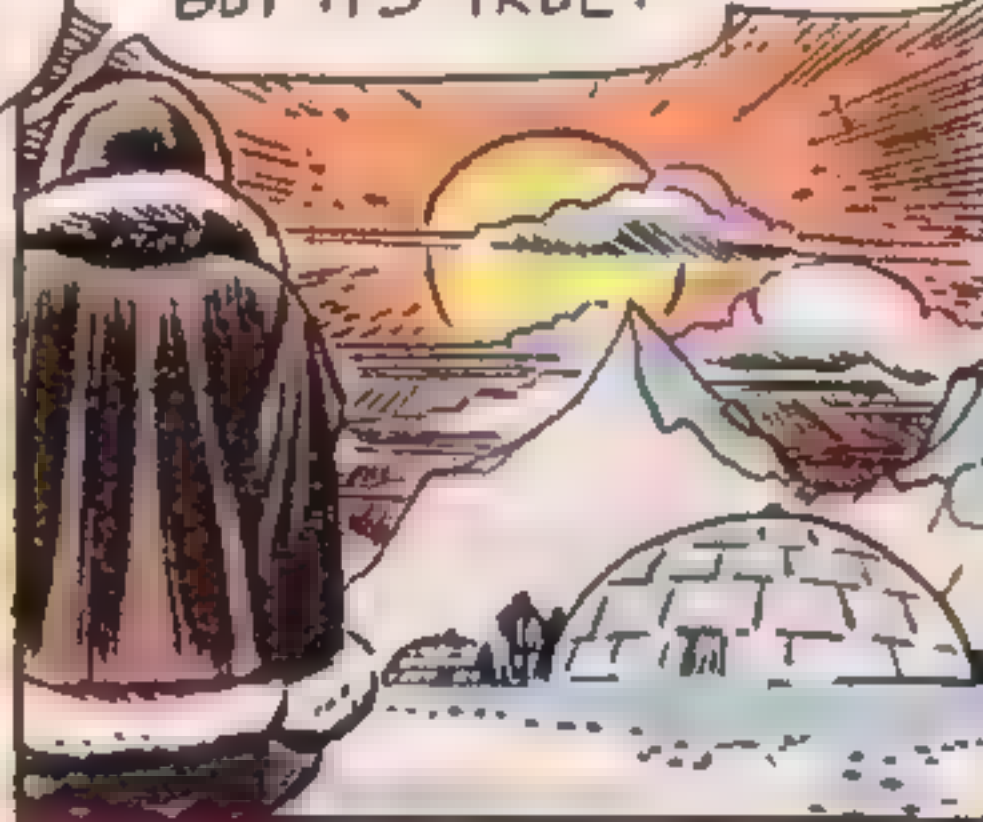


IT HAS ACTUALLY BEEN ESTIMATED THAT FINGERPRINTS CAN BE DUPLICATED ONCE IN 1,606,937,174,729,761,809,705,564,164,468,221,676,009,604,401,795,301,376 TIMES!

BUT DON'T WORRY, F.B.I.- AT THIS RATE, A FINGERPRINT WILL BE REPEATED ONLY ONCE EVERY 2,800 YEARS!



HERE'S A STRANGE ONE! THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES--NOTED FOR THEIR **FRIGID** WEATHER--RECEIVE 65 HOURS **MORE** SUNLIGHT THAN DOES THE EQUATOR--WHERE IT'S TREMENDOUSLY **HOT!** SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE-- BUT IT'S TRUE!



YOU SEE, AS OUR PROGRAM HAS POINTED OUT MANY TIMES, THINGS MAY **APPEAR** TO BE IMPOSSIBLE-- YET CAN BE VERY TRUE! REMEMBER THAT!



EVEN AS THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND FACTS TALKS TO HIS AUDIENCE, AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION IS OCCURRING NOT FAR AWAY...

...FOR IN A GREAT GRIM HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, SEVERAL PROMINENT CITIZENS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO A DEMONSTRATION BY PROF. JOHN GAYLORD, INVENTOR...

BUT THIS IS TOMMYROT! NO MAN CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS IS PROBABLY A PUBLICITY STUNT!

GAYLORD WAS SO SINCERE WHEN HE TALKED TO ME OVER THE PHONE THAT I COULDN'T REFUSE HIS INVITATION!



THE GUESTS ARE LED INTO A SMALL AUDITORIUM, THERE TO SEE...

GENTLEMEN-- THIS IS THE **FATE MACHINE!** IT IS THE CREATION OF THE CENTURIES! ITS GREAT EYE PEERS INTO THE FUTURE-- IT ACTUALLY SEES TOMORROWS EVENTS!

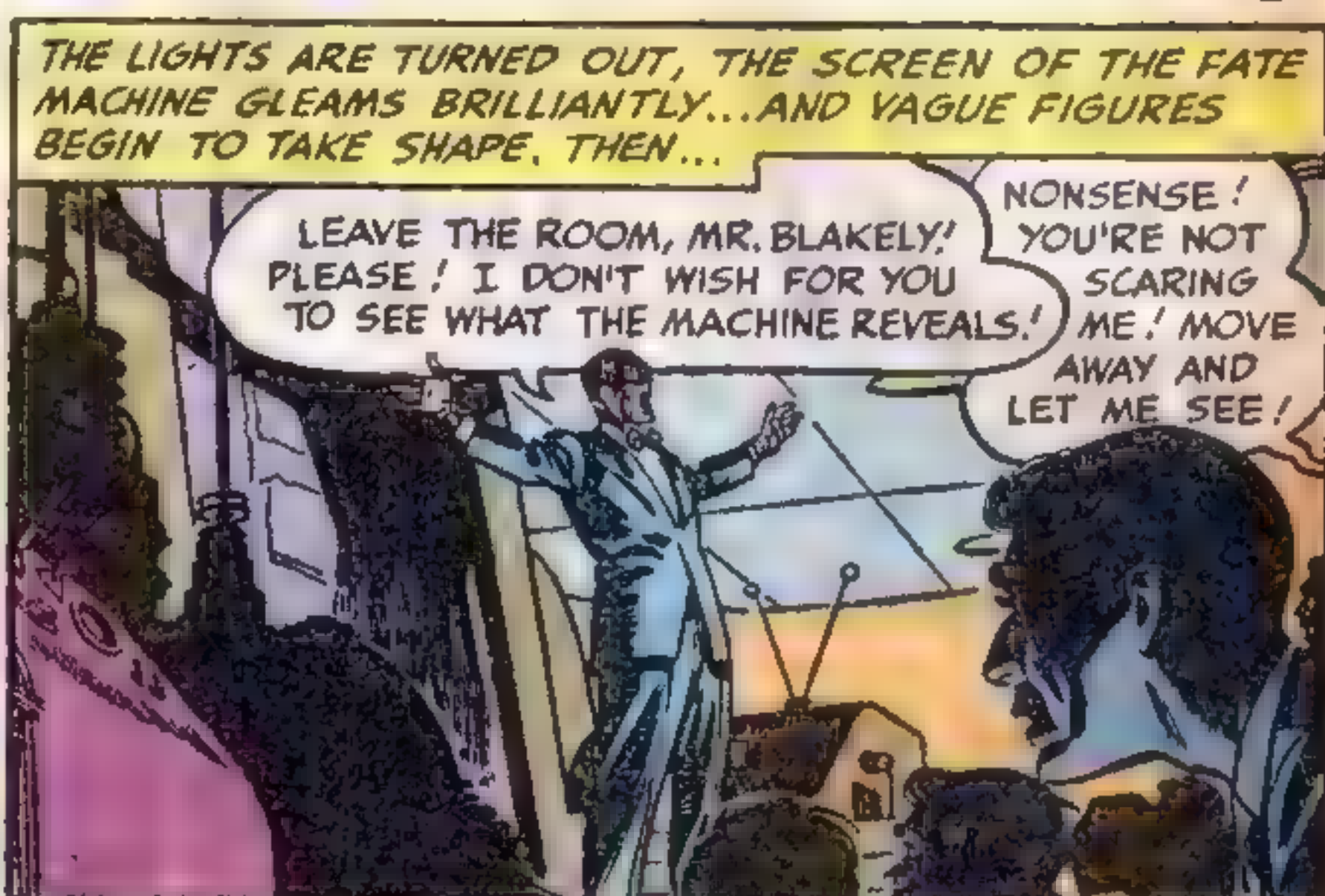
LOOK, GAYLORD-- A JOKE'S A JOKE--AND FUN'S FUN-- BUT LET'S BE REALISTIC! I THINK IT'S A HOAX! WHY DON'T YOU TELL MY FUTURE? HA! HA!







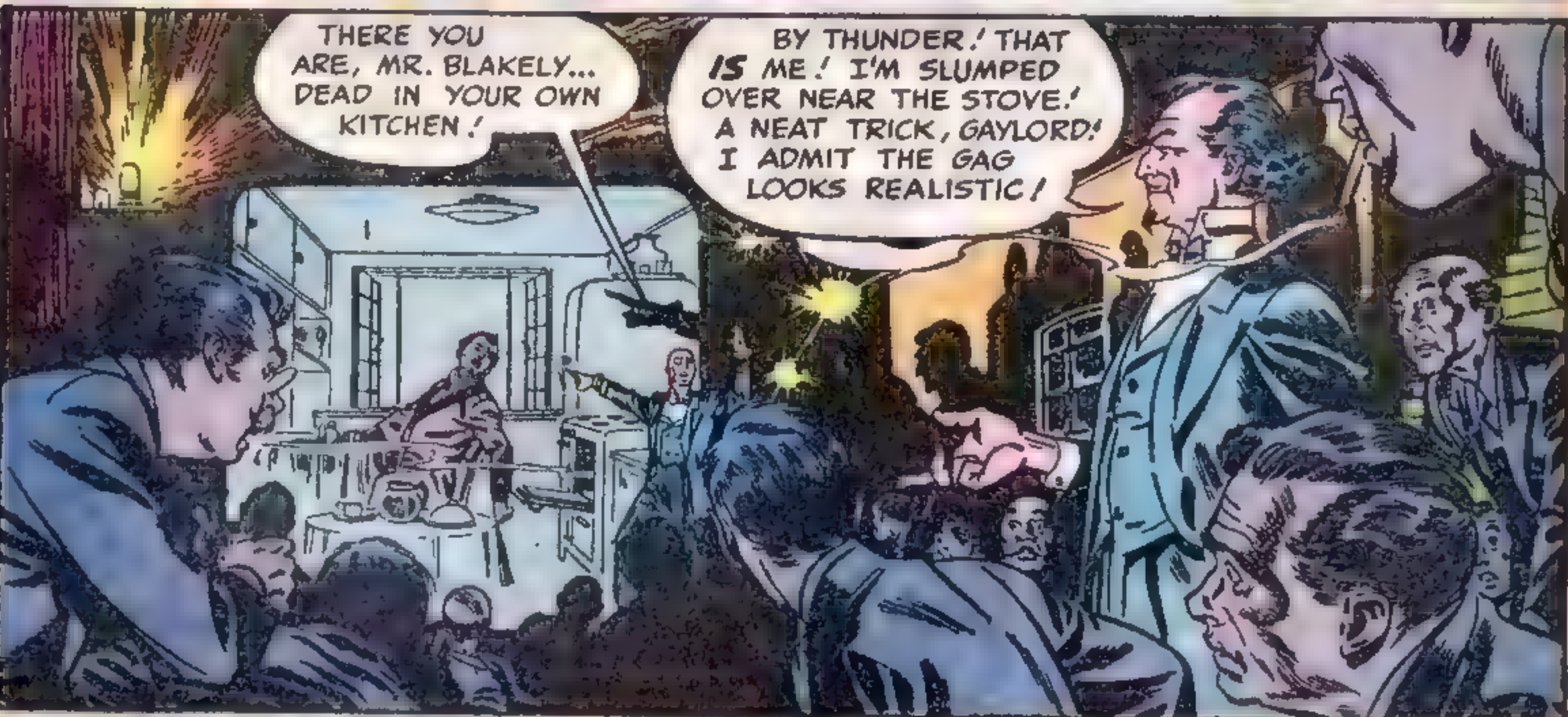
MILES BLAKELY, FAMED PAINTER! YOU ARE A SENSIBLE MAN, MR. BLAKELY. I DIDN'T **EXPECT** YOU TO BELIEVE UNTIL YOU SAW! SO I WILL FORETELL YOUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE!



THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED OUT, THE SCREEN OF THE FATE MACHINE GLEAMS BRILLIANTLY...AND VAGUE FIGURES BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE, THEN...

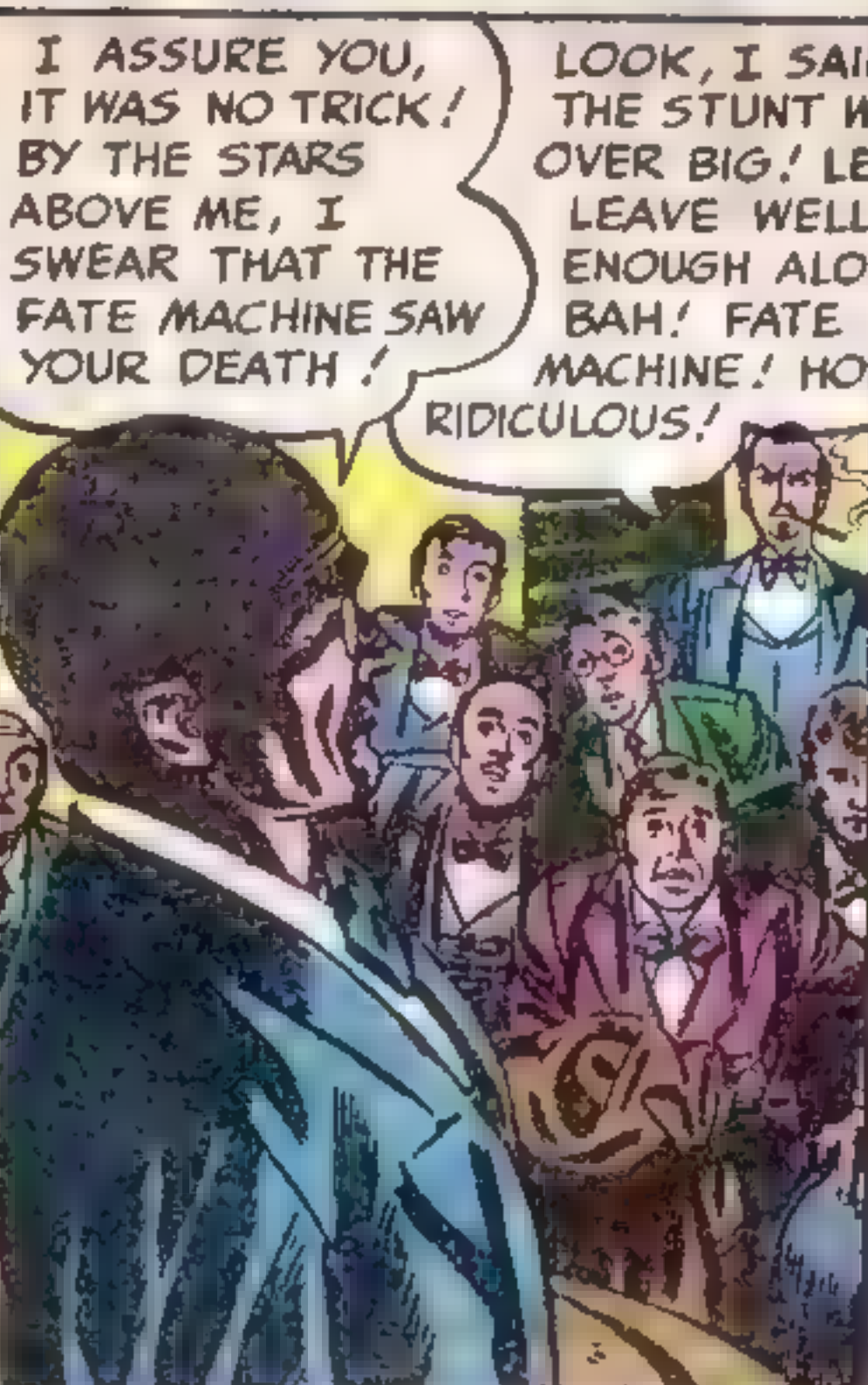
LEAVE THE ROOM, MR. BLAKELY! PLEASE! I DON'T WISH FOR YOU TO SEE WHAT THE MACHINE REVEALS!

NONSENSE! YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME! MOVE AWAY AND LET ME SEE!



THERE YOU ARE, MR. BLAKELY... DEAD IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN!

BY THUNDER! THAT **IS** ME! I'M SLUMPED OVER NEAR THE STOVE! A NEAT TRICK, GAYLORD! I ADMIT THE GAG LOOKS REALISTIC!



I ASSURE YOU, IT WAS NO TRICK! BY THE STARS ABOVE ME, I SWEAR THAT THE FATE MACHINE SAW YOUR DEATH!

LOOK, I SAID THE STUNT WENT OVER BIG! LET'S LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! BAH! FATE MACHINE! HOW RIDICULOUS!



BUT WHEN BLAKELY ARRIVES HOME, PANGS OF DOUBT BEGIN TO GNAW AT HIS MIND...

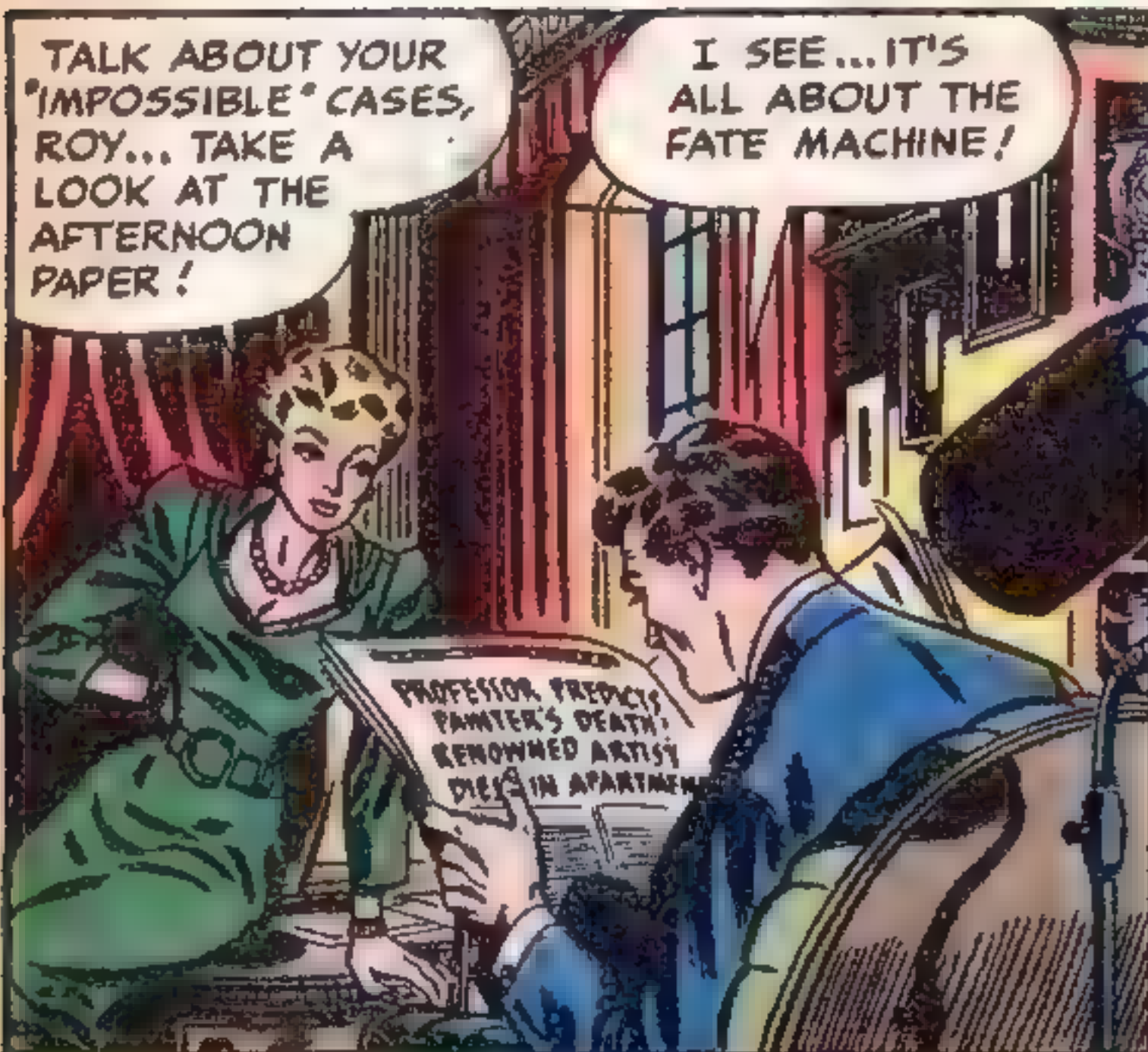
I WAS SLUMPED NEAR THE STOVE! **MANY** PEOPLE ARE KILLED BY LEAKING GAS! BUT I CAN FIX THAT! I'LL CHANGE IT FOR AN **ELECTRIC** STOVE! THEN I'LL BE SAFE...**IF** THE MACHINE IS ON THE LEVEL!



THE STOVE IS EXCHANGED! BLAKELY SLEEPS WELL, BUT ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN A FRIEND CALLS...

BLAKELY... GREAT GUNS! WHAT HAPPENED? AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL? I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!



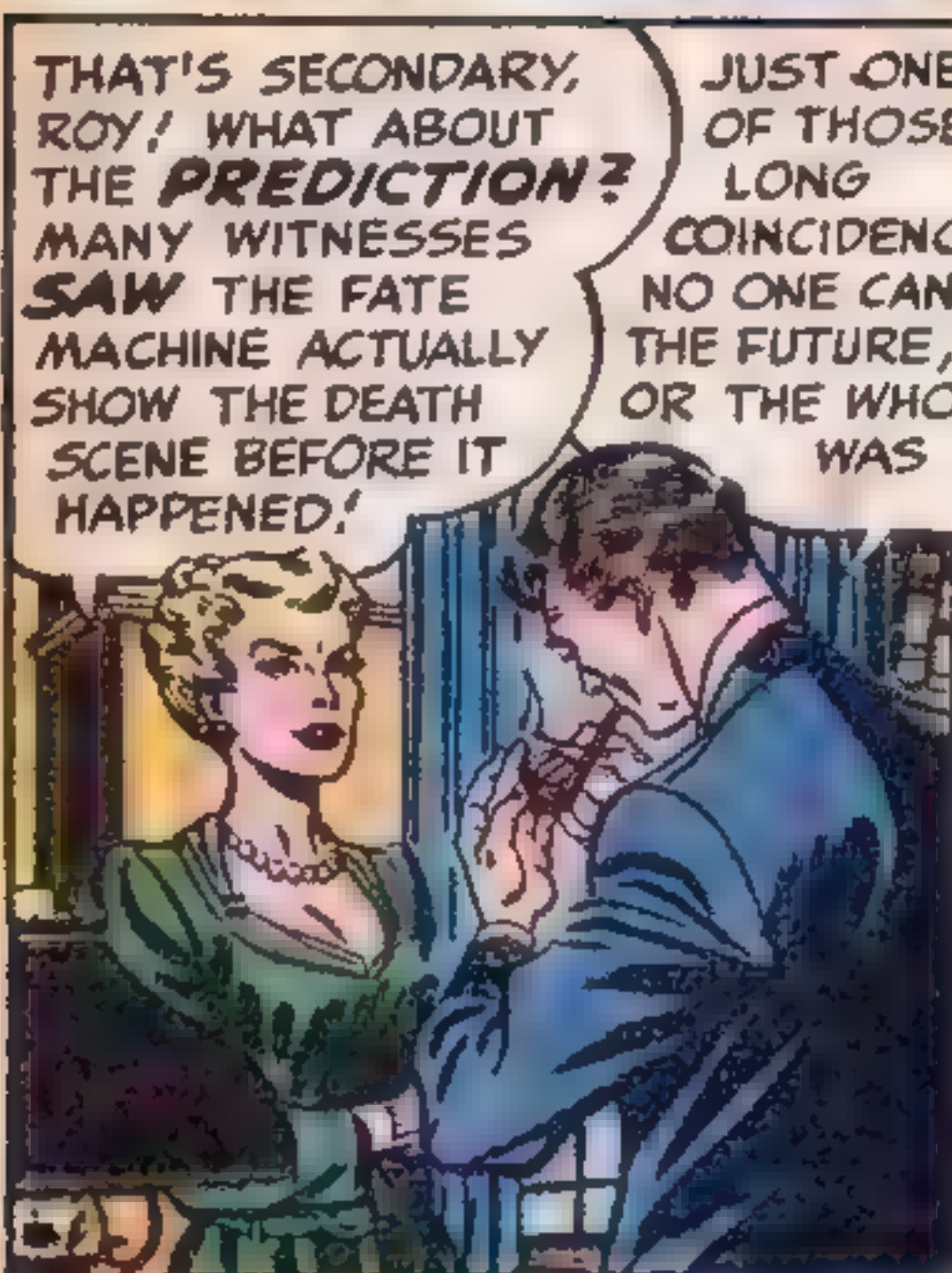


TALK ABOUT YOUR "IMPOSSIBLE" CASES, ROY... TAKE A LOOK AT THE AFTERNOON PAPER!

I SEE... IT'S ALL ABOUT THE FATE MACHINE!

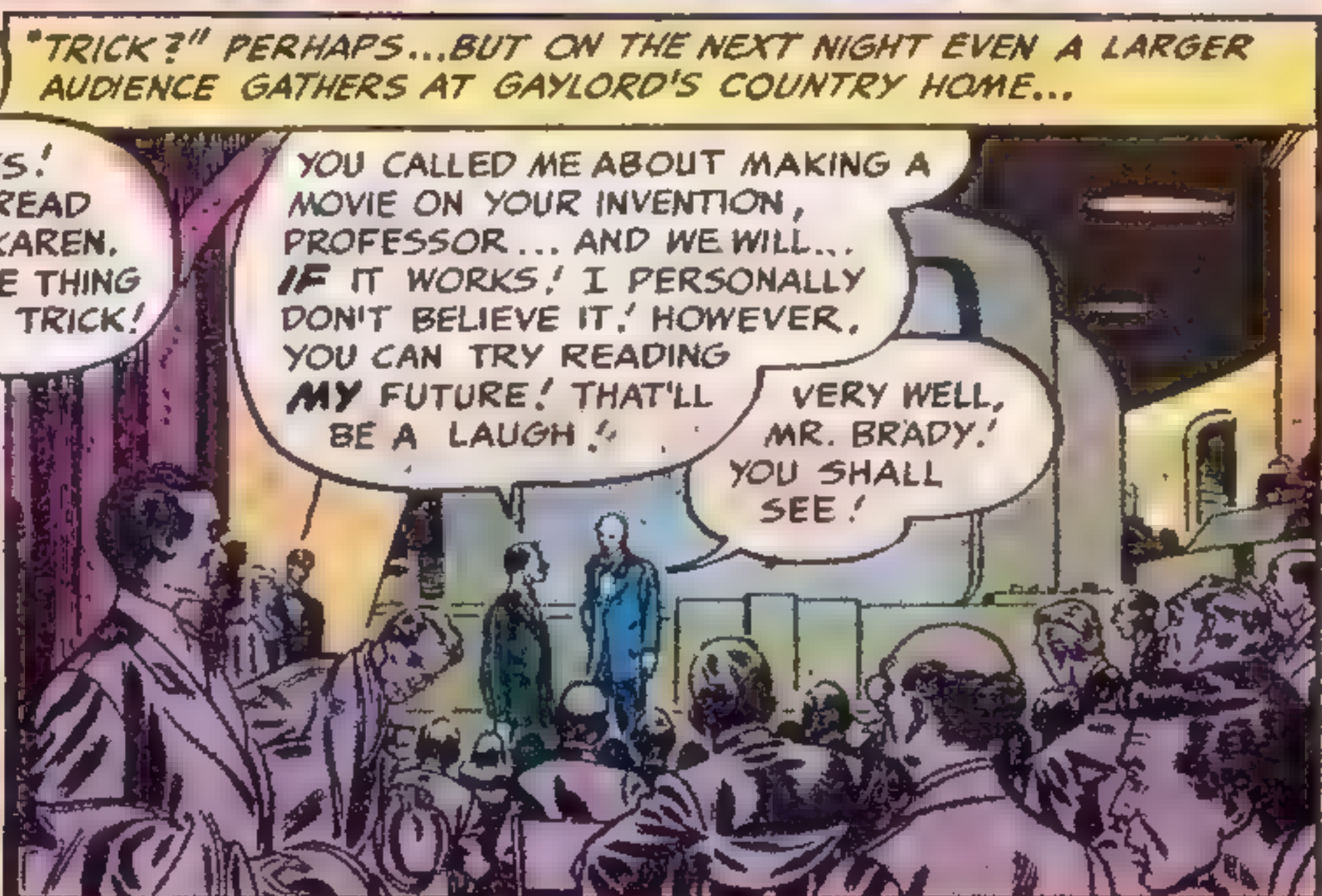


BLAKELY WAS AFRAID HE WOULD DIE BY GAS FROM HIS STOVE - SO HE CHANGED TO AN ELECTRIC STOVE! BUT HE **STILL** DIED BY GAS... POISONOUS FUMES WHICH ESCAPED FROM HIS FAULTY **REFRIGERATOR**, AS THE STORY SAYS!



THAT'S SECONDARY, ROY! WHAT ABOUT THE **PREDICTION**? MANY WITNESSES **SAW** THE FATE MACHINE ACTUALLY SHOW THE DEATH SCENE BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

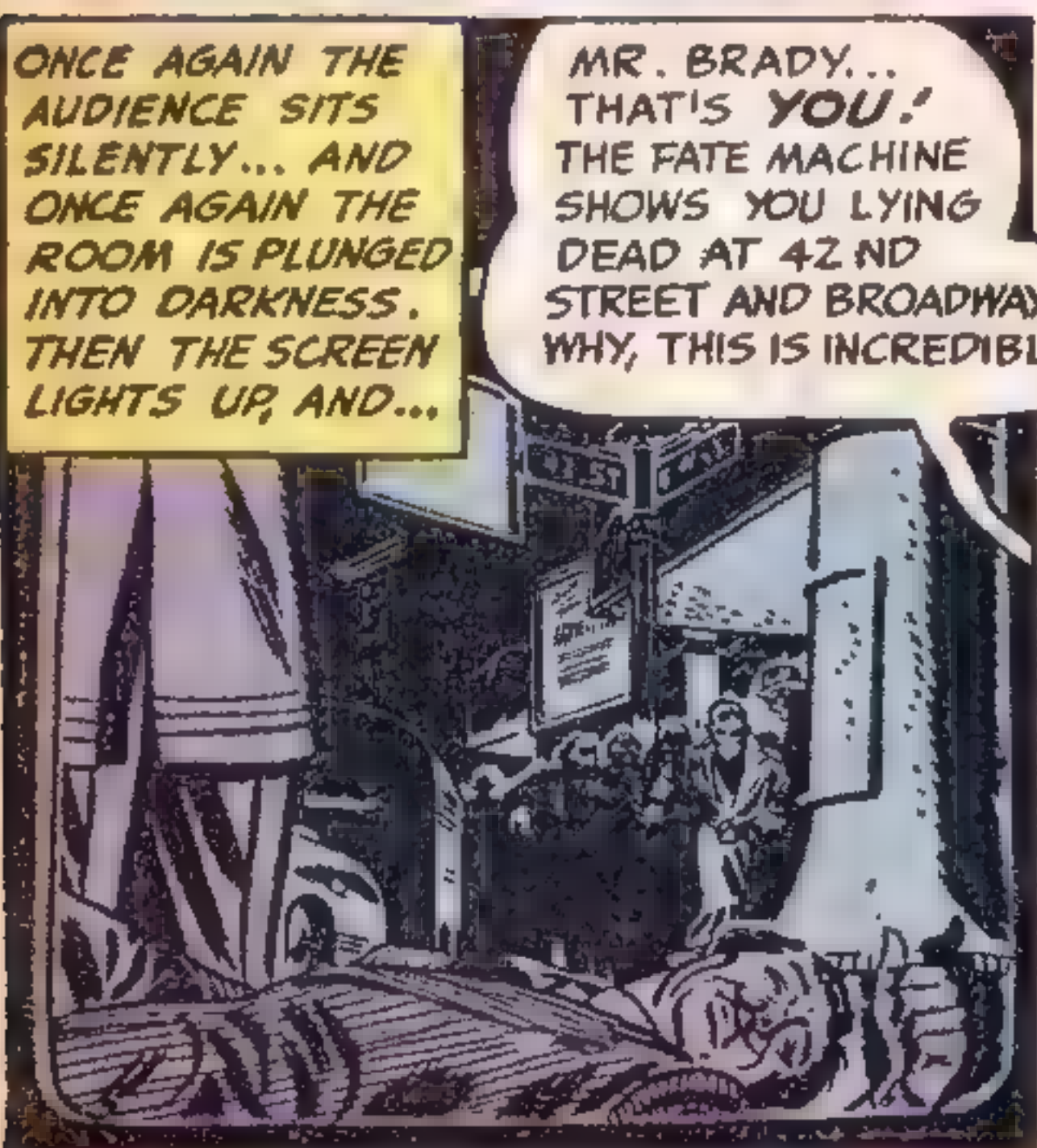
JUST ONE OF THOSE LONG COINCIDENCES! NO ONE CAN READ THE FUTURE, KAREN. OR THE WHOLE THING WAS A TRICK!



"TRICK?" PERHAPS... BUT ON THE NEXT NIGHT EVEN A LARGER AUDIENCE GATHERS AT GAYLORD'S COUNTRY HOME...

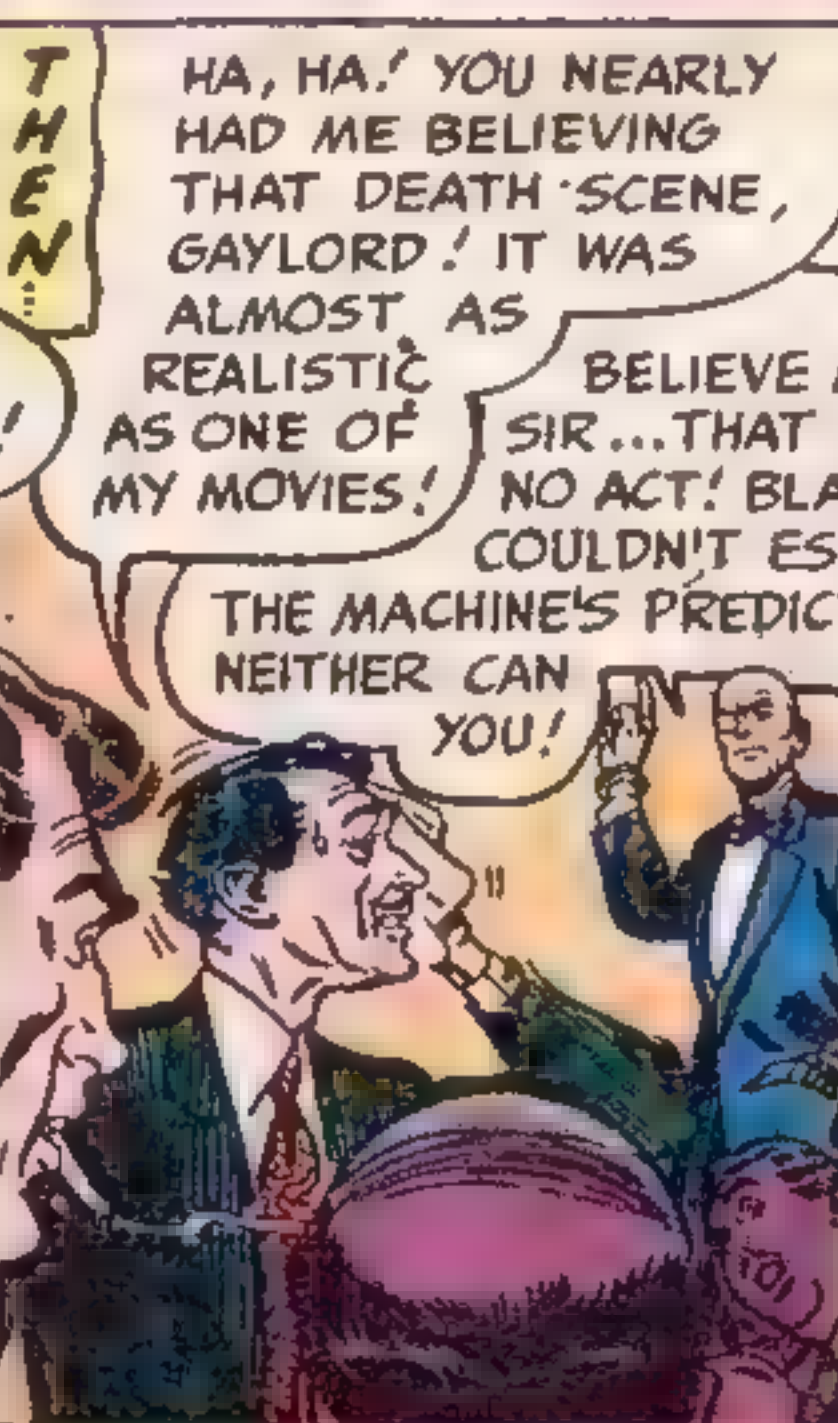
YOU CALLED ME ABOUT MAKING A MOVIE ON YOUR INVENTION, PROFESSOR... AND WE WILL... **IF** IT WORKS! I PERSONALLY DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOWEVER, YOU CAN TRY READING **MY FUTURE**! THAT'LL BE A LAUGH!

VERY WELL, MR. BRADY! YOU SHALL SEE!



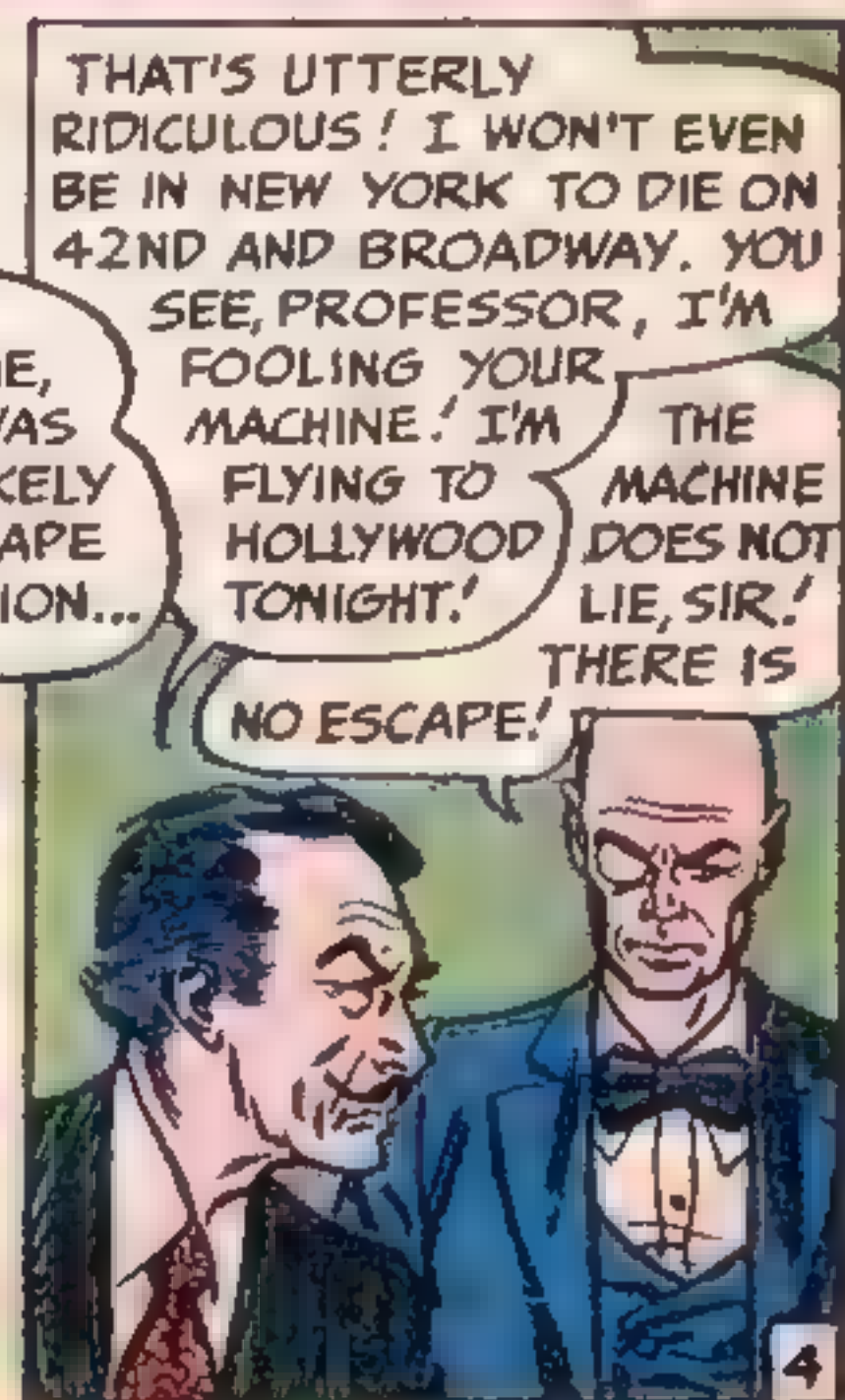
ONCE AGAIN THE AUDIENCE SITS SILENTLY... AND ONCE AGAIN THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. THEN THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP, AND...

MR. BRADY... THAT'S **YOU**! THE FATE MACHINE SHOWS YOU LYING DEAD AT 42ND STREET AND BROADWAY! WHY, THIS IS INCREDIBLE!



**T H E N** HA, HA! YOU NEARLY HAD ME BELIEVING THAT DEATH SCENE, GAYLORD! IT WAS ALMOST AS REALISTIC AS ONE OF MY MOVIES!

THE MACHINE'S PREDICTION... NEITHER CAN YOU!



THAT'S UTTERLY RIDICULOUS! I WON'T EVEN BE IN NEW YORK TO DIE ON 42ND AND BROADWAY. YOU SEE, PROFESSOR, I'M FOOLING YOUR MACHINE! I'M FLYING TO HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT! THE MACHINE DOES NOT LIE, SIR! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



PRODUCER JAMES L. BRADY IMMEDIATELY FLIES WEST! THE NEXT DAY, AT HIS STUDIOS...

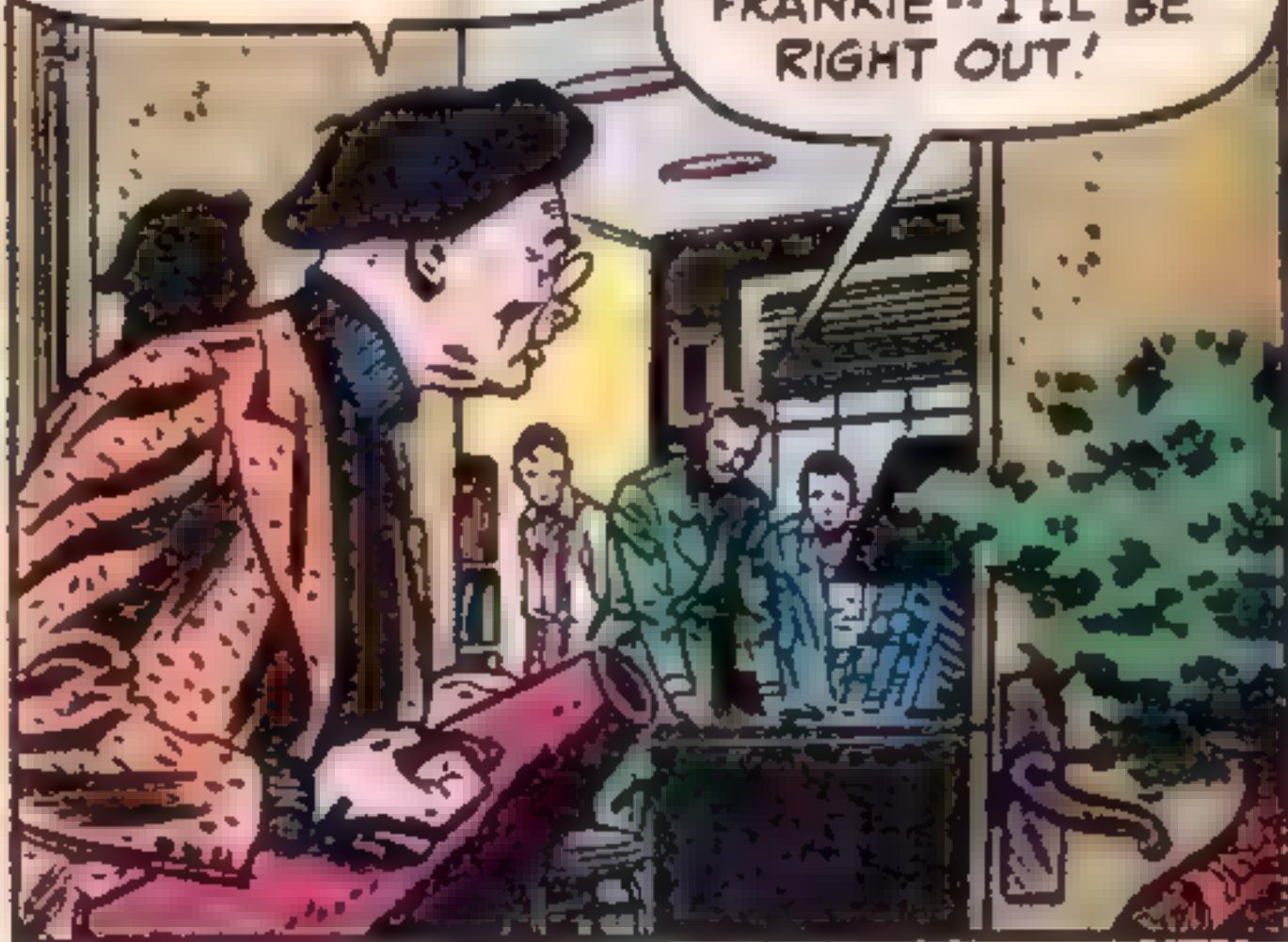
SO, THIS GAYLORD FELLOW SHOWED THE SCENE OF ME LYING DEAD AT 42ND AND BROADWAY IN NEW YORK! BUT JUST TO PROVE GAYLORD'S A PHONY, I WON'T EVER PUT FOOT IN NEW YORK AGAIN!

THE GUY'S PROBABLY OFF HIS ROCKER, J.L.!



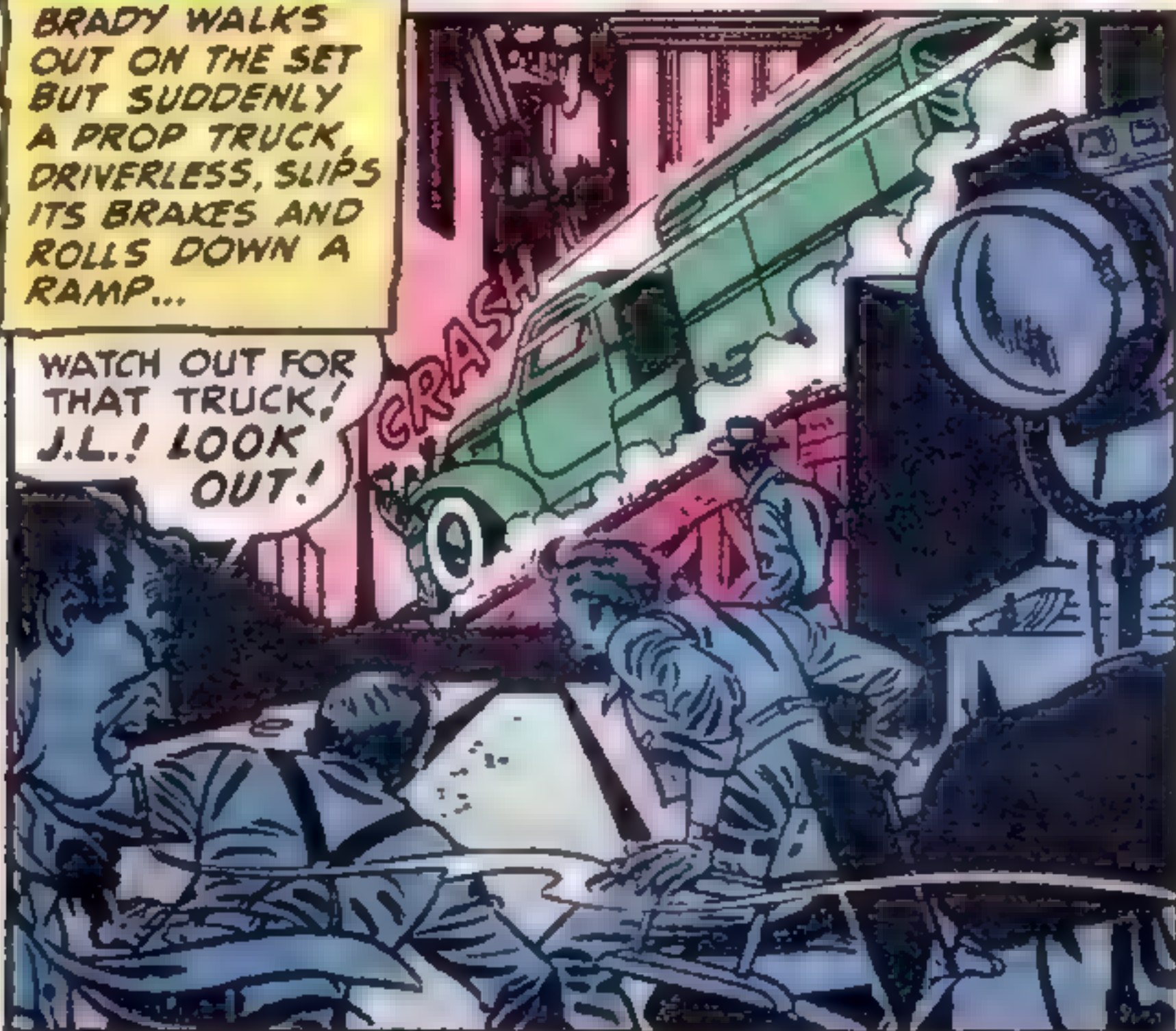
J.L.! MIND LOOKING AT THESE RETAKES? WE'RE ON SET NOW!

EH? OH, THAT'S "THE BIG BRIDGE" STORY! NOT AT ALL, FRANKIE--I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!



BRADY WALKS OUT ON THE SET BUT SUDDENLY A PROP TRUCK, DRIVERLESS, SLIPS ITS BRAKES AND ROLLS DOWN A RAMP...

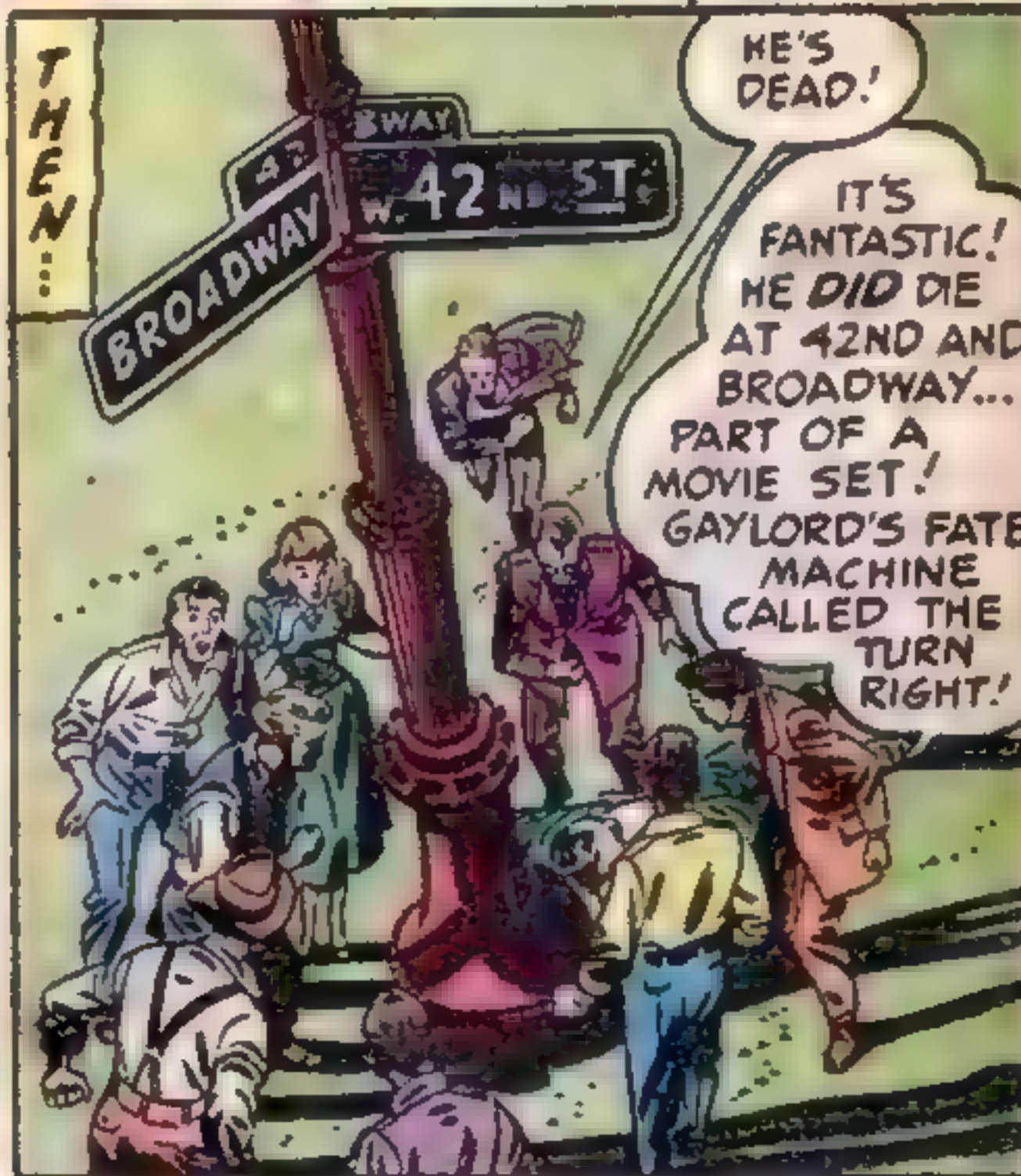
WATCH OUT FOR THAT TRUCK, J.L.! LOOK OUT!



THEN...

HE'S DEAD!

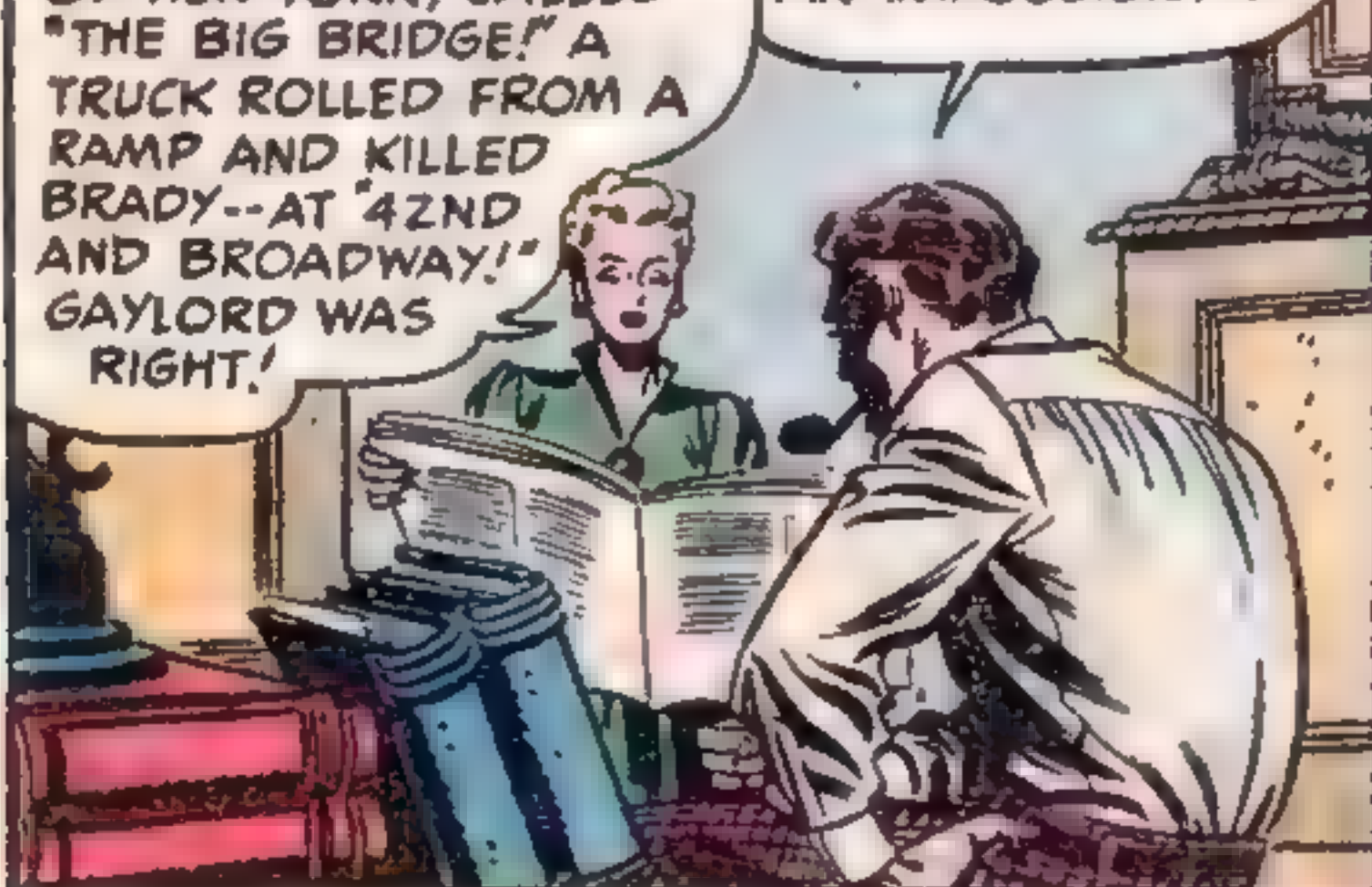
IT'S FANTASTIC! HE DID DIE AT 42ND AND BROADWAY... PART OF A MOVIE SET! GAYLORD'S FATE MACHINE CALLED THE TURN RIGHT!



THE AMAZING STORY HITS THE NEWSPAPERS, AND BACK EAST...

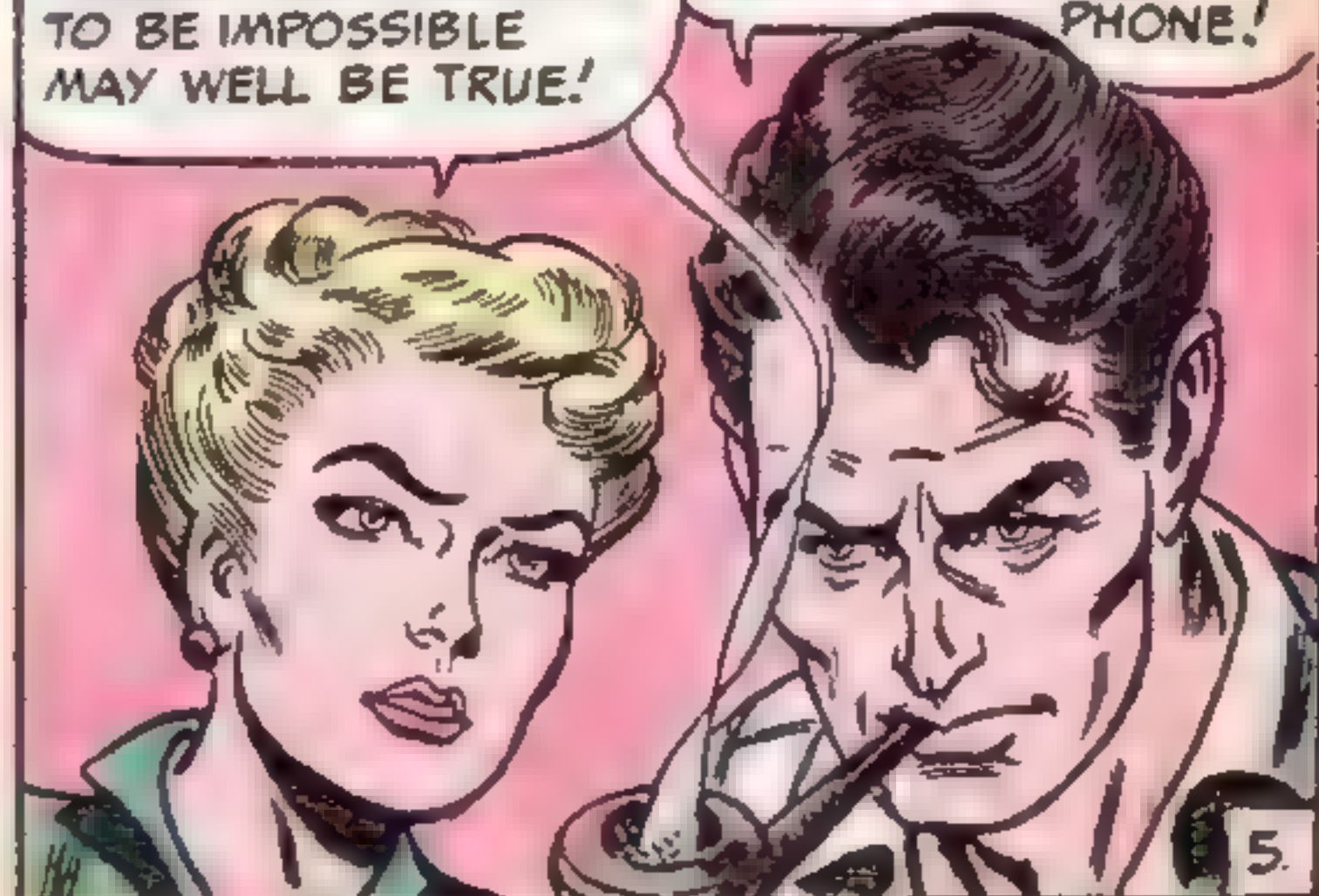
THE PAPER SAYS THEY WERE MAKING A MOVIE OF NEW YORK, CALLED "THE BIG BRIDGE!" A TRUCK ROLLED FROM A RAMP AND KILLED BRADY--AT "42ND AND BROADWAY!" GAYLORD WAS RIGHT!

BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE FATE MACHINE IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY!



I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOU TELL YOUR OWN TELEVISION AUDIENCE--THINGS THAT APPEAR TO BE IMPOSSIBLE MAY WELL BE TRUE!

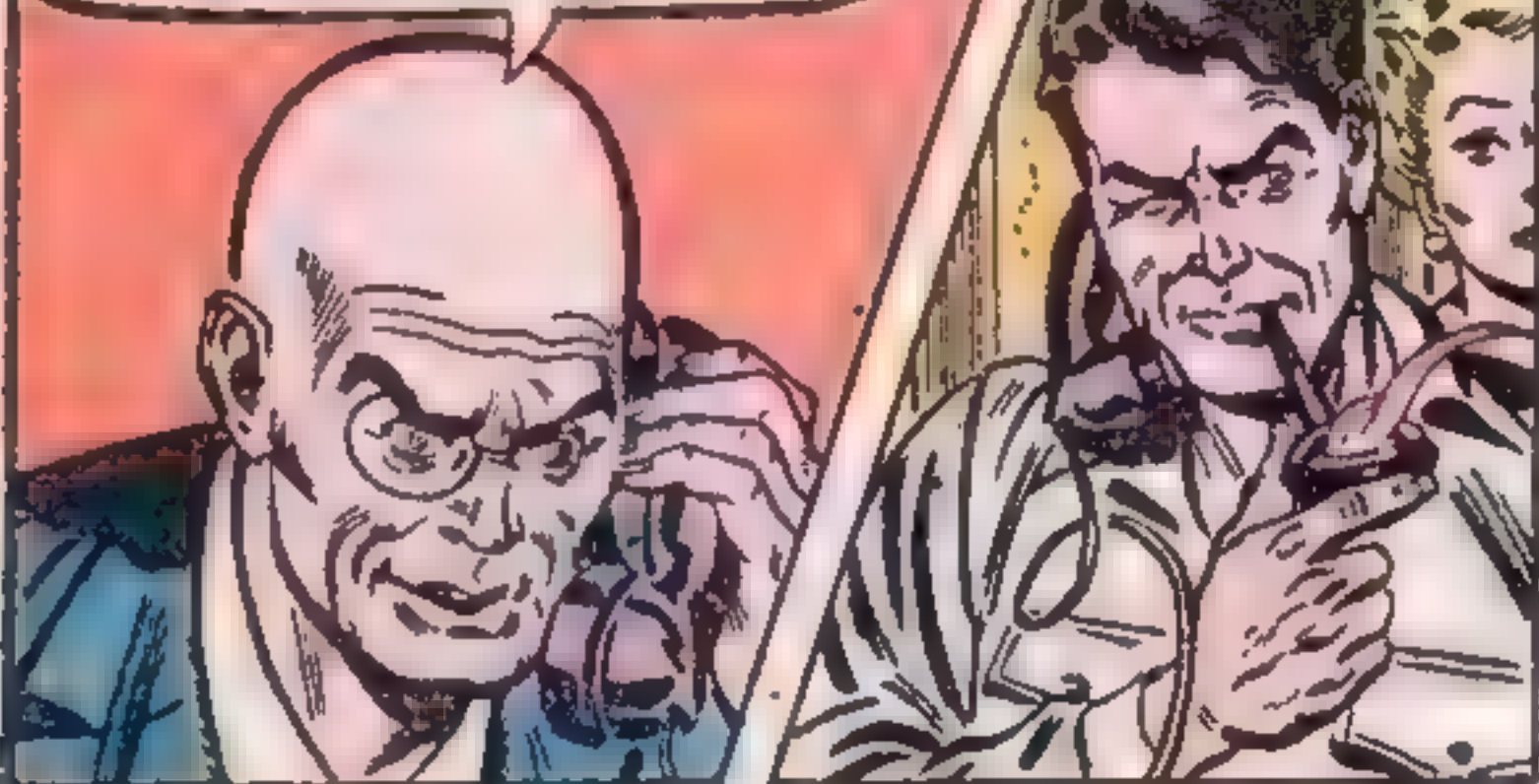
I KNOW--BUT THIS SEEING IN THE FUTURE BUSINESS IS DIFFERENT! KAREN, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! GET GAYLORD ON THE PHONE!





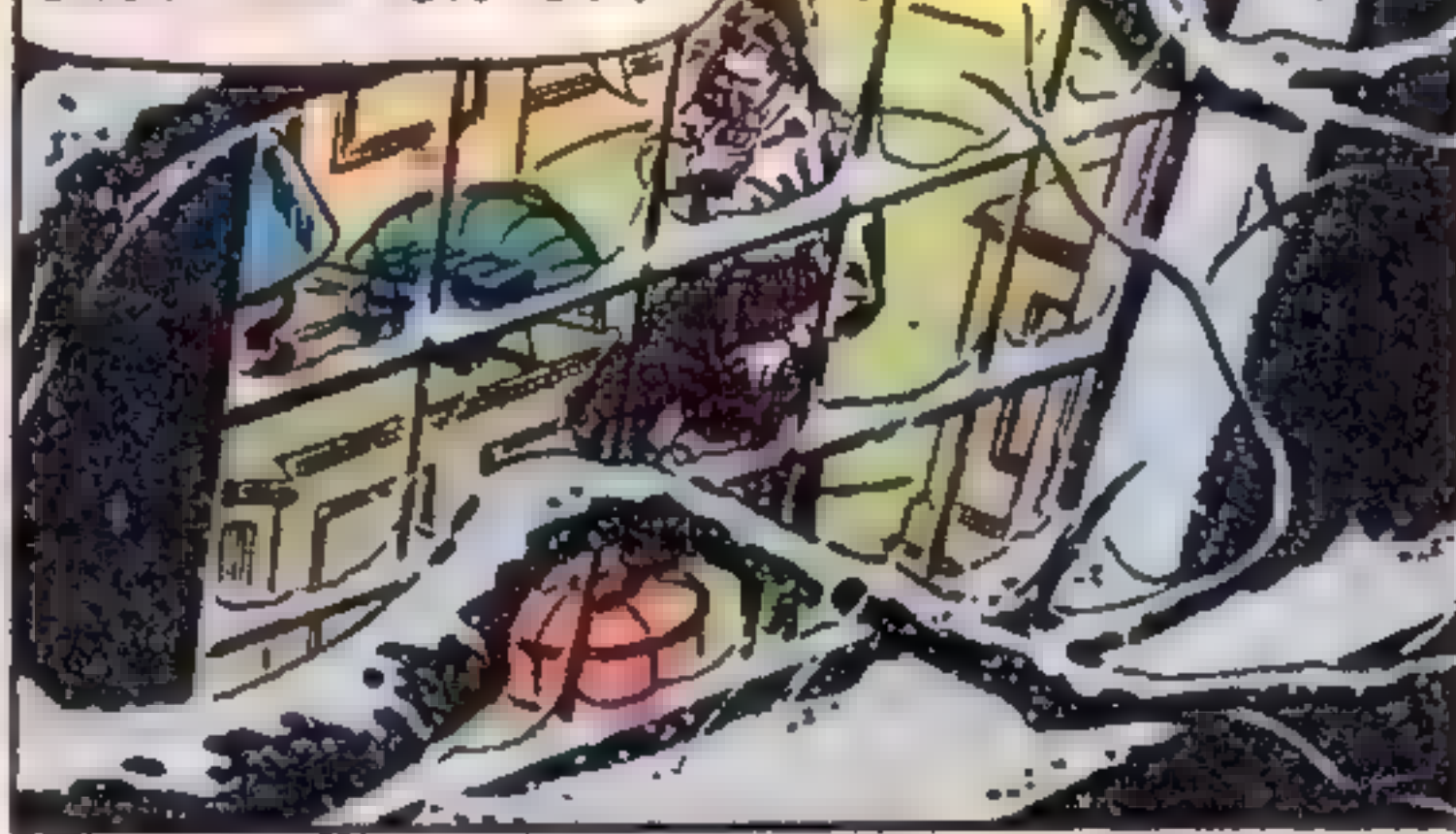
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

READ **YOUR** FUTURE, MR. RAYMOND! YES, I WILL GLADLY DO IT! YOU SEE, IF I CONVINCE **YOU** THAT THE FATE MACHINE ACTUALLY WORKS, THE GENERAL PUBLIC WILL **HAVE** TO BELIEVE ME!



LET'S MAKE AN APPOINTMENT! TOMORROW I'M BROADCASTING AT THE CITY FESTIVAL-- SO I CAN'T SEE YOU THEN! WHAT'S THE BEST TIME FOR YOU?

TONIGHT-- YES, TONIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!



THEN, THAT NIGHT, AT GAYLORD'S HOME...

I'M TUNING IN TO THE PROPER WAVE LENGTHS, MR. RAYMOND! IN A MOMENT YOU WILL HAVE A **REALLY** AMAZING ODDITY FOR YOUR TELEVISION SHOW! AH-- HERE IT IS!



WHY, IT APPEARS TO BE A SNOW SCENE!

THAT'S NOT TOO INCREDIBLE-- AFTER ALL, IT'S WINTER TIME NOW!



FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE SCREEN PICKS UP A MAN LYING STILL-- **ROY RAYMOND**

ROY! THAT'S YOU LYING THERE! **DEAD!**

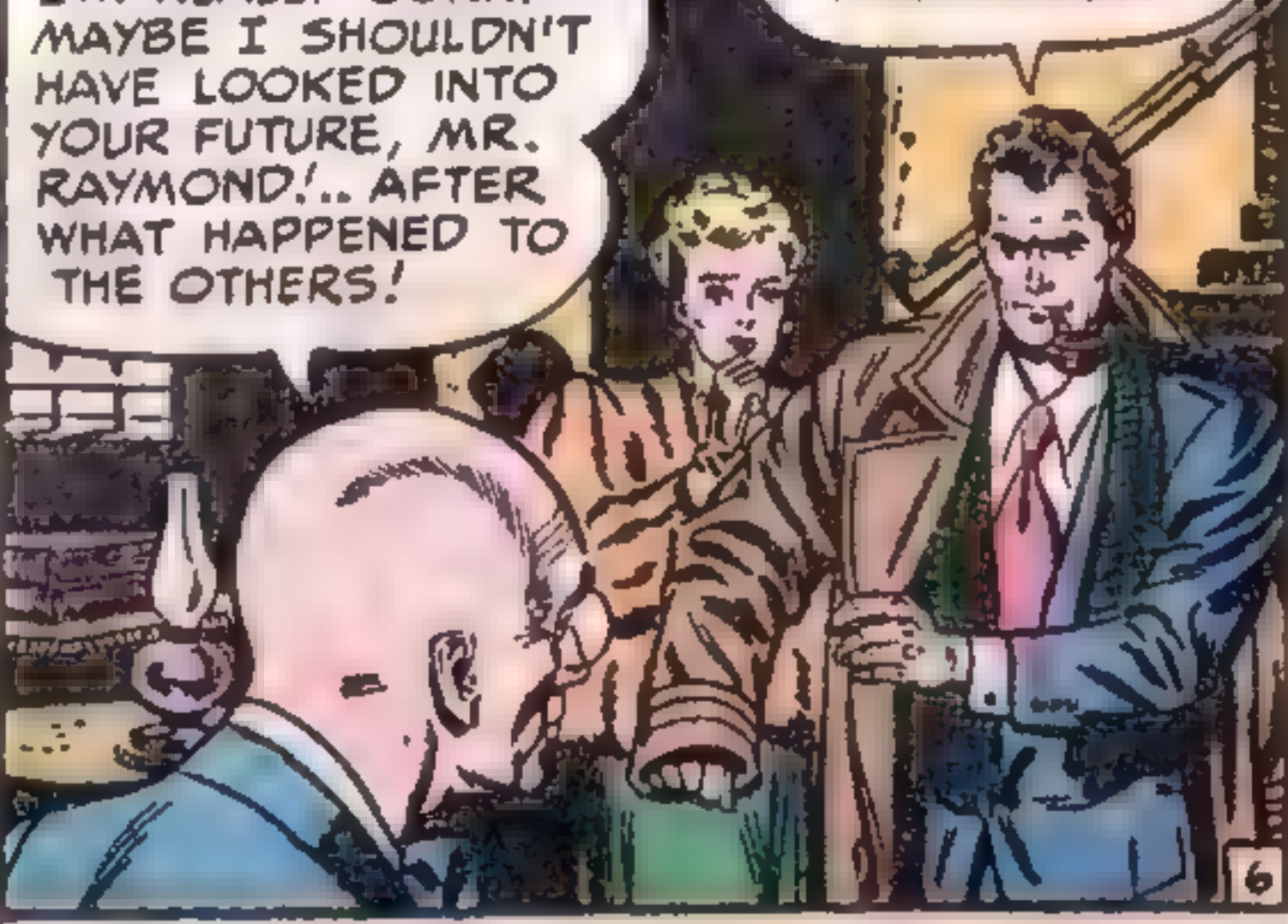
SO IT IS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

I'M REALLY SORRY-- MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED INTO YOUR FUTURE, MR. RAYMOND!.. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS!

I ASKED FOR IT! GOOD NIGHT, PROFESSOR!



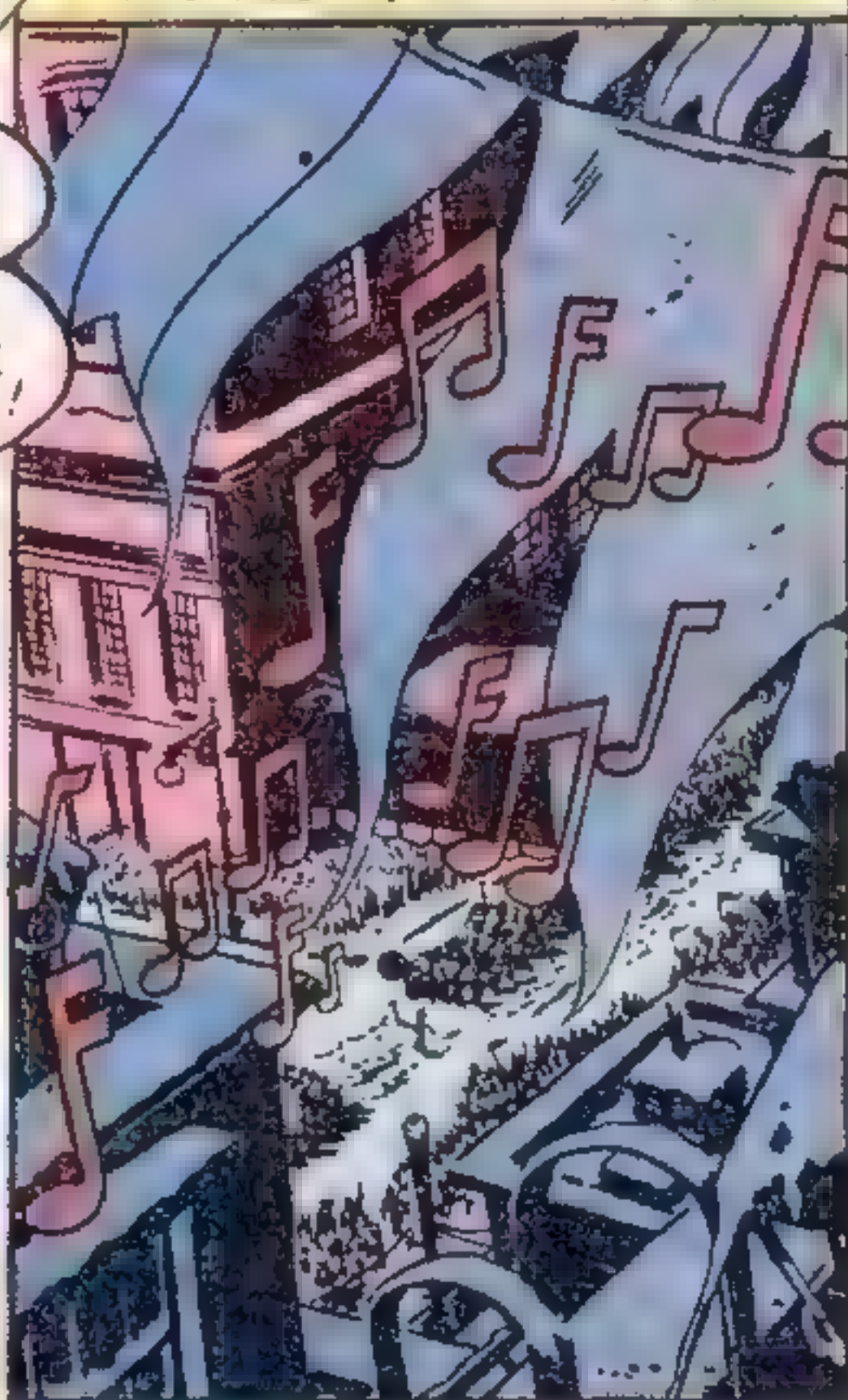


SO YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE THE FATE MACHINE! JUST THE SAME, YOU ARE **NOT** GOING OUT WHILE SNOW IS FALLING... FESTIVAL OR NO FESTIVAL!

DON'T WORRY, KAREN! I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW THE FATE MACHINE CALLS ITS SHOTS!



IN THE MORNING, THE CITY PREPARES FOR THE GALA ANNUAL FESTIVAL; PEOPLE WALK THE STREETS, BANDS PLAY...



MEANWHILE, AT A BROADCASTING BOOTH WHERE ROY RAYMOND IS TO ACT AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES...

THE WEATHER BUREAU TOLD ME THERE WOULD BE NO SNOW TODAY, ROY-- OTHERWISE I'D INSIST THAT YOU STAY HOME!

AND MISS ALL THE FUN? DON'T BE WORRIED, KAREN-- AND FORGET ABOUT THE FATE MACHINE'S PREDICTION!



THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND FACTS STARTS TOWARD THE MICROPHONE -- THEN STOPS DEAD...

ROY! **ROY!** WHAT'S THE MATTER?



DON'T STEP ON THIS PLATFORM! STAY AWAY! I JUST GOT A FAINT SHOCK FROM THE SNOW! THE WHOLE PLATFORM IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY!



AFTER THAT, ROY RAYMOND SUMMONS TWO SQUAD CARS, AND...

I SEE--THE SNOW SERVED AS A CONDUCTOR AND YOU FELT THE ELECTRICITY BEFORE YOU REACHED THE MIKE! THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE! NOW WHAT?

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING-- INCLUDING THE FATE MACHINE-- WHEN WE REACH GAYLORD'S PLACE!

A SHORT DRIVE BRINGS THEM TO GAYLORD'S HOUSE, BUT WHEN THEY WALK IN, UNANNOUNCED...

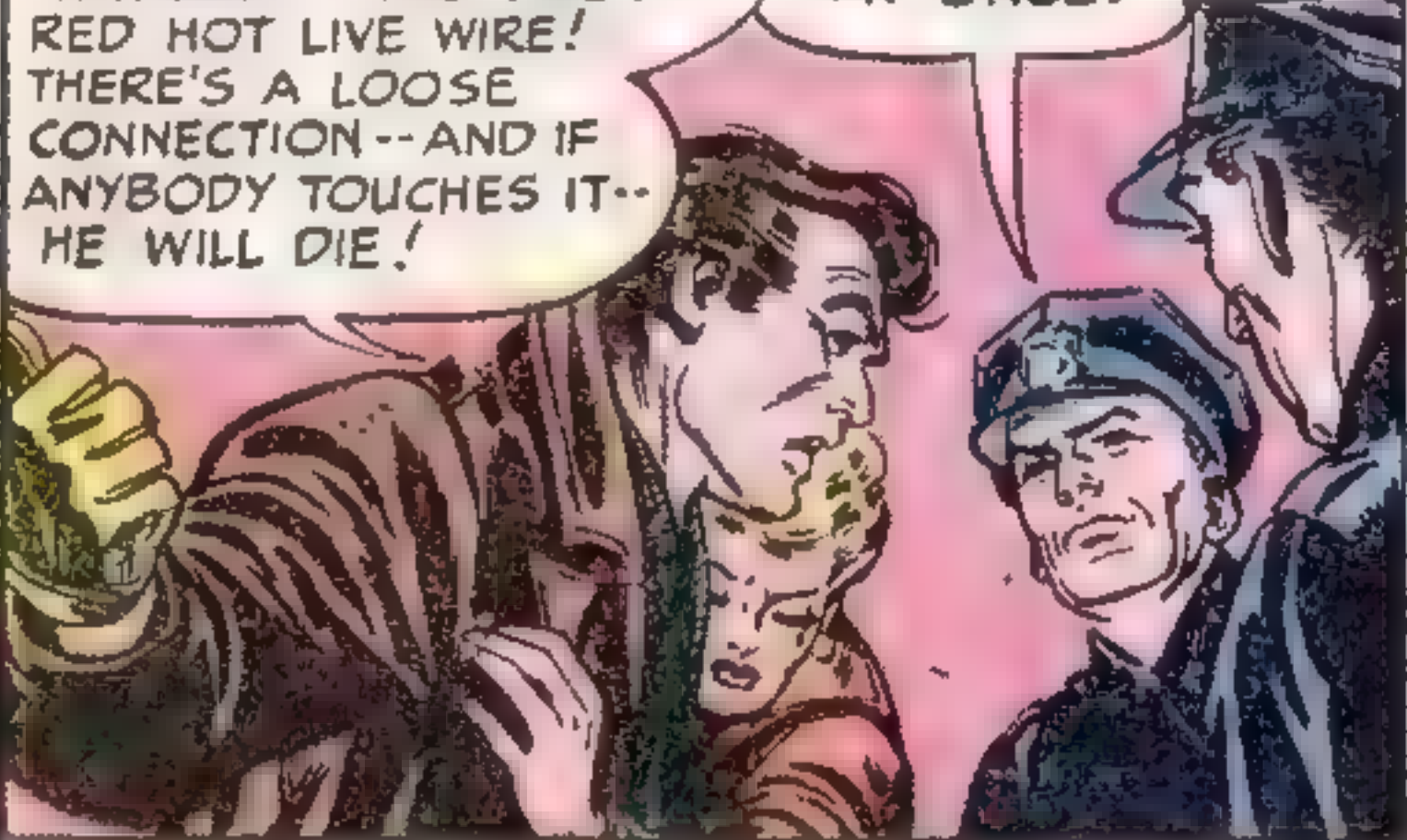
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS-- **REACH!**

LOOK! COPPERS!

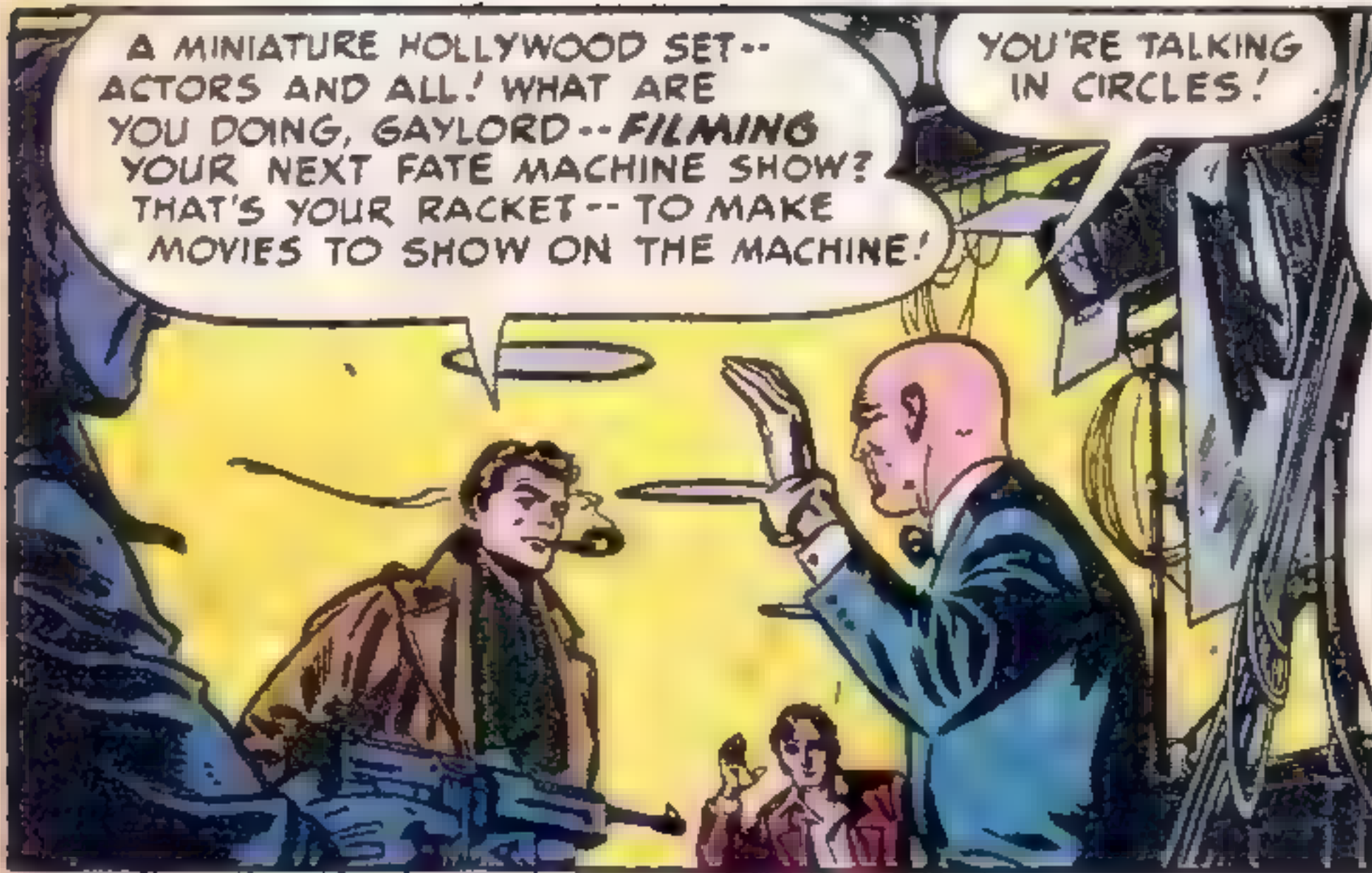


OFFICER, DON'T ALLOW ANYBODY UP HERE UNTIL THE ENGINEERS CAN CHECK THAT MIKE-- IT'S LIKE A RED HOT LIVE WIRE! THERE'S A LOOSE CONNECTION--AND IF ANYBODY TOUCHES IT-- HE WILL DIE!

OKAY, MR. RAYMOND! I'LL GET THE RADIO BOYS OVER HERE AT ONCE!



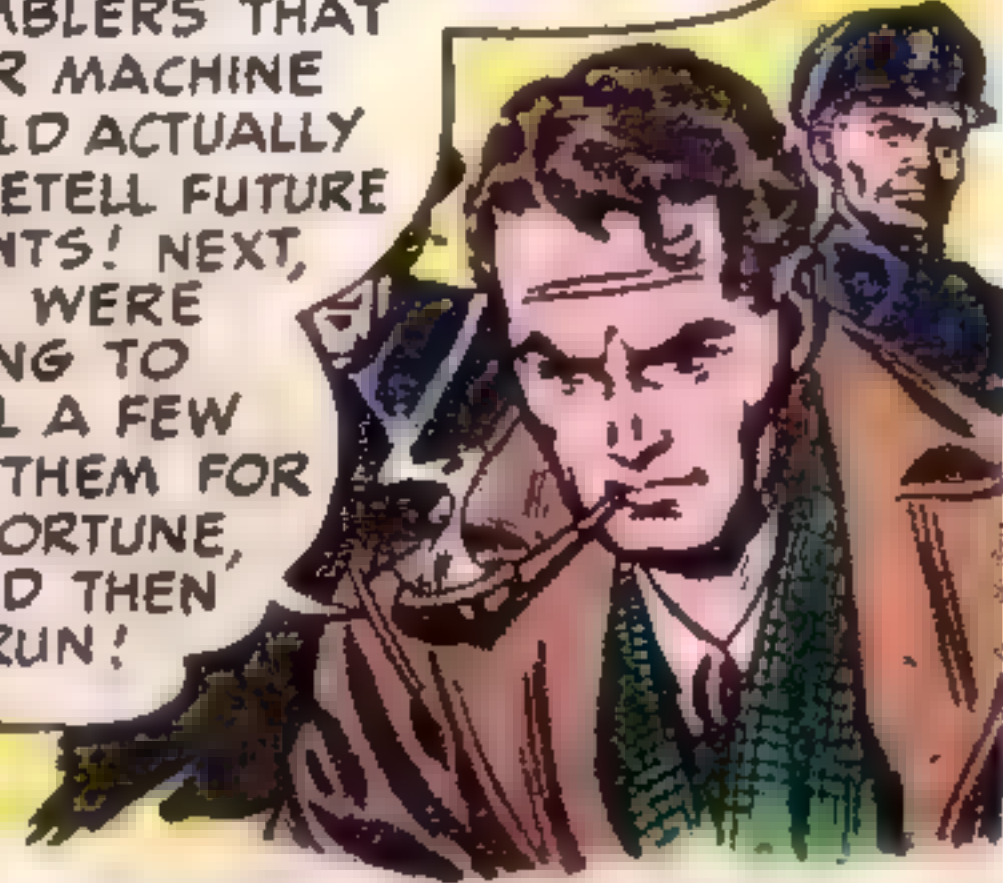




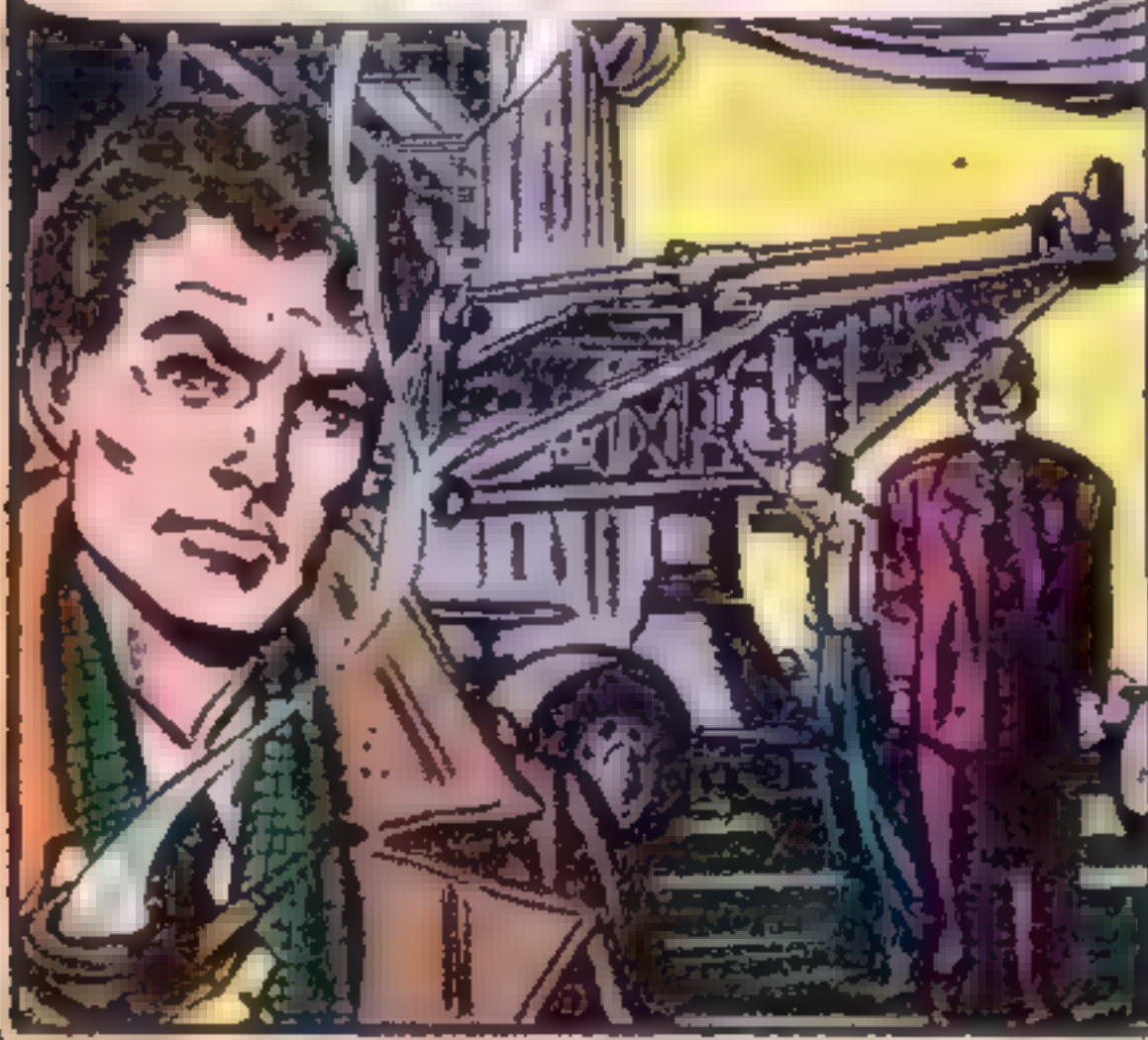
A MINIATURE HOLLYWOOD SET-- ACTORS AND ALL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GAYLORD-- **FILMING** YOUR NEXT FATE MACHINE SHOW? THAT'S YOUR RACKET-- TO MAKE MOVIES TO SHOW ON THE MACHINE!

YOU'RE TALKING IN CIRCLES!

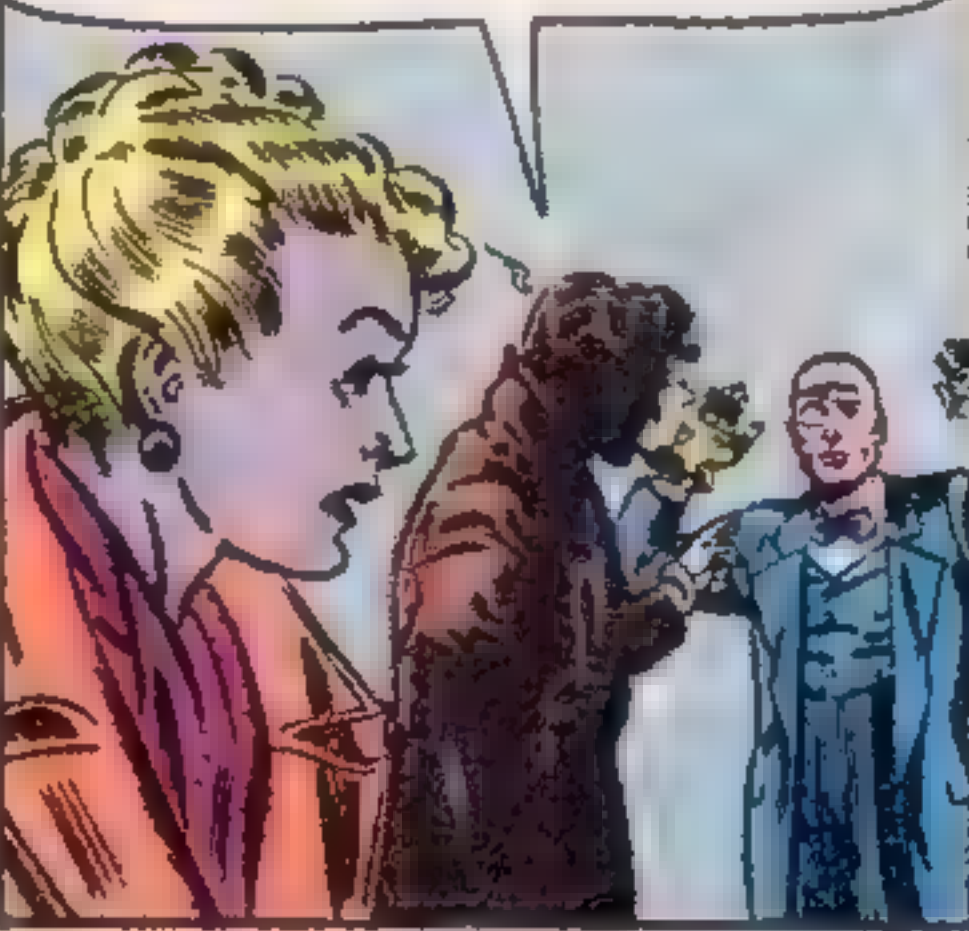
YOU NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH **MURDER**, GAYLORD!.. AND MAYBE A MILLION DOLLARS OR SO! YOUR MOTIVE WAS TO CONVINCE SUPERSTITIOUS WEALTHY SPECULATORS AND SPORTS GAMBLERS THAT YOUR MACHINE COULD ACTUALLY FORETELL FUTURE EVENTS! NEXT, YOU WERE GOING TO SELL A FEW OF THEM FOR A FORTUNE, AND THEN RUN!



THE MURDER STORIES GOT YOU THE PUBLICITY YOU WANTED! HERE'S HOW IT WORKED..CROOKED ACTORS WERE MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE POOR BLAKELY AND BRADY! THEN YOU FILMED A "DEATH" SCENE AND SHOWED IT ON THE FATE MACHINE!



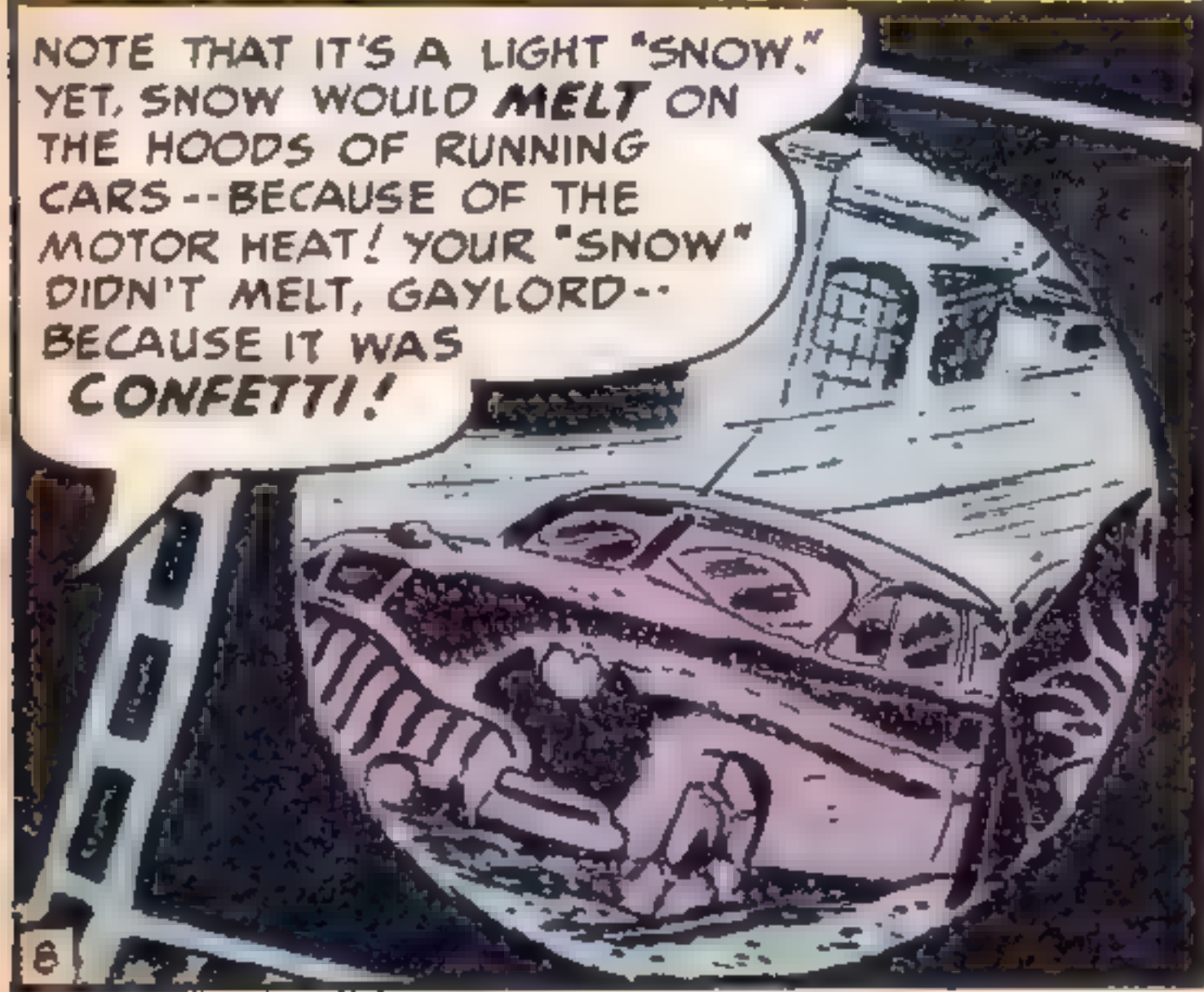
AFTERWARDS, YOUR MEN TAMPERED WITH BLAKELY'S REFRIGERATOR, AND RELEASED THE TRUCK THAT KILLED BRADY IN HOLLYWOOD! IT LOOKED LIKE NO MATTER WHAT YOUR INTENDED VICTIMS DID TO ESCAPE YOUR "PREDICTION," FATE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM!



YOU MADE YOUR BIG MISTAKE IN FILMING **MY** DEATH SCENE! YOU DIDN'T USE **SNOW** AS A BACK-GROUND! YOU USED **CONFETTI**! WE'LL FIND YOUR FILM AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I KNOW!

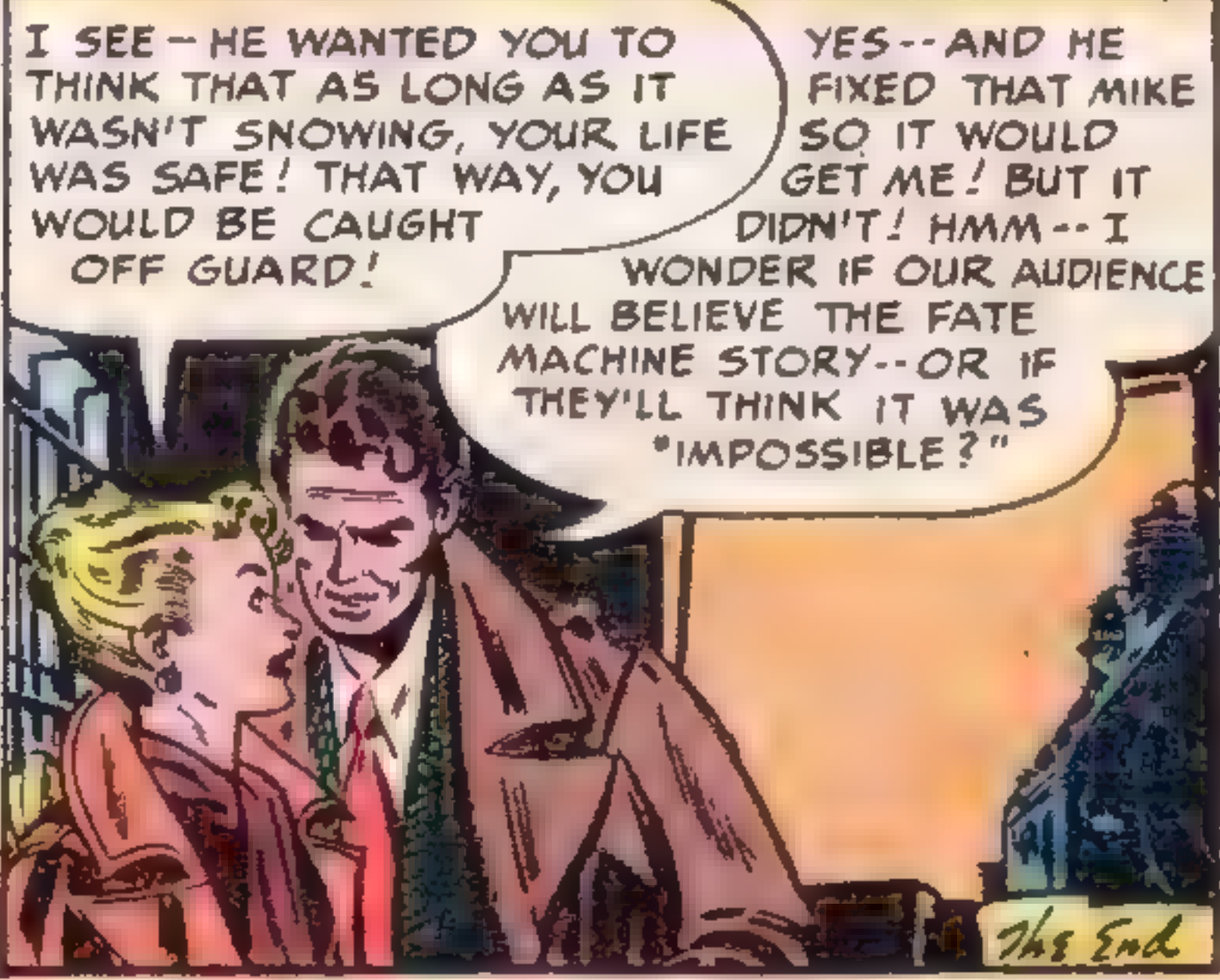


AFTER A SEARCH, ROY HOLDS A STRIP OF FILM UP TO A STRONG LIGHT, AND...



NOTE THAT IT'S A LIGHT "SNOW." YET, SNOW WOULD **MELT** ON THE HOODS OF RUNNING CARS--BECAUSE OF THE MOTOR HEAT! YOUR "SNOW" DIDN'T MELT, GAYLORD-- BECAUSE IT WAS **CONFETTI**!

AFTER THE GANG IS HAULED AWAY...



I SEE-- HE WANTED YOU TO THINK THAT AS LONG AS IT WASN'T SNOWING, YOUR LIFE WAS SAFE! THAT WAY, YOU WOULD BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!

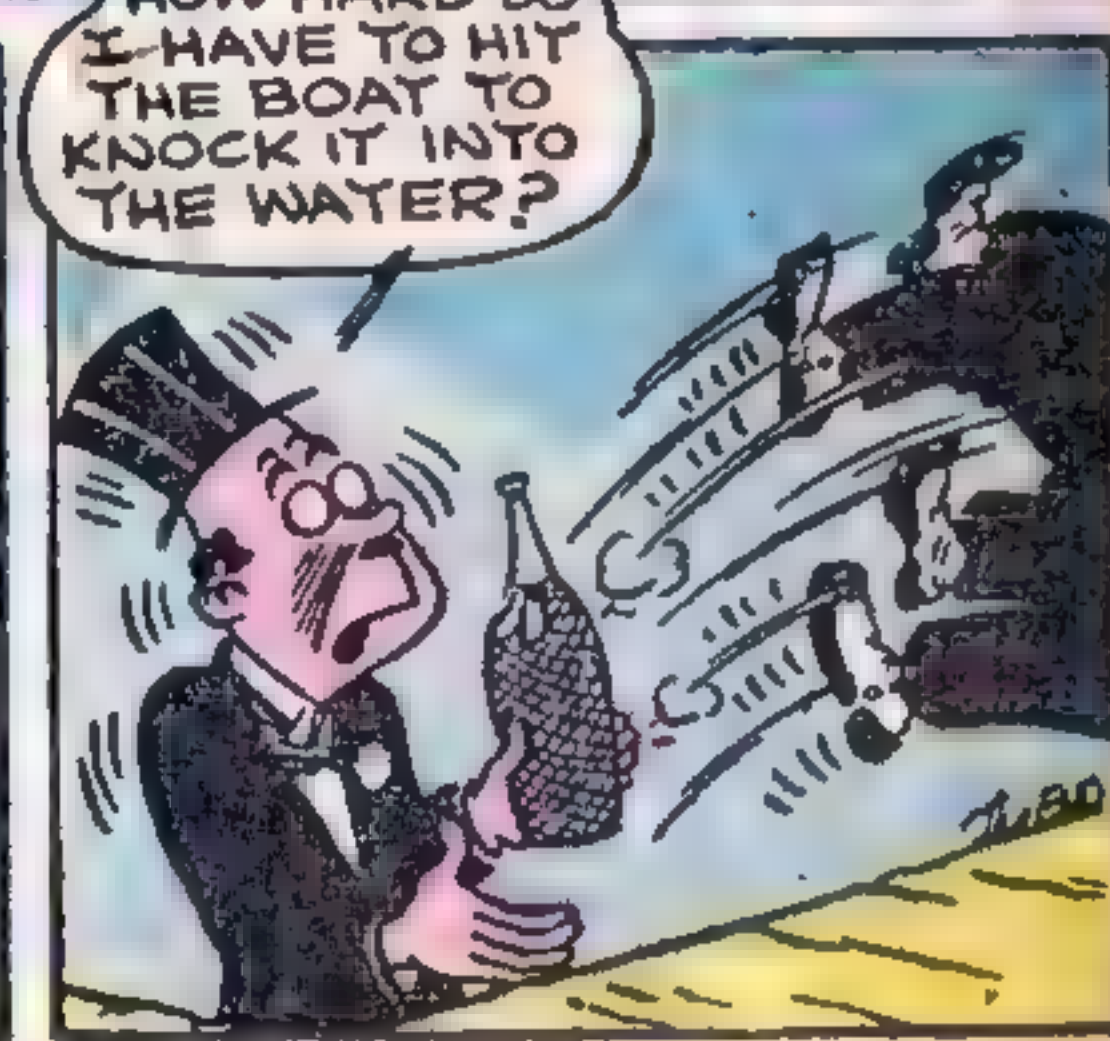
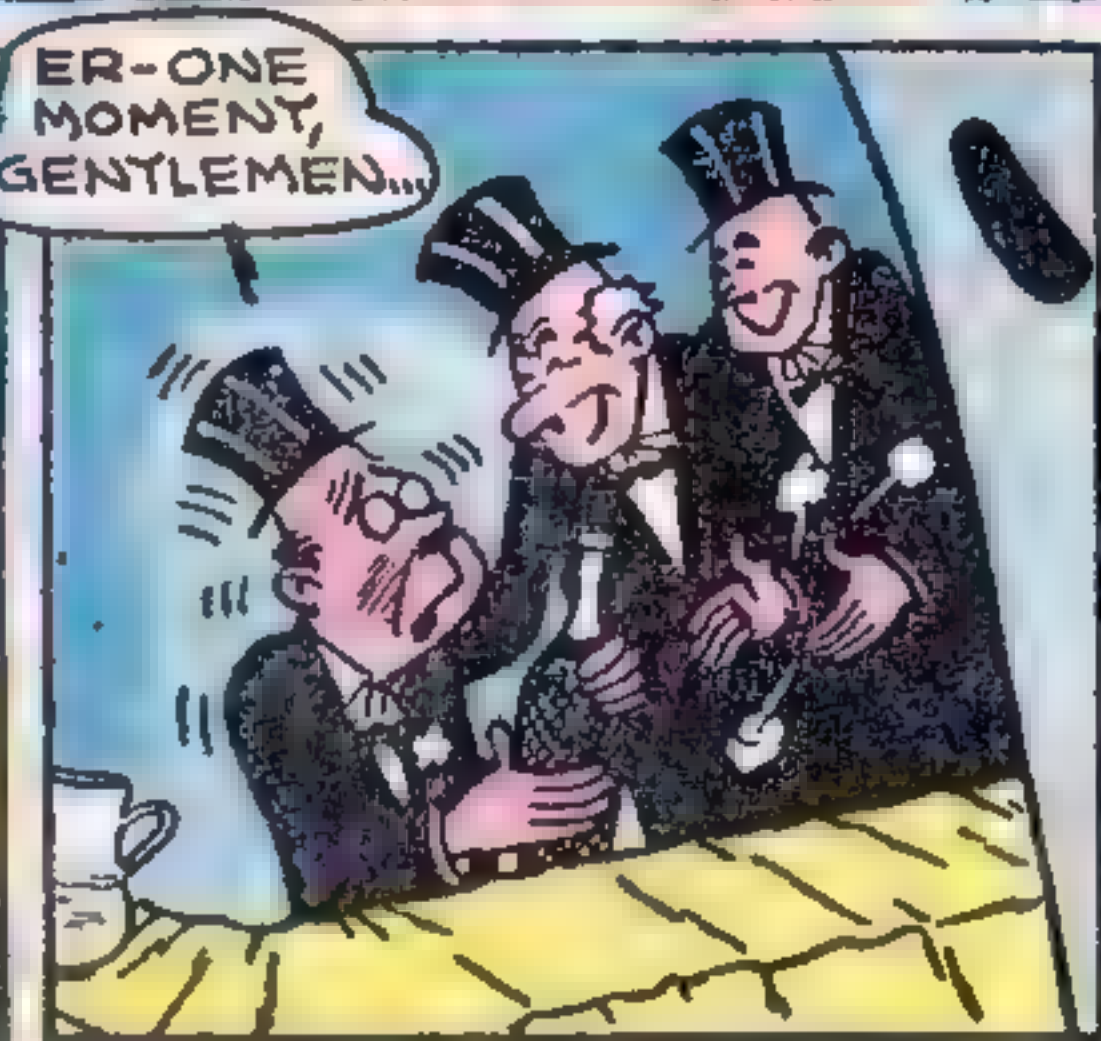
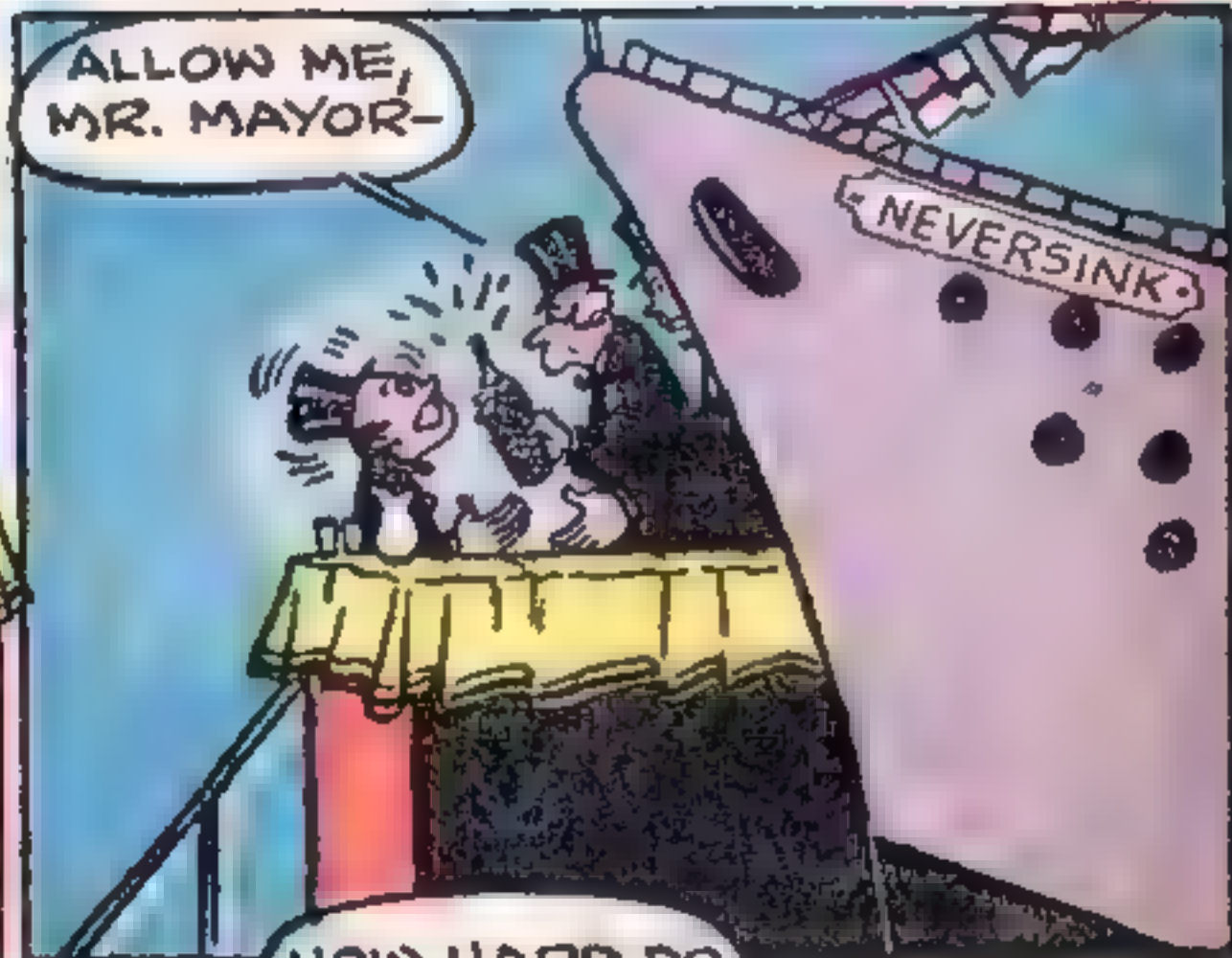
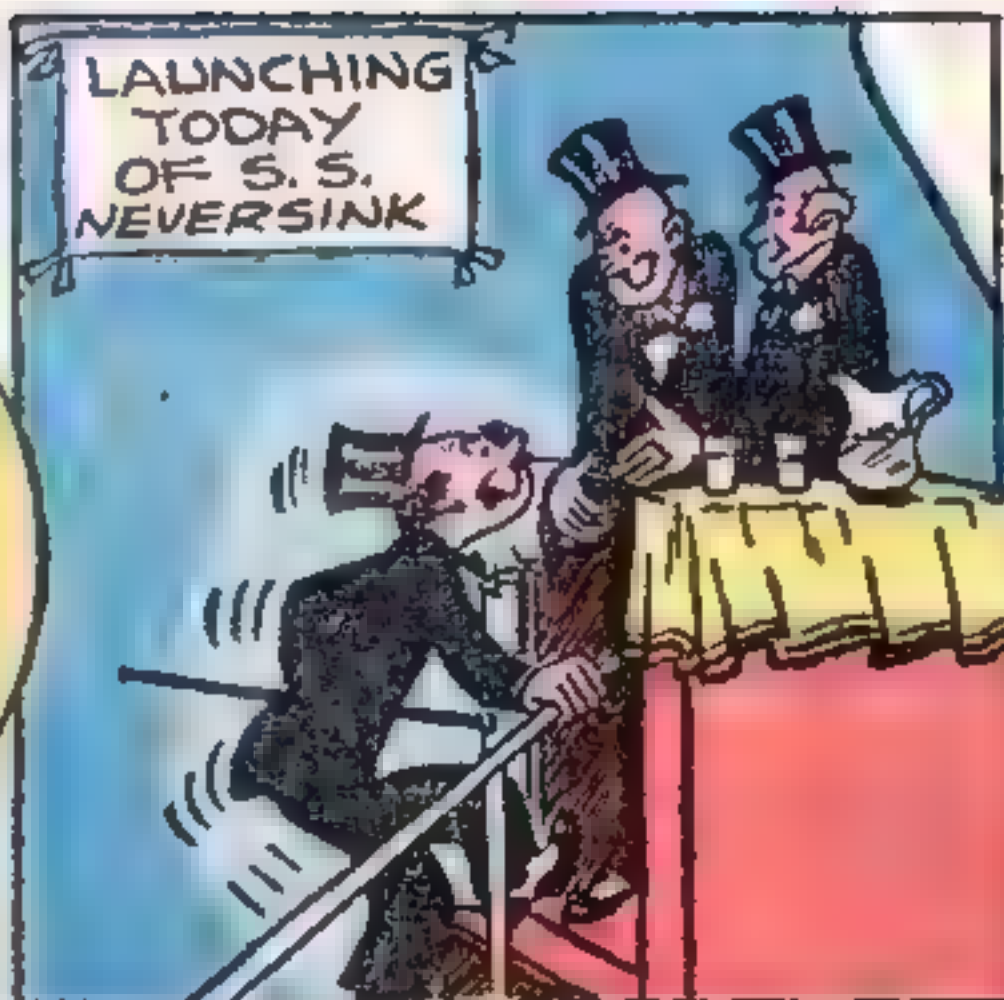
YES-- AND HE FIXED THAT MIKE SO IT WOULD GET ME! BUT IT DIDN'T! HMM-- I

WONDER IF OUR AUDIENCE WILL BELIEVE THE FATE MACHINE STORY--OR IF THEY'LL THINK IT WAS "IMPOSSIBLE?"

The End



# THE LITTLE MAYOR



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Dear Tom: Enclosed are 15¢ in cash and one Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me Tom Mix's Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Tone Birdcall.

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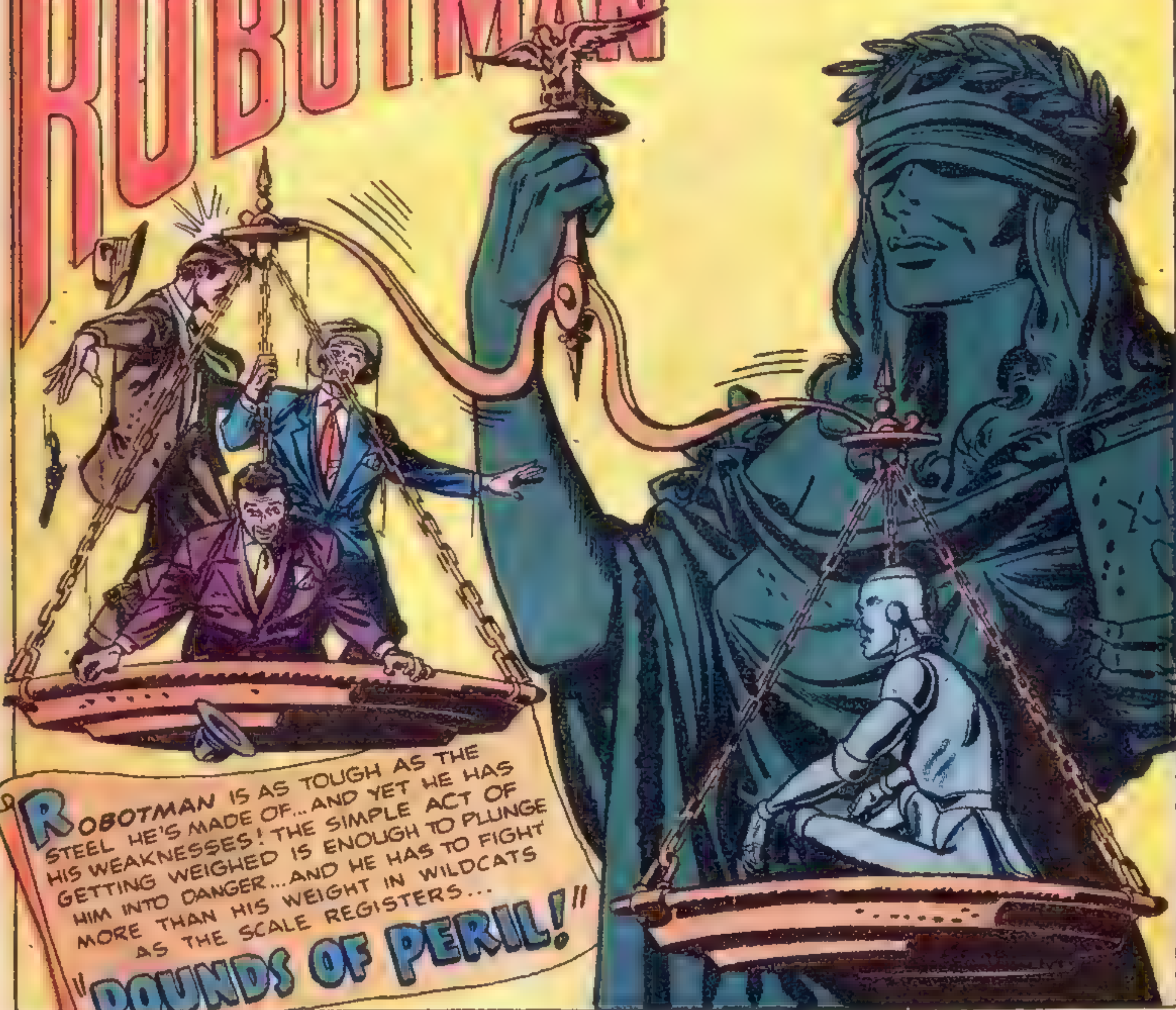
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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IMPORTANT: If you don't have coupon just write name and address on back of a Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top and mail with 15¢ to Tom Mix. Please do not send stamps. Offer good only in U.S. and may be withdrawn at any time.



# ROBOTMAN



**R**OBOTMAN IS AS TOUGH AS THE STEEL HE'S MADE OF...AND YET HE HAS HIS WEAKNESSES! THE SIMPLE ACT OF GETTING WEIGHED IS ENOUGH TO PLUNGE HIM INTO DANGER...AND HE HAS TO FIGHT MORE THAN HIS WEIGHT IN WILDCATS AS THE SCALE REGISTERS...

**"POUNDS OF PERIL!"**

ROBOTMAN, IN HIS PLASTIC DISGUISE AS PAUL DENNIS, JOINS SOME FRIENDS AT AN AMUSEMENT RESORT...

COME ON, PAUL, HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN ON THIS, TOO!

SORRY, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD!

THEN PUT ON A COWBOY OUTFIT AND RIDE THAT HORSE!

NO, I DON'T WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN!

I CAN'T LET THEM KNOW THE REAL REASON... THAT I'M ROBOTMAN, MADE OF IRON AND STEEL WITH ONLY MY BRAIN HUMAN. MY WEIGHT WOULD BREAK THOSE PROPS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER... GUESS YOUR WEIGHT, MISTER... FREE IF I MAKE A MISTAKE!

COME ON, PAUL, GET ON THE SCALE!

BUT I...I...

MUSCLES FEEL TOUGH... HE HAS NO IDEA I'M MADE OF STEEL! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE MY IDENTITY IS REVEALED!

HARD AS IRON... I'D SAY... 195 POUNDS!

MEANWHILE... LOOK, PETE! THAT SAP DON'T WANT HIS WEIGHT GUESSED!

JUST LIKE WE DON'T WANT OUR PICTURES TOOK...OR THE COPS MIGHT COME AFTER US! I'VE SEEN THE GUY BEFORE... HE'S PAUL DENNIS, THE CHEMIST...

AS PAUL IS ABOUT TO BREAK AWAY... LET GO... THAT BOY'S COMING STRAIGHT AT ME... THE BOY DOESN'T REALIZE THAT BUMPING INTO ME WILL BE LIKE BUMPING INTO A STEEL WALL! NEVER MIND THE KID... JUST STEP THIS WAY, PAL...

IN HIS ANXIETY TO AVOID INJURY TO THE BOY, ROBOTMAN STUMBLES AND...

LOOK, PETE... LOOK HOW THAT POINTER'S WHIZZIN' AROUND!

OOPS!

HE BROKE THE SCALE!

THE GUY MUST WEIGH A TON! WHY, I BET THAT GUY AIN'T PAUL DENNIS AT ALL! I'LL BET HE'S ROBOTMAN HIMSELF!



IF THAT'S SO, HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF THE WORST ENEMY WE GOT! DINKY, KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM...LEFTY, NOTIFY ALL OUR PALS!

OKAY, PETE!

BUT ROBOTMAN HIMSELF IS AWARE OF THE DANGER! AS THE THUGS SPREAD THE ALARM TO THE UNDERWORLD...

THOSE CHARACTERS SAW WHAT HAPPENED... AND I'VE SEEN THEIR FACES IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY! IF THEY SUSPECT WHO I AM...

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, JUST AT THAT MOMENT COMES A CALL FOR HELP...

HELP!

THOSE THUGS... THEY'RE KEEPING AN EYE ON ME... I CAN'T ANSWER THAT CALL FOR HELP!

AND THEN...TO MAKE THINGS STILL TOUGHER FOR THE DISGUISED ROBOTMAN...

EEEEHH! THAT TRUCK! SAVE YOURSELF, PAUL!

THEY'RE TRYING TO RUN ME DOWN!.. THAT MEANS THEY'RE PRETTY SURE I'M ROBOTMAN!

LOOK... DENNIS AIN'T THERE! HE GOT AWAY!

HE COULDN'T... HE WAS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE TRUCK! IT MUST HAVE THROWN HIM SOME PLACE!

TARGET PRATT

LITTLE DO THE HOPEFUL CRIMINALS SUSPECT THE TRUTH! FOR UNDER THE TRUCK...

LUCKY I DUCKED IN A HURRY AND LET THE TRUCK RUN OVER ME! IT COVERED ME FROM THOSE CROOKS, AND LET ME REMOVE MY DISGUISE UNOBSERVED.. NOW I CAN SWING INTO ACTION!



**PRESENTLY...**

THERE'S THE PLACE THE CALL FOR HELP CAME FROM... THOSE THUGS MUST BE THE ONES CAUSING THE TROUBLE!

HOUSE OF FUN

IT'S ROBOTMAN! HERE, YOU TAKE THE BAG OF LOOT, SWIFTY!

NOT ME... YOU KNOW ROBOTMAN WOULD CHASE THE GUY WHO HAS IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, CHUM... I'M CHASING AND CATCHING BOTH OF YOU!

COME ON... QUICK... THROUGH THIS BARREL OF FUN!

I DON'T THINK I'LL CHASE YOU AFTER ALL...

**A** TREMENDOUS WHIRL FROM THE METAL MAN'S STEEL MUSCLES... AND THE BARREL STARTS SPINNING MUCH MORE RAPIDLY...

**YEEEEEE!**

I'LL JUST GATHER THEM UP AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE! AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF MY OTHER PROBLEM! I'LL CHANGE BACK TO PAUL DENNIS!

**SLAM!**

**AAAAAA**

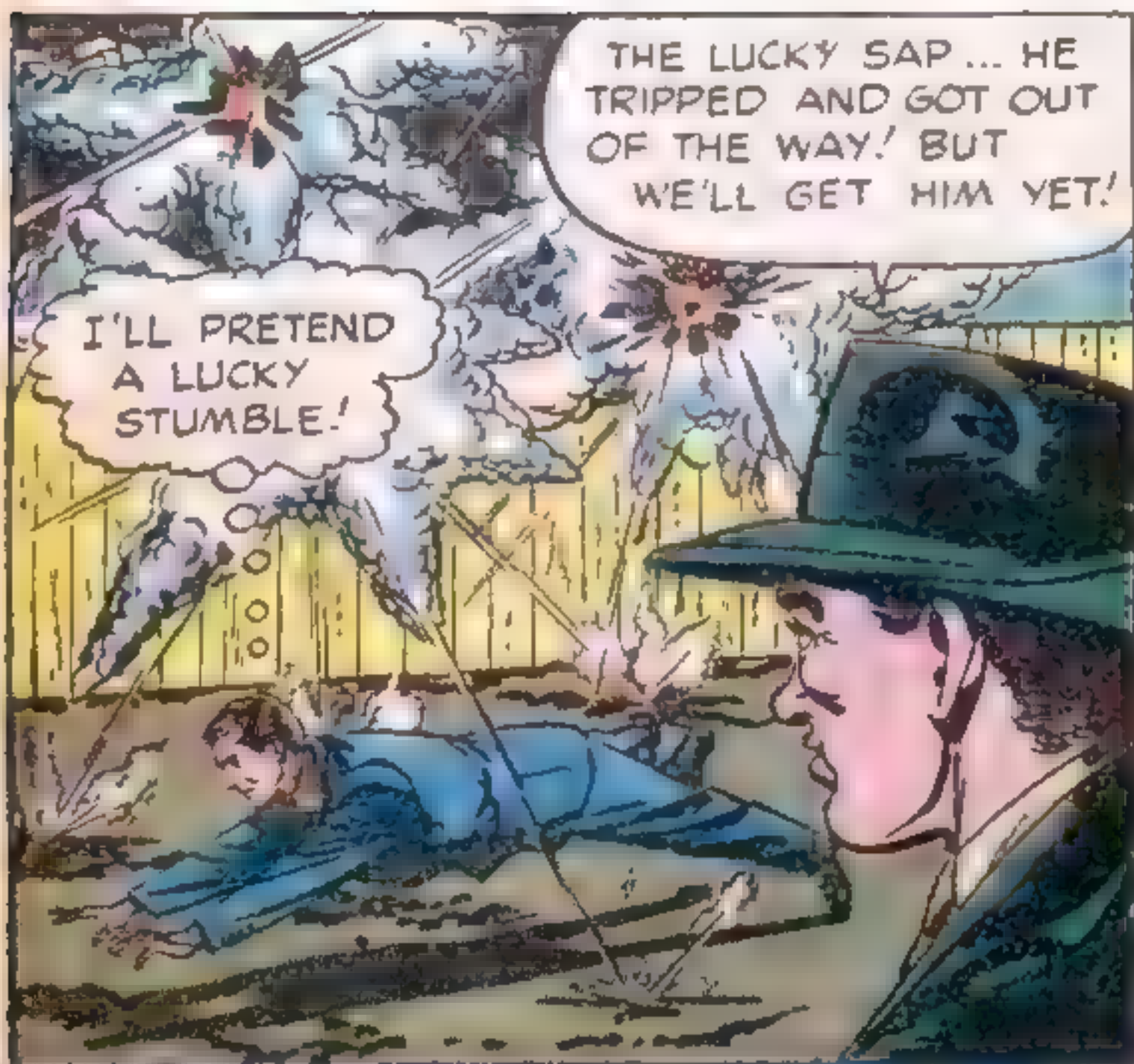
BUT AS THE METAL MAN ONCE MORE RESUMES HIS DISGUISE...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES, ROBOTMAN?

THEY'RE HOME GROWN, CHUM... PINEAPPLES!

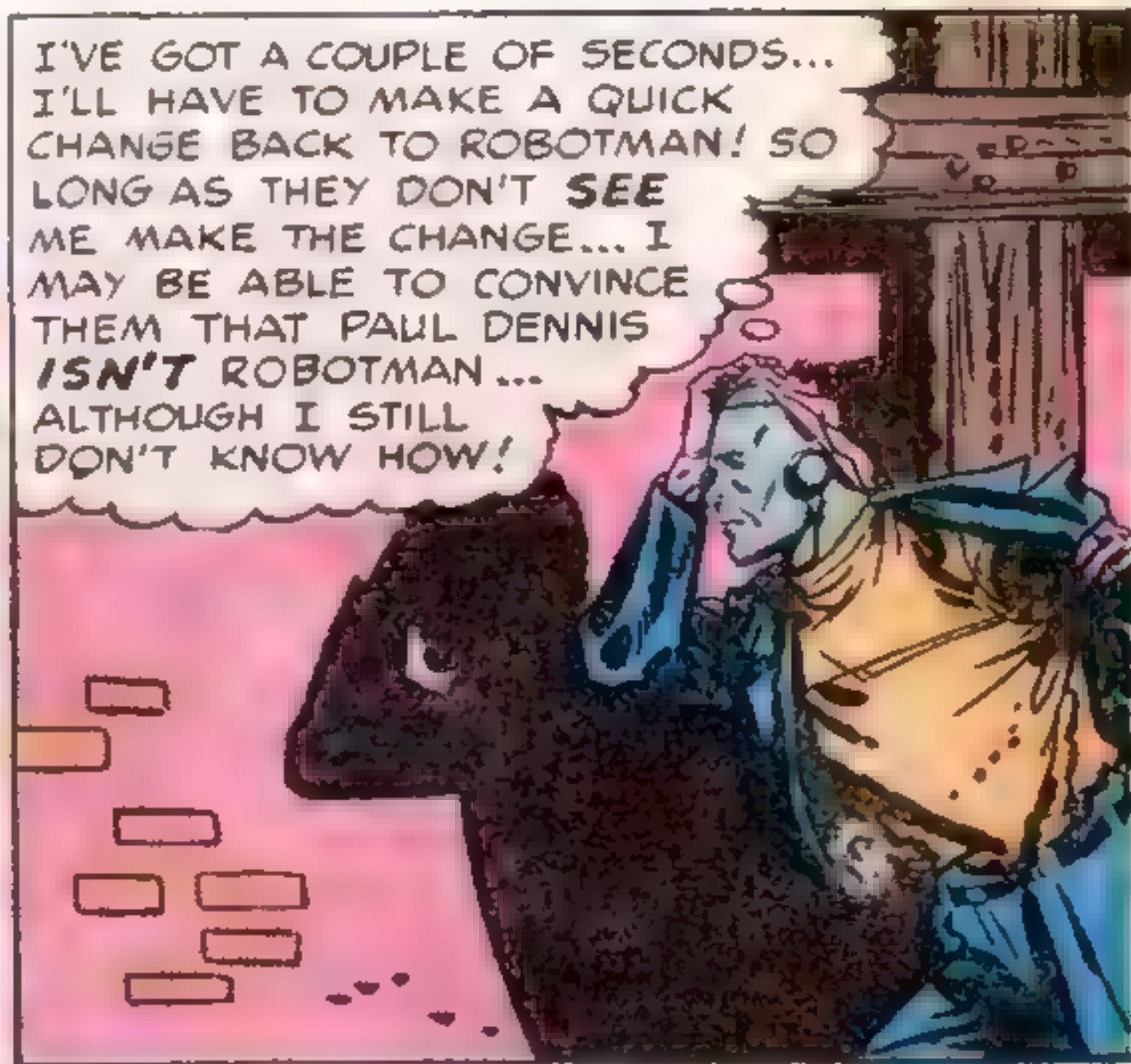
MY DISGUISE IS NOW USELESS. THEY ALL KNOW WHO I AM!



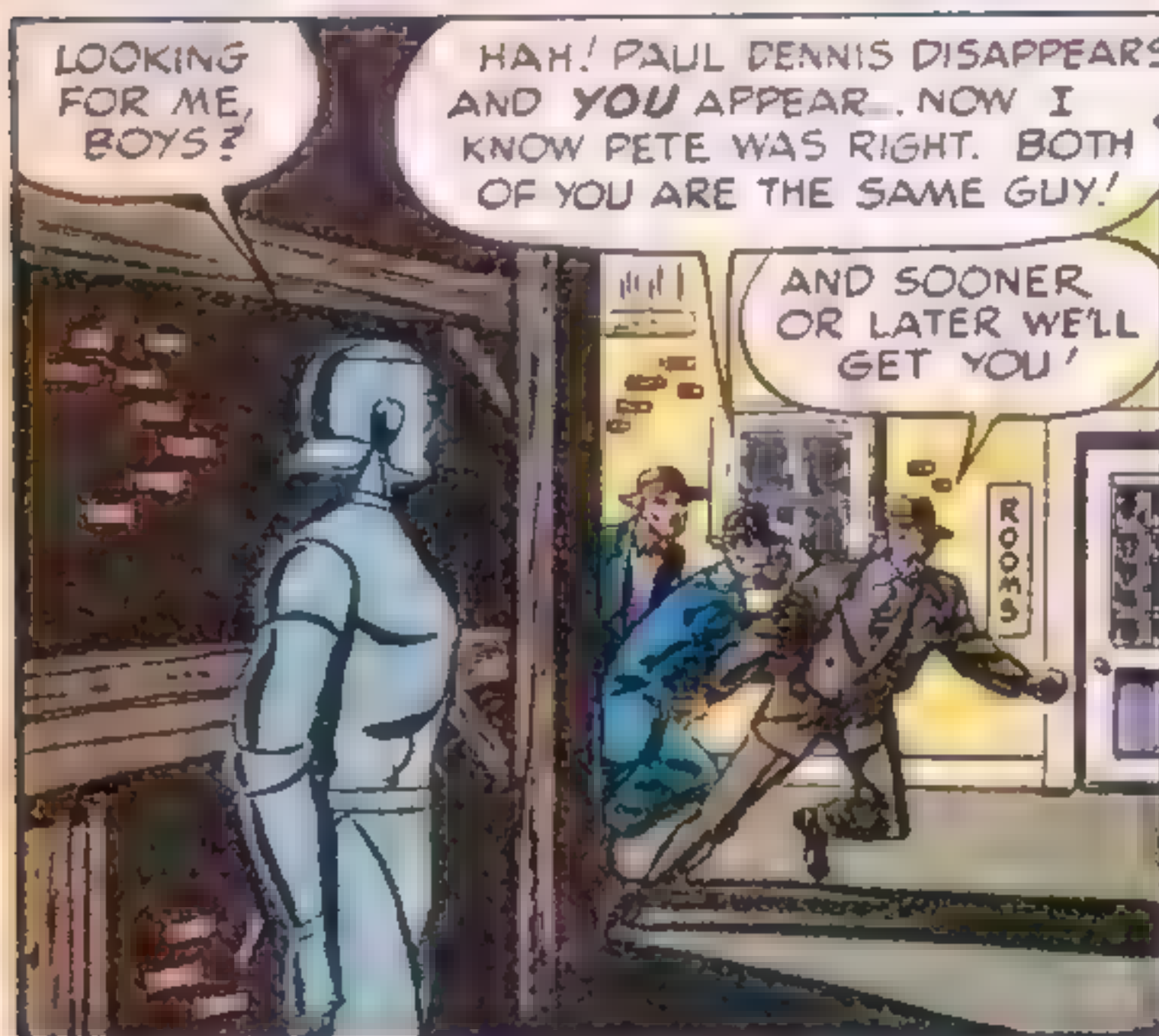


THE LUCKY SAP... HE TRIPPED AND GOT OUT OF THE WAY! BUT WE'LL GET HIM YET!

I'LL PRETEND A LUCKY STUMBLE!



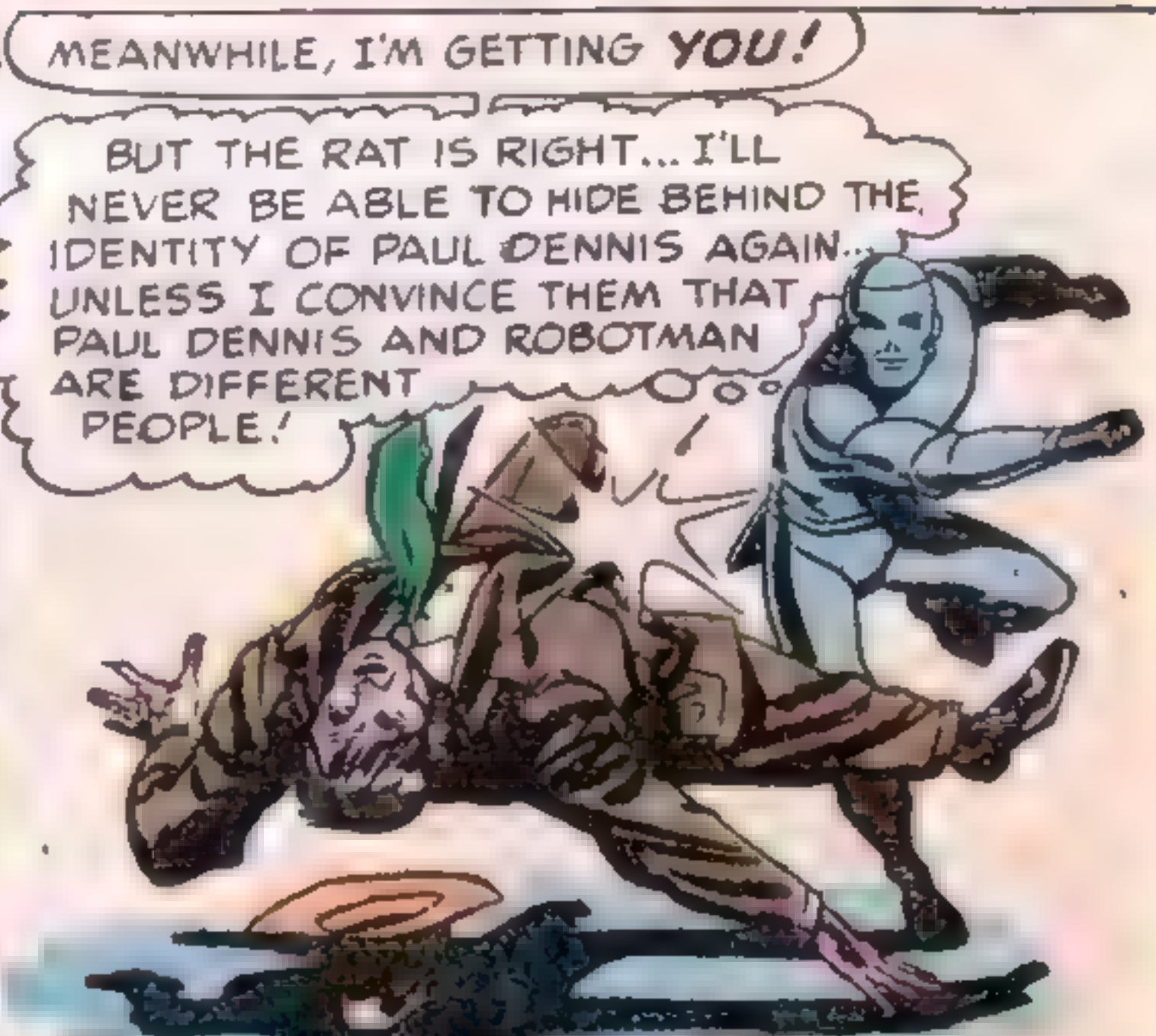
I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF SECONDS... I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK CHANGE BACK TO ROBOTMAN! SO LONG AS THEY DON'T **SEE** ME MAKE THE CHANGE... I MAY BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THEM THAT PAUL DENNIS **ISN'T** ROBOTMAN... ALTHOUGH I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW!



LOOKING FOR ME, BOYS?

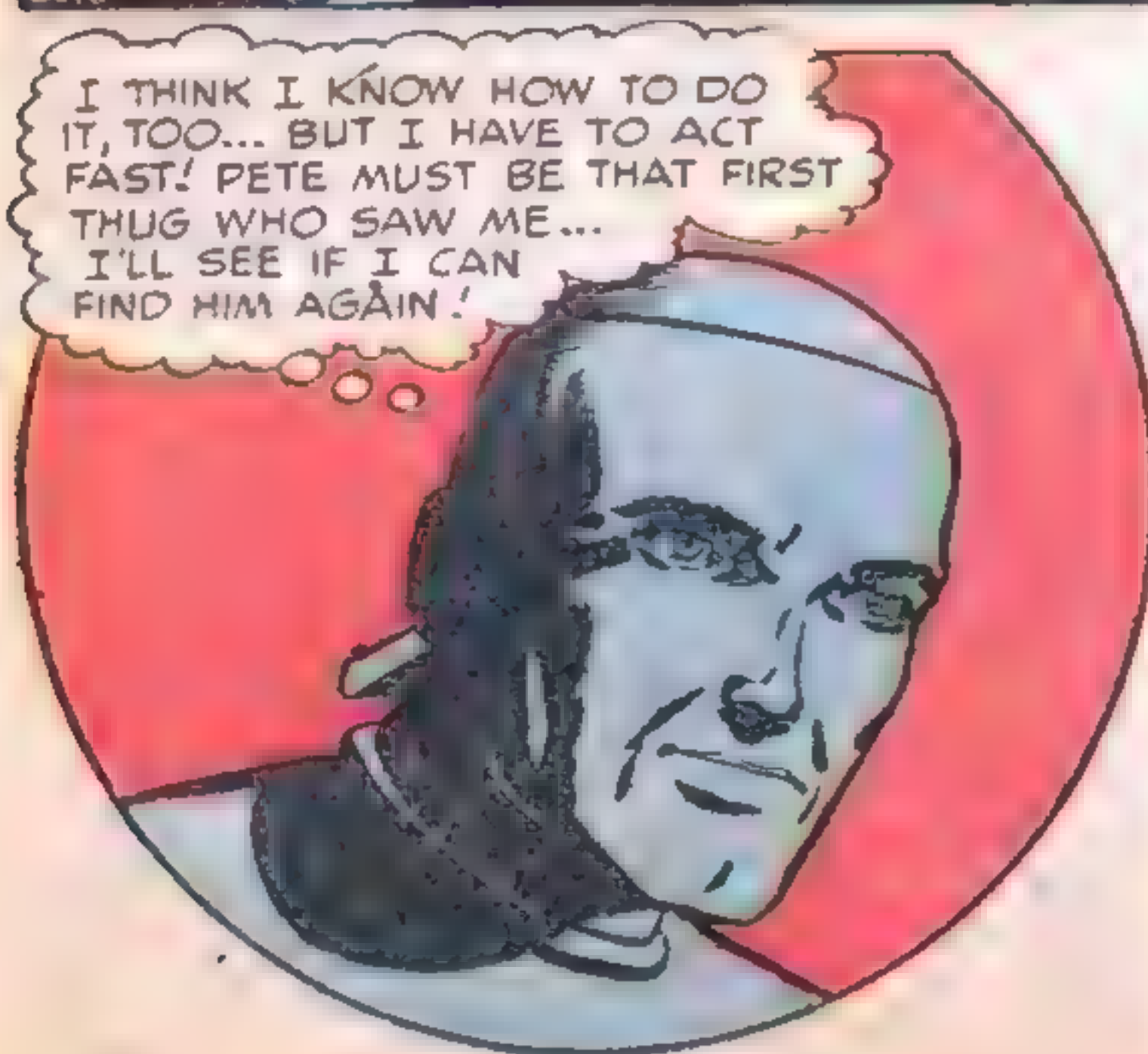
HAH! PAUL DENNIS DISAPPEARS AND **YOU** APPEAR... NOW I KNOW PETE WAS RIGHT. BOTH OF YOU ARE THE SAME GUY!

AND SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET YOU!



MEANWHILE, I'M GETTING **YOU**!

BUT THE RAT IS RIGHT... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HIDE BEHIND THE IDENTITY OF PAUL DENNIS AGAIN... UNLESS I CONVINCE THEM THAT PAUL DENNIS AND ROBOTMAN ARE DIFFERENT PEOPLE!



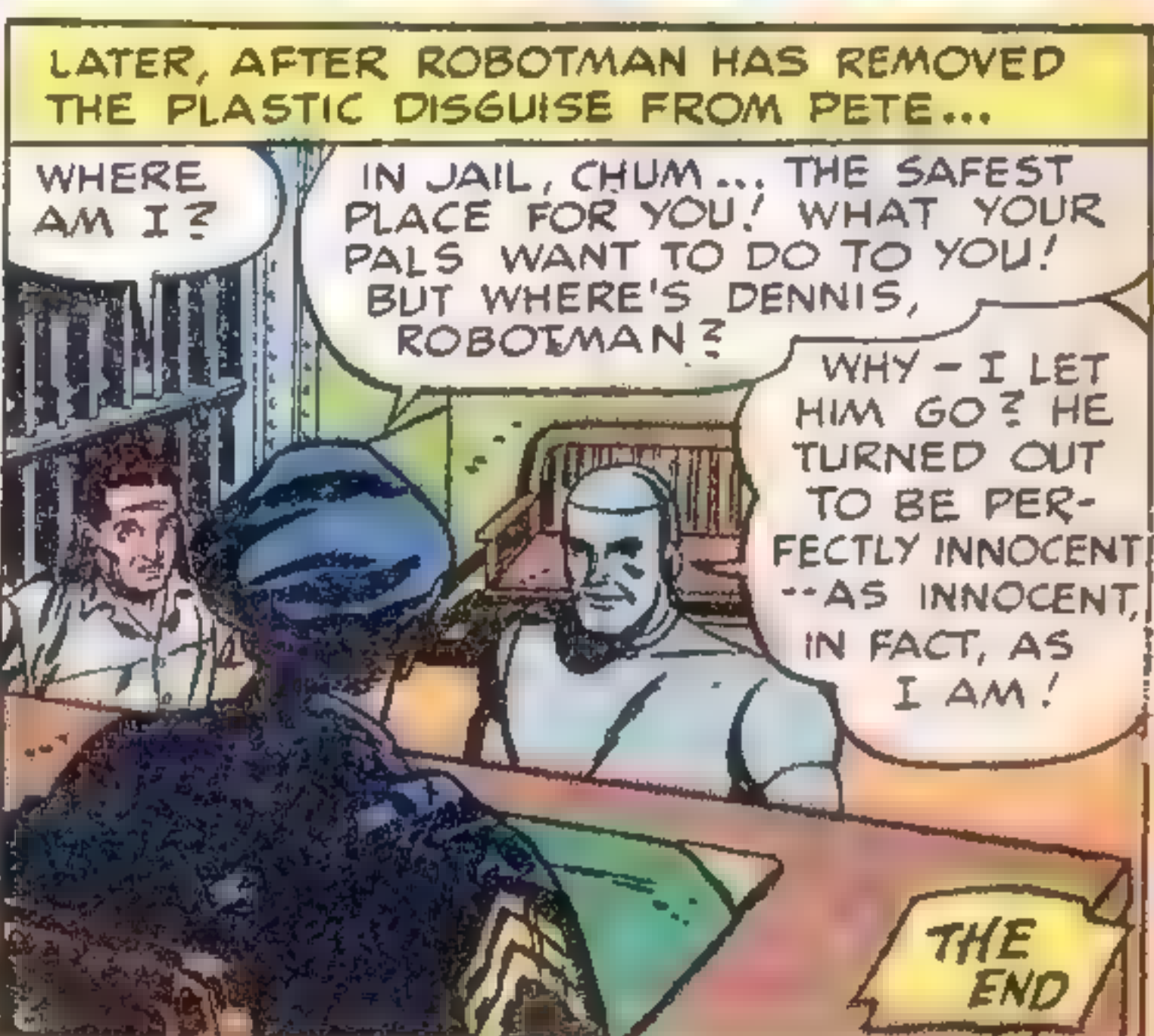
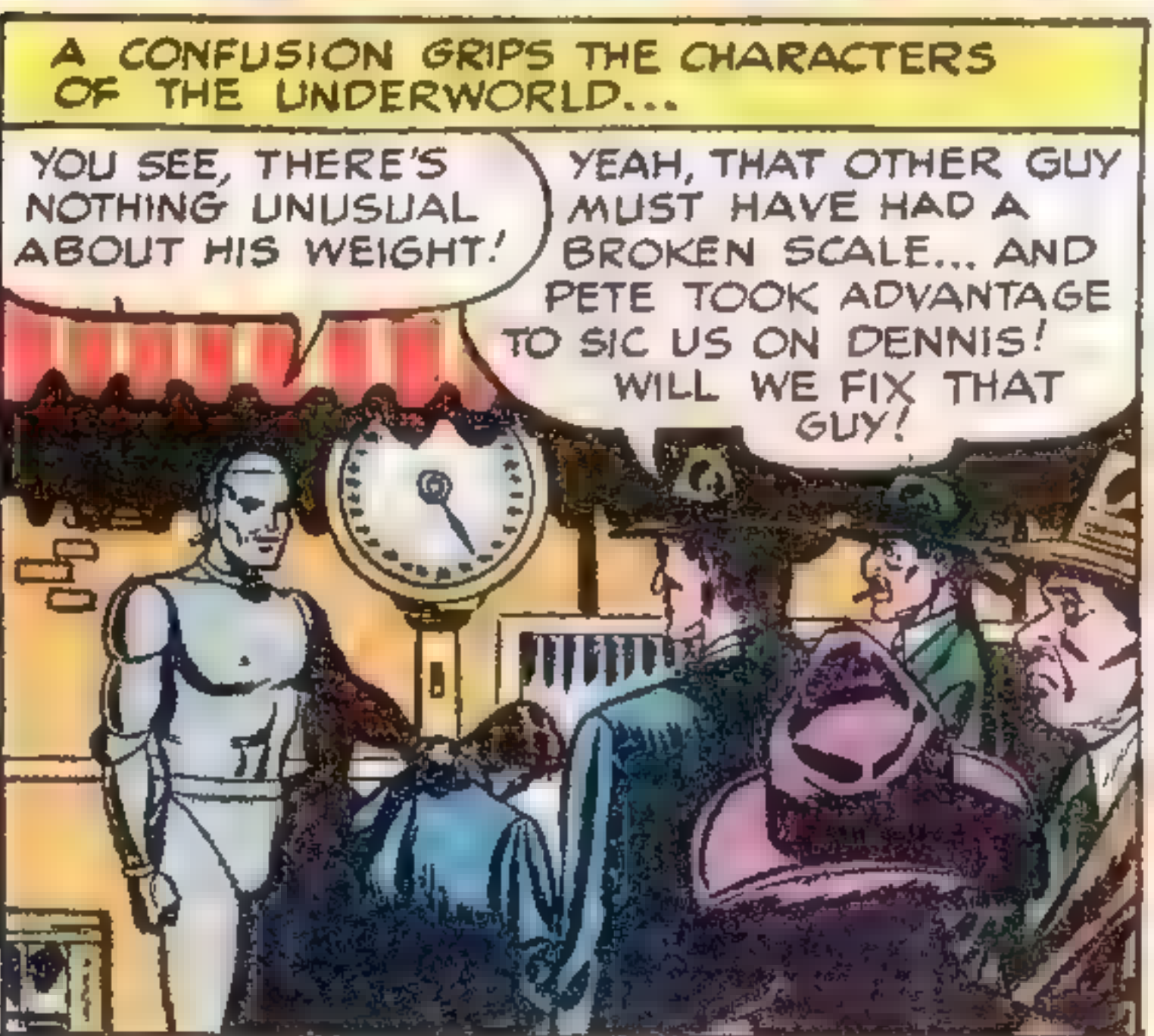
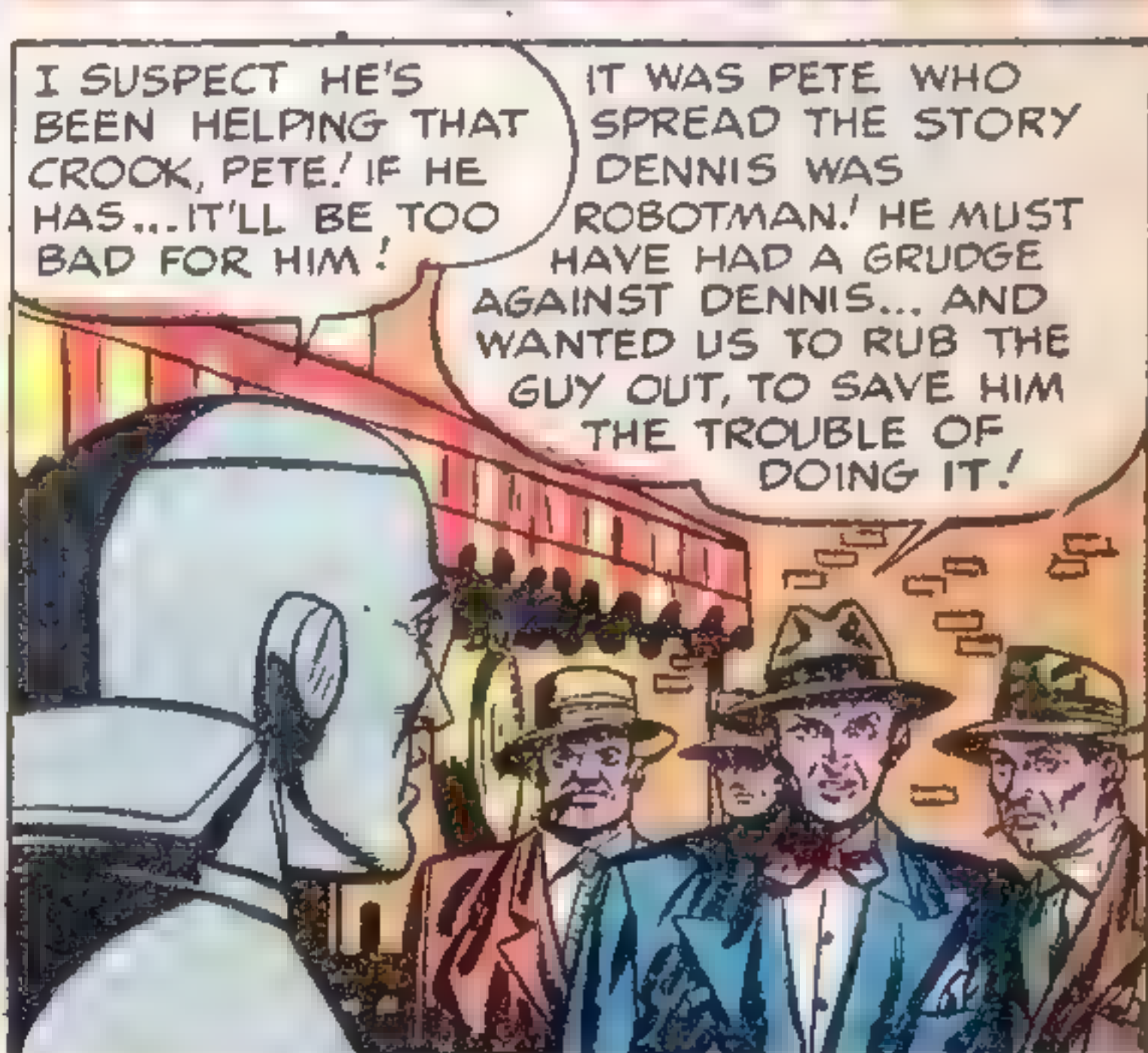
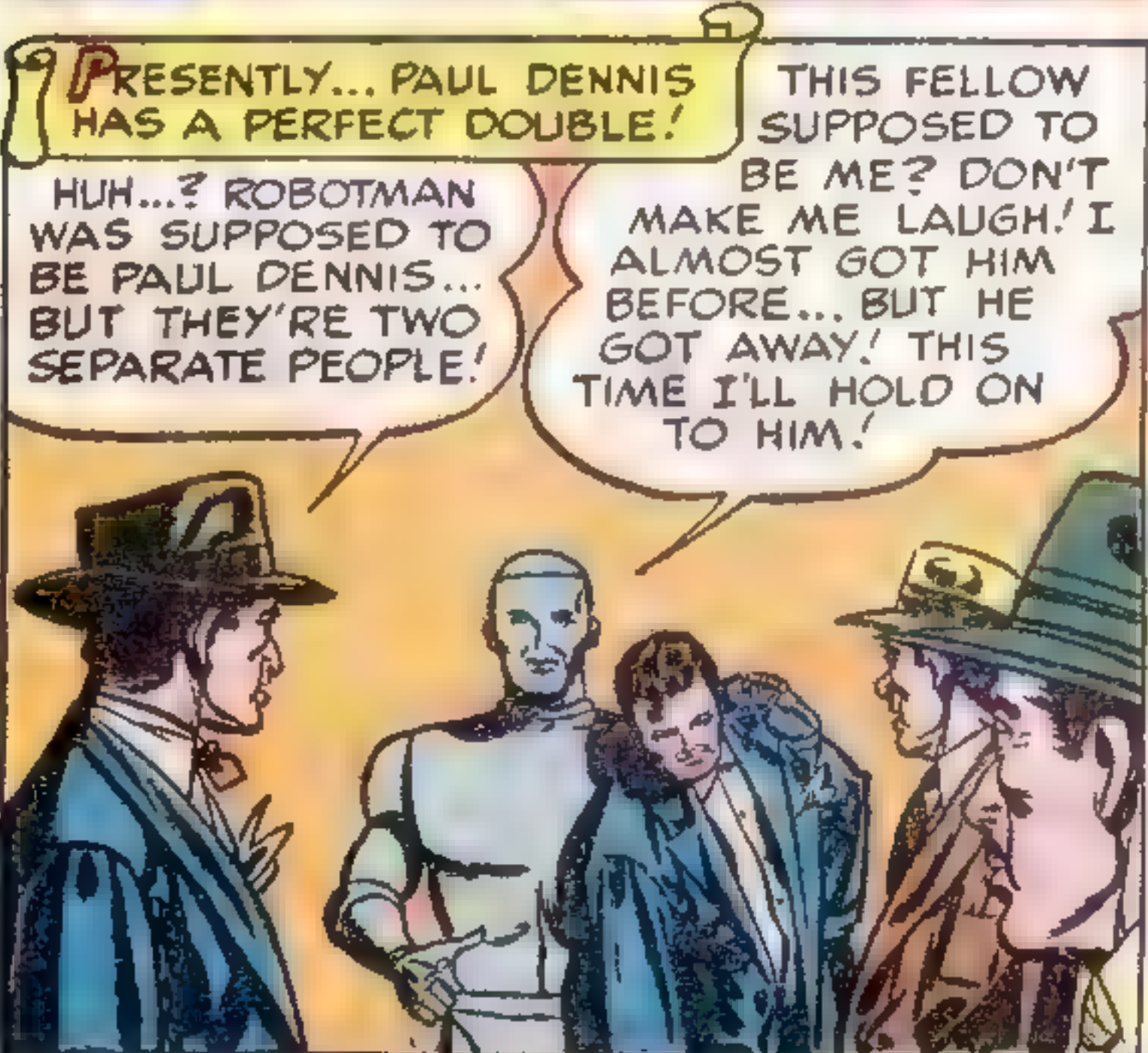
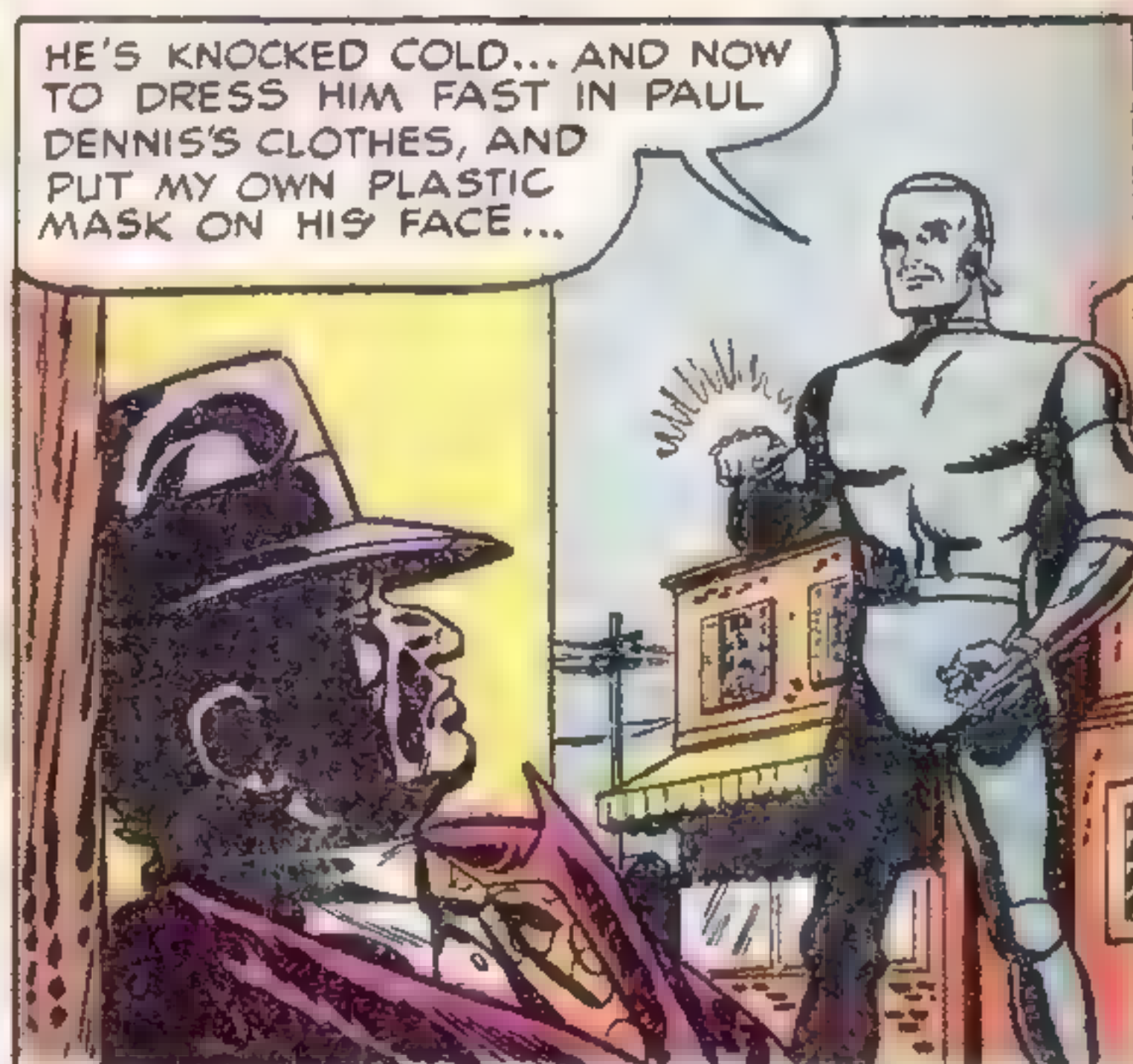
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, TOO... BUT I HAVE TO ACT FAST! PETE MUST BE THAT FIRST THUG WHO SAW ME... I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM AGAIN!



THERE HE IS!

I DID A GOOD DAY'S WORK TODAY... FIGURED OUT WHO ROBOTMAN IS! THE BOYS WILL BUMP OFF PAUL DENNIS... AND WE'LL ALL HAUL IN THE LOOT FROM THERE ON!







# "IT'S FUN TO BE HEALTHY!"

says *Wonder Woman*

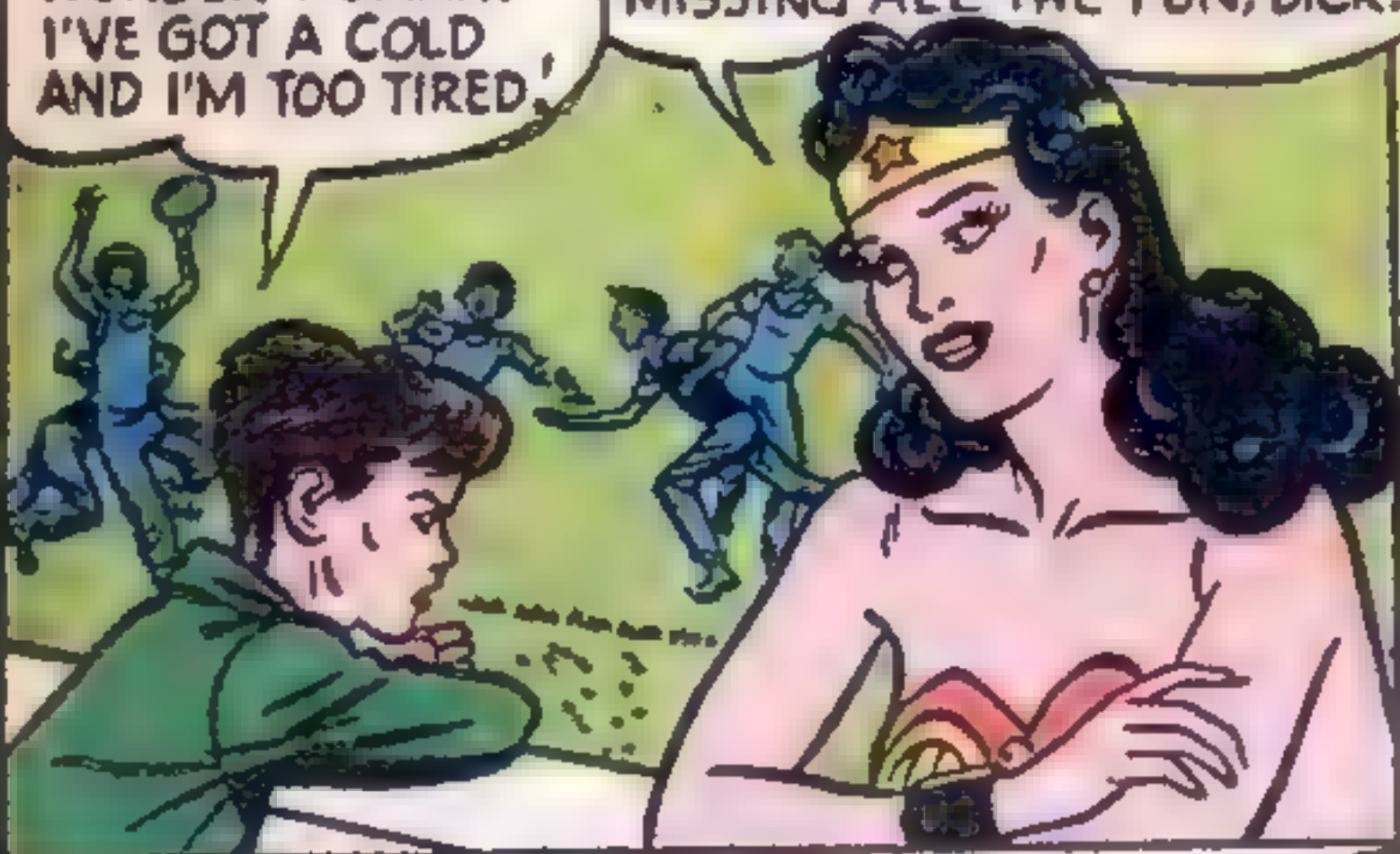
ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD OF TOWNVILLE HIGH, WONDER WOMAN, THE AMAZON PRINCESS, SEEKS OUT A YOUNG FRIEND...

AW, I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING, WONDER WOMAN! I'VE GOT A COLD AND I'M TOO TIRED!

AND LAST WEEK YOU HAD A HEADACHE AND DIDN'T FEEL SO GOOD, AND YOU DIDN'T GO ON THE SCHOOL PICNIC. YOU'RE MISSING ALL THE FUN, DICK!

BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

YES, YOU CAN, IF YOU SET YOUR MIND TO IT. AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW!



WHAT IS THIS—SOME MAGIC POTION?

IT'S BETTER THAN ANY MAGIC POTION, DICK. IT'S MILK AND CEREAL—PART OF A BALANCED DIET THAT YOUR BODY REQUIRES!



BRIGHT AND EARLY MONDAY MORNING ...

FOLLOW YOUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE

	MON	TUE	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN
BRUSH TEETH							
PLENTY OF SLEEP							
EXERCISE							
HEALTHFUL FOODS							

SO YOU WON'T FORGET, DICK, THERE'S A CHART OF THE THINGS YOU MUST DO! JUST CHECK THEM OFF AS YOU DO THEM EVERY DAY!



AND IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING, DICK FAITHFULLY FOLLOWS THE AMAZON PRINCESS' INSTRUCTIONS.

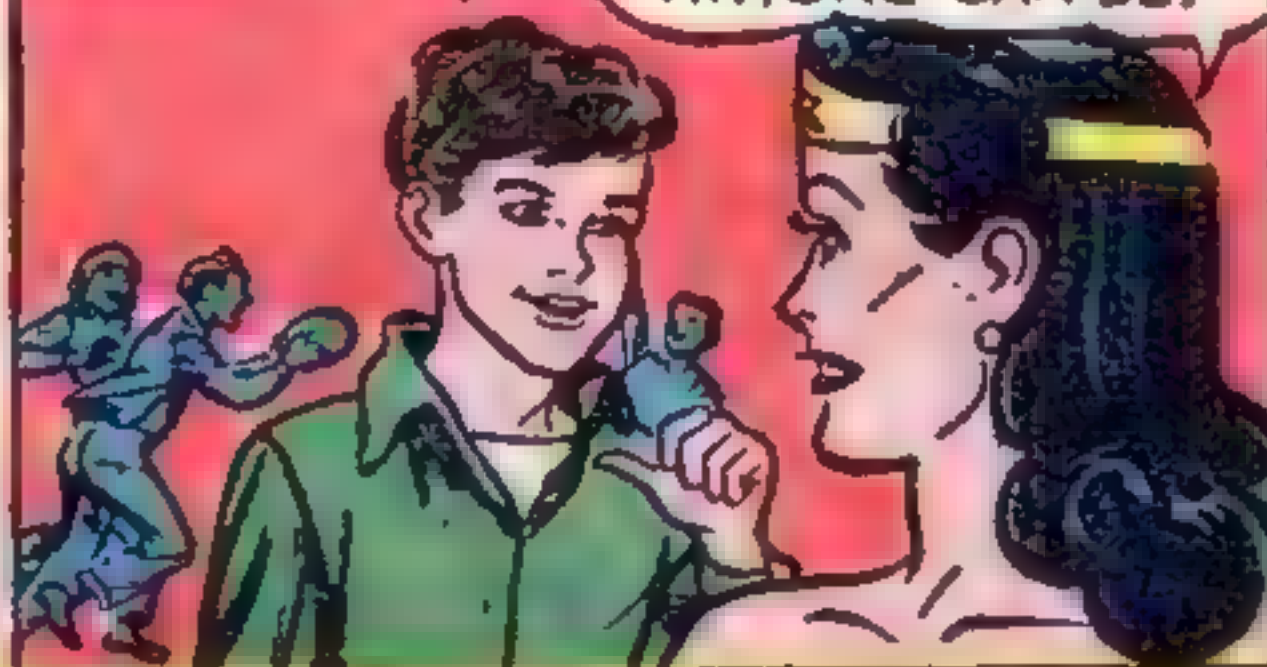
PLENTY OF SLEEP, FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE, DICK, THAT'S THE TICKET! AND WHAT THIS SCHEDULE WILL DO FOR YOU, YOU'LL SOON SEE!



AND SO, ONE DAY, ON THE SAME ATHLETIC FIELD...

HIYA, WONDER WOMAN! GOSH, I FEEL SWELL! AND AM I HAVING FUN!

YES, DICK. IT'S FUN TO BE HEALTHY! AND WITH A LITTLE PATIENCE AND COMMON SENSE, AND THE HEALTH RULES I TAUGHT YOU, ANYONE CAN BE!



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# GALLOPING GHOST!

RED CLOUD AND HIS SIOUX INDIANS ARE DOWN RIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RIVER... ABOUT HALF A MILE!

THEN WE'D BETTER STOP HERE AND BIVOUAC. THE VIEW EN-ABLES US TO SEE CLEAR ACROSS AND DOWN THE POWDER RIVER!

UNDELIBLY WRITTEN INTO THE EPIC OF THE WEST ARE THE NAMES OF SOLDIER LEADERS WHO WITH BUT A HANDFUL OF MEN AND INSUPERABLE COURAGE, WITHSTOOD THE GREAT TERROR OF MASS INDIAN ATTACK! OF SUCH CALIBER WAS CAPTAIN DAN O'BANNION. ORDERED TO BUILD A ROAD BETWEEN FORT LARAMIE AND THE GOLD REGIONS OF MONTANA, HE HAD TO PIT HIS QUICK-WITTEDNESS AND COURAGE AGAINST RED CLOUD AND HIS SIOUX TO PREVENT THE ANNIHILATION OF HIS DETACHMENT...

NEXT DAWN, SOON AFTER THE BUGLE SANG REVEILLE...

JEFF, YOU AND LIEUTENANT KELSEY TELL RED CLOUD TO MEET ME WITHIN THE HOUR! I'LL ARRANGE TO START DIGGING THE ROAD RIGHT AFTER NOON CHOW. MEANWHILE, I'LL INSPECT OUR SUPPLIES!

THAT IN JUN IS AN ORNERY CRITTER, CAP'N. GETTING HIM TO GIVE UP THIS TERRITORY IS GONNA BE NO EASY JOB!

HERE'S ANOTHER LOAD OF PHOSPHORUS THE QUARTER-MASTER SENT US, CAPTAIN. DON'T THEY KNOW WE DON'T MAKE OUR MATCHES ANYMORE? I'LL THROW IT IN THE RIVER!

NO, SAVE IT! NEVER KNOW WHAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE IN THESE PARTS!

RED CLOUD SAYS HE'LL MEET YOU ON HIS SIDE OF THE RIVER IN 15 MINUTES, CAPTAIN... AND HE'S GOT ABOUT 2000 MEN BEHIND HIM!

I WOULDN'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THEM. LET'S GET MY HORSE AND WE'LL RIDE DOWN AND MEET THE CRITTER!

RED CLOUD DOESN'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY! BUT WE MUST GET HIS PERMISSION TO BUILD THE ROAD. CAN'T AFFORD TO FIGHT HIM!

RIGHT, SIR. THOSE SIOUX COULD WIPE US OUT IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!



RED CLOUD, IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, I SEEK PERMISSION TO CUT A GREAT ROAD THROUGH HERE THAT WILL BENEFIT OUR COUNTRY!

A ROAD WILL BRING MANY TRAVELLERS. IT WILL DESTROY THE SIOUX BUFFALO GROUND. I REFUSE TO ALLOW IT!

WE ARE PEACEFUL, RED CLOUD... BUT THE UNITED STATES IS READY TO USE FORCE IF IT MUST! -- MY ORDERS ARE... **THE ROAD MUST BE BUILT!**

TELL YOUR GOVERNMENT, MY BRAVES WILL RESIST THE MOMENT THE FIRST SHOVEL IS STRUCK INTO THE SIOUX BUFFALO GROUNDS!

**BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...**

WELL, BOYS, LOOKS LIKE WE MAY HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS. WE'RE DONE FOR UNLESS WE GET REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE! RIDE TO FORT LARAMIE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

ONE OF US WILL, CAPTAIN! EVEN IF WE'RE AMBUSHED, ONE WILL STAY BACK AND KEEP UP A STEADY FIRE TO COVER THE OTHER WHO'S ESCAPING!

**JEFF'S PLAN WAS SOON PUT TO A TEST...**

THE VARMINTS WERE WAITING FOR US! AN ARROW HIT MY HORSE! **RIDE, KELSEY, RIDE! YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE LARAMIE!!**

BLAM! BLAM!

**OVERCOME, JEFF WAS TAKEN TO THE SIOUX CAMP!**

I'M A GONER... BUT AT LEAST KELSEY GOT THROUGH TO BRING HELP...

TIE HIM TO THE TREE! THERE HE SHALL REMAIN UNTIL THE WHITE MEN DEPART! THEY WILL LEARN NOT TO DEFEY RED CLOUD!

**MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE RIVER...**

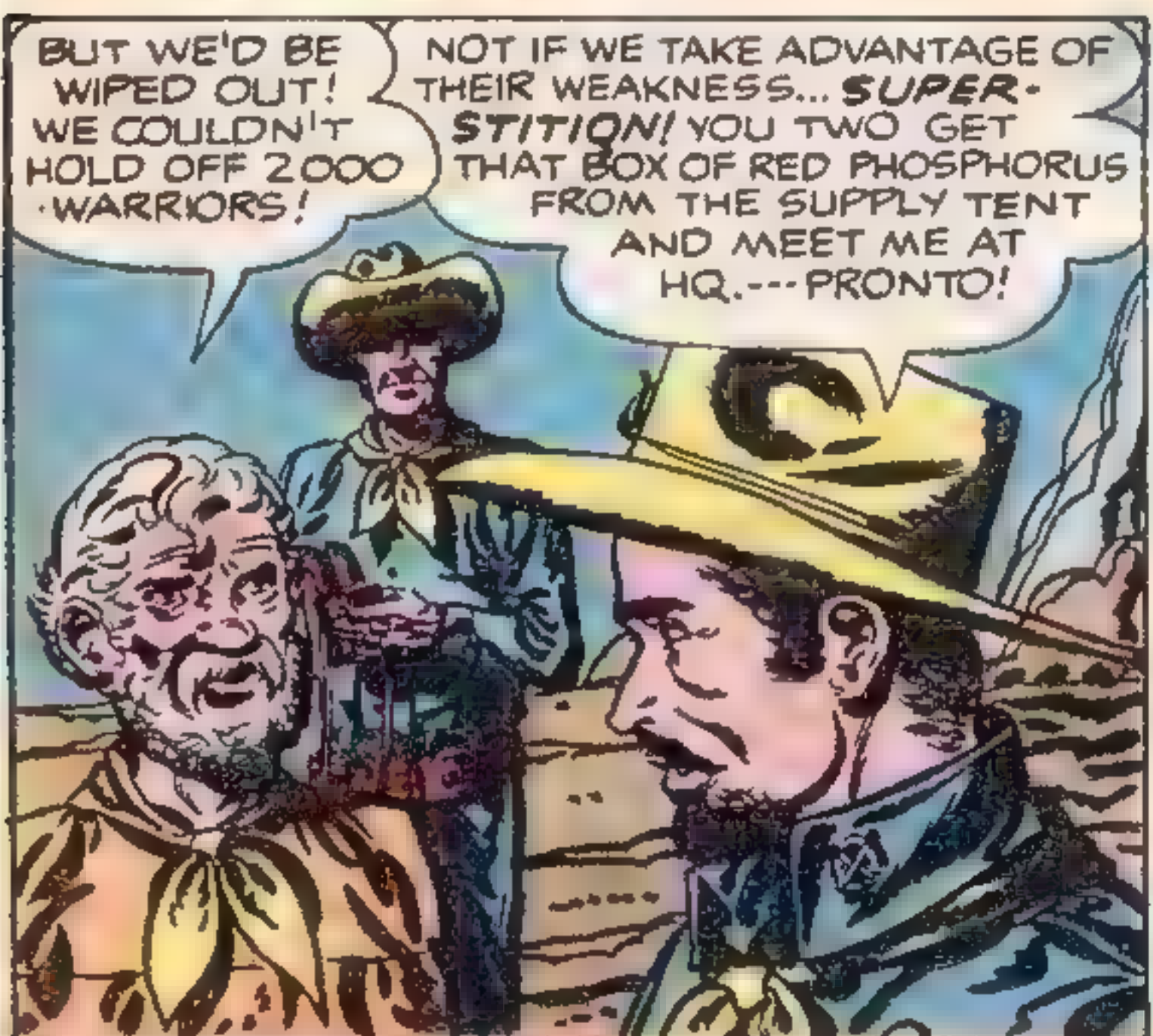
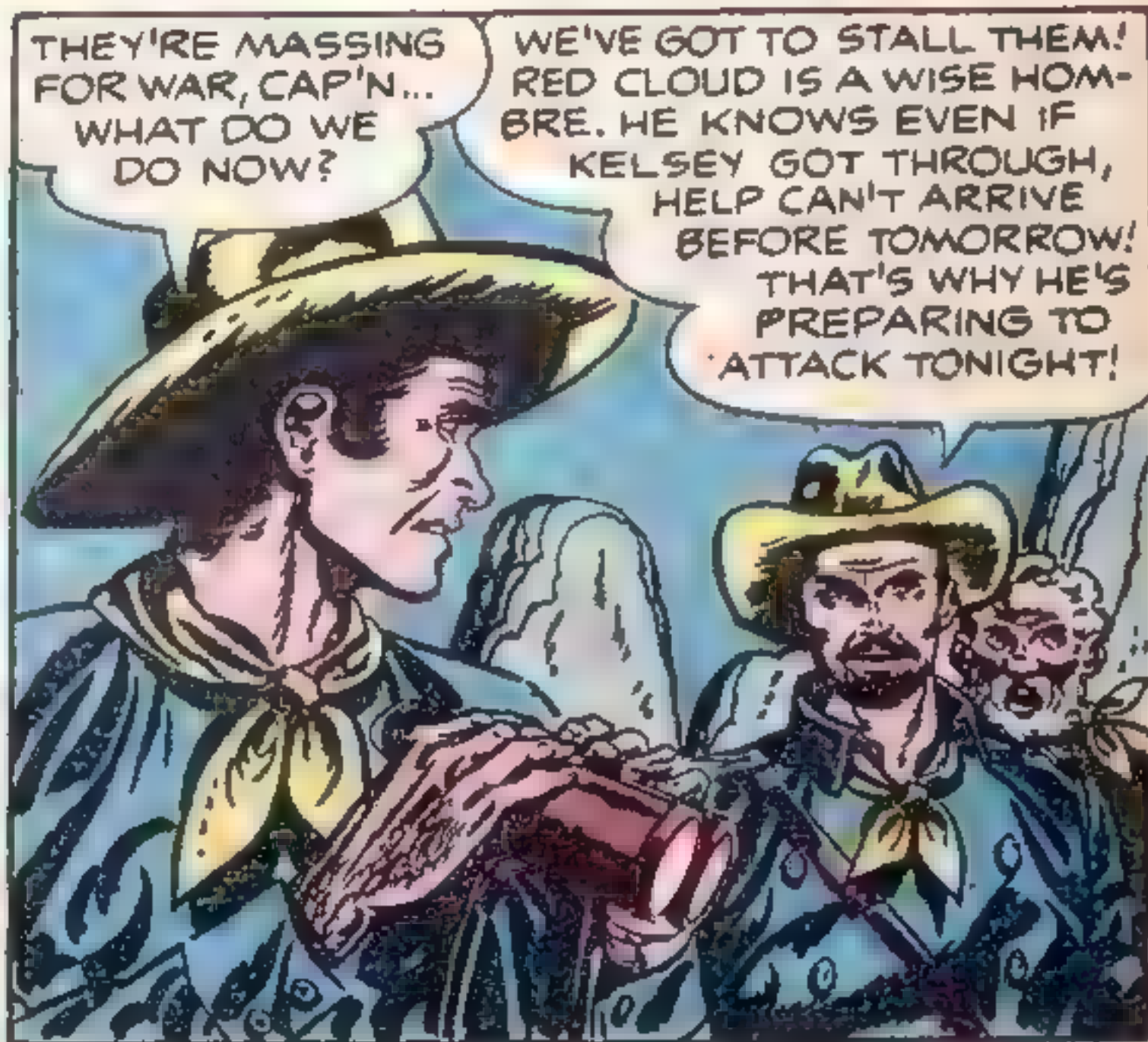
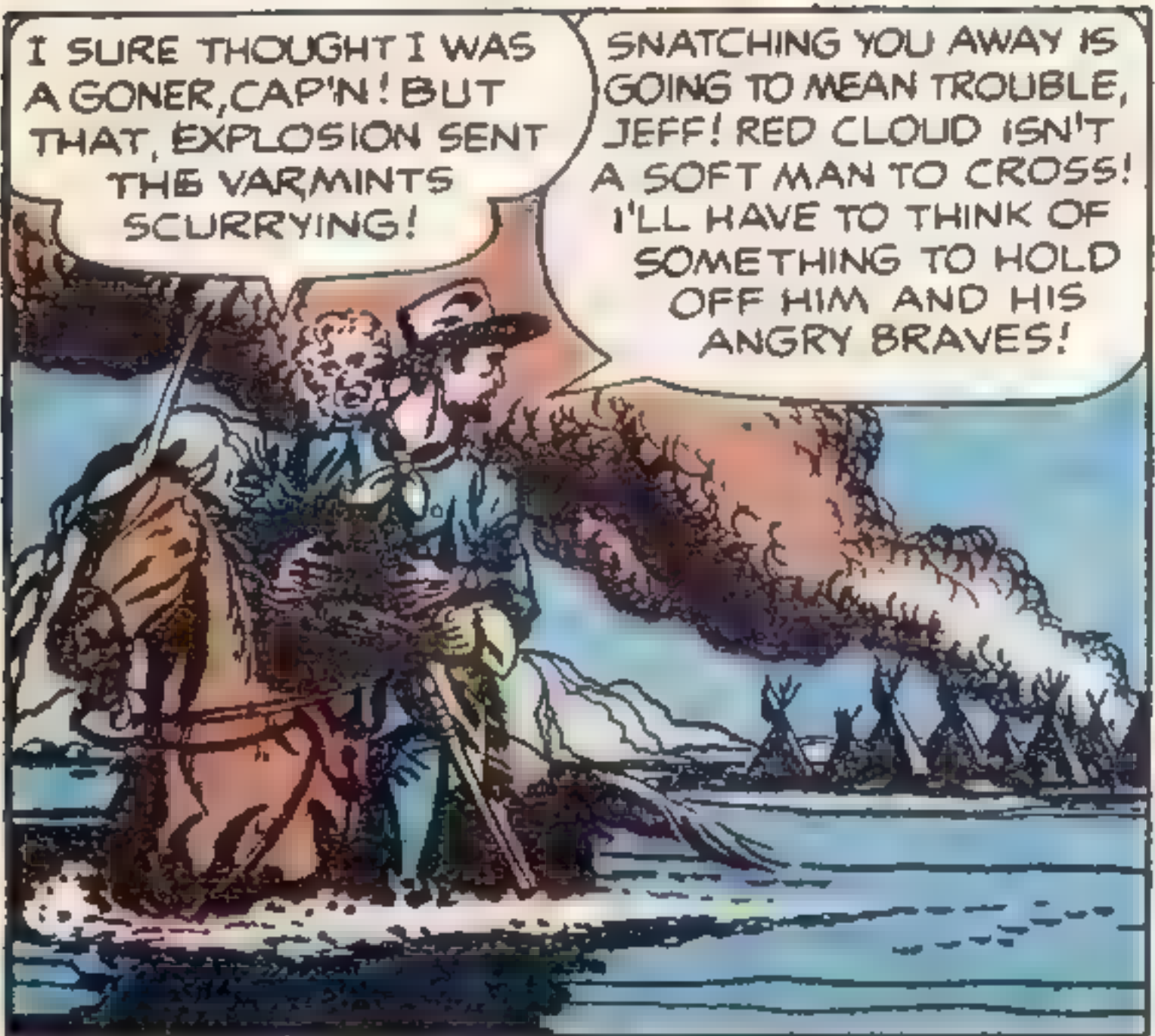
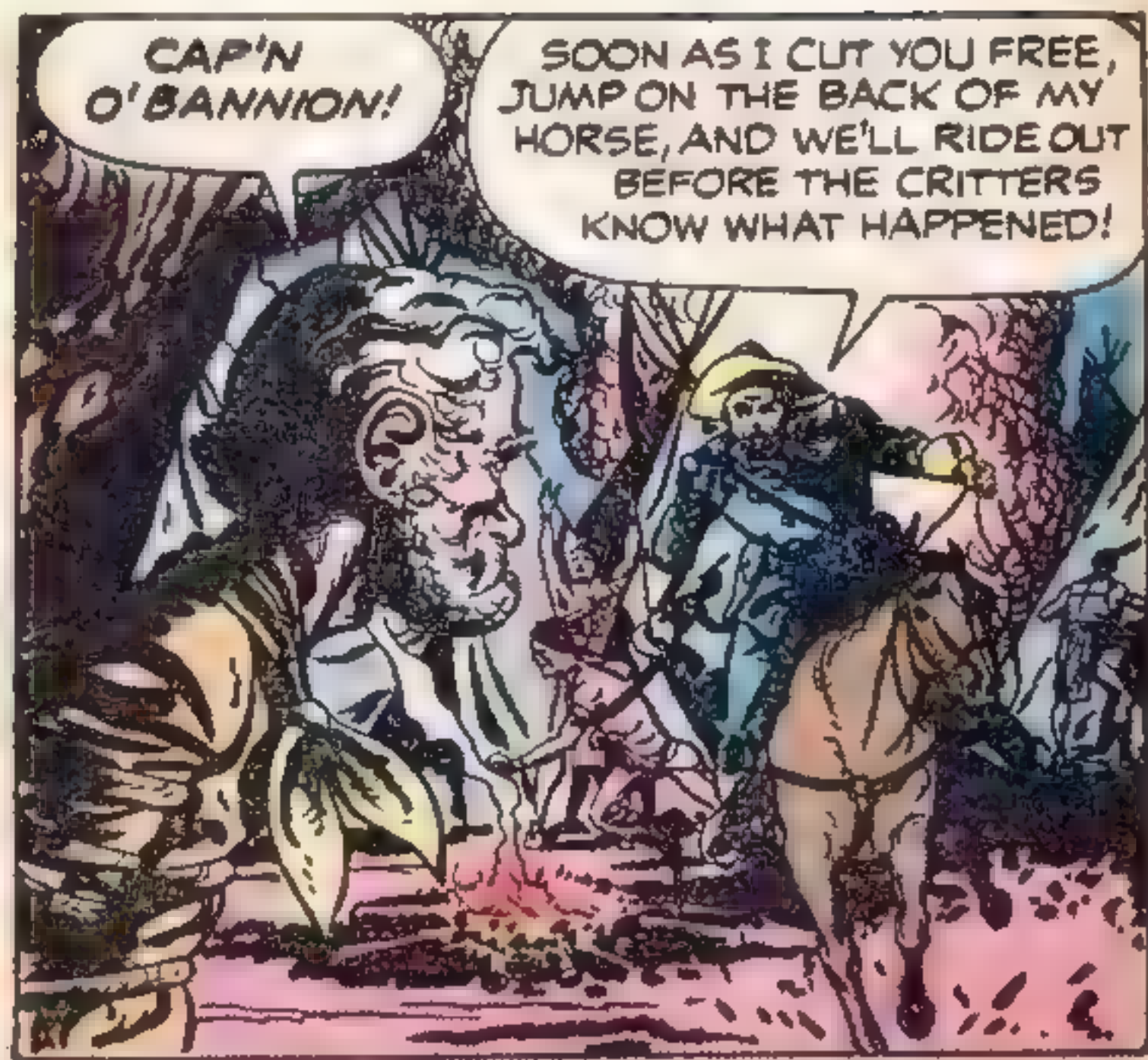
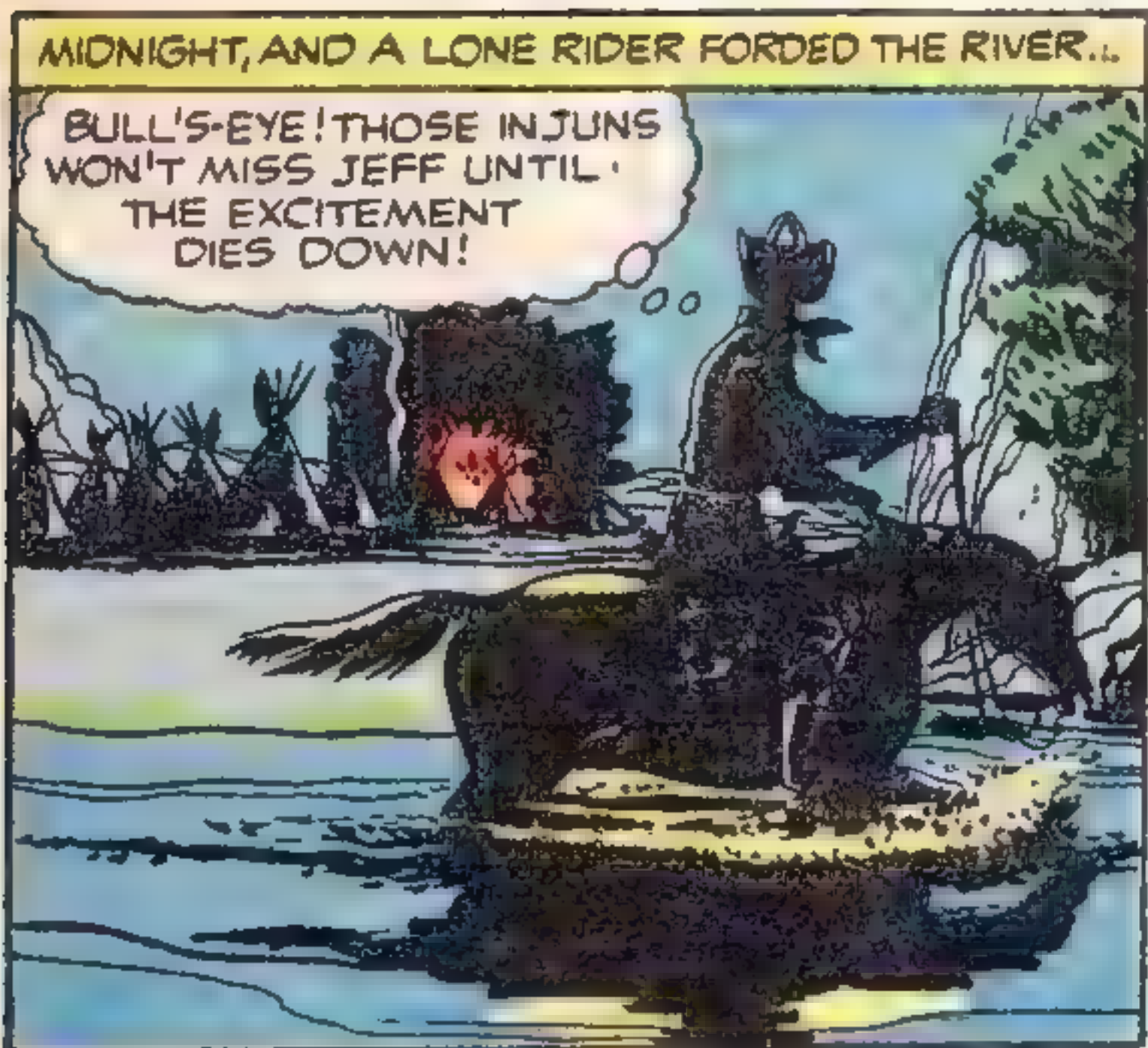
THE **POLECATS**! THEY'VE HOG-TIED JEFF OUTSIDE RED CLOUD'S TEEPEE AND ARE DOING A WAR DANCE AROUND HIM. LET ME TRY TO GET HIM, CAPTAIN!

IT WOULDN'T WORK! WE MIGHT LOSE BOTH OF YOU... AND WE COULDN'T AFFORD THAT! BUT I'VE AN IDEA... LET'S GO BACK TO CAMP AND I'LL EXPLAIN!

I WANT YOU TO SNEAK OVER THE RIVER AFTER DARK AND PLANT SIX KEGS OF GUNPOWDER AT POINT "X"! WHEN I CROSS THE RIVER AT MIDNIGHT, I'LL FIRE AS A SIGNAL. THAT EXPLODING GUNPOWDER WILL SCARE THEM PLUMB CRAZY. THEN I'LL RUSH IN FROM THE SIDE AND GET JEFF!

AT YOUR SIGNAL, THE MEN FIRE AT THE GUNPOWDER AND EXPLODE IT!







CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T STAND OFF THAT SIOUX ARMY. YOU'LL BE SCALPED AS SOON AS YOU REACH THE BANK. LET ME GO WITH YOU!

SORRY! THIS MUST BE DONE ALONE. THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS IMPORTANT! WATCH THINGS FROM THE KNOLL AND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME, TAKE OVER!

... AND ACROSS THE RIVER, AT THE SIOUX CAMP...

SIOUX WARRIORS! WE MUST SAVE OUR BUFFALO HUNTING GROUNDS FROM THE WHITE MEN! WE MUST DESTROY ALL THE PALEFACES WHO THREATEN THEM! **FIGHT!!**

**SUDDENLY...**

IT'S WORKING! THEY THINK I'M A **GHOST** AND THEY'RE SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS!

I RECOGNIZE YOU, CAPTAIN O'BANNION... BUT MY PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE A **GALLOPING GHOST**! THEY ARE TOO FRIGHTENED NOW TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LANDS. I ADMIT DEFEAT. WHEN DAWN COMES, WE WILL LEAVE OUR BUFFALO GROUNDS!

IT IS BETTER THAT WAY, RED CLOUD! YOU WILL FIND GOOD HUNTING IN YOUR NEW TERRITORY. AND, NOW THAT THERE IS PEACE... WE CAN BUILD OUR ROAD!

YOU TURNED THE TRICK, CAPTAIN, WITH THAT PHOSPHORUS! BUT HOW DID YOU GET IT TO STICK?

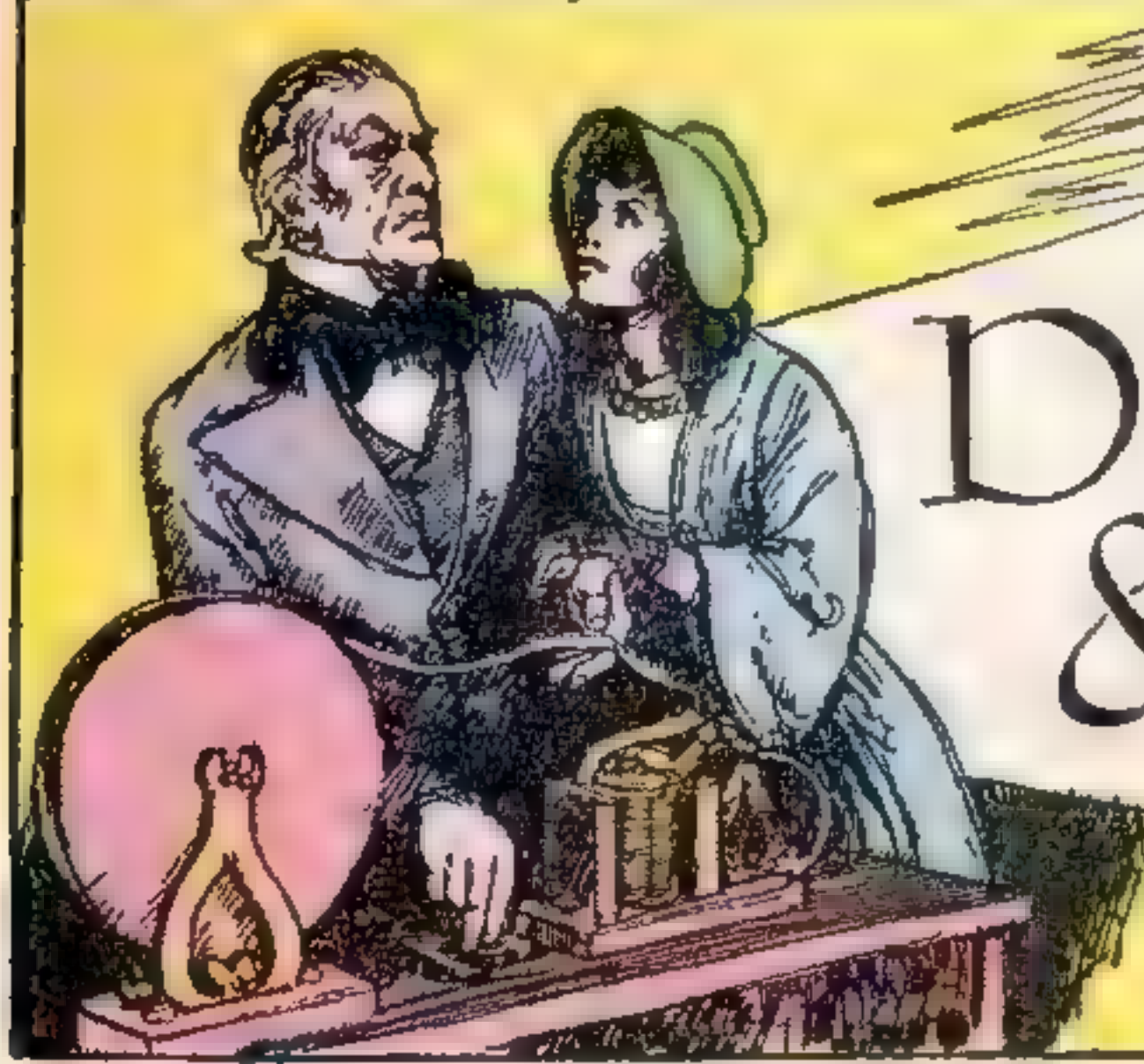
RED PHOSPHORUS DOESN'T DISSOLVE IN **WATER**! MY OVERHEATED HORSE WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE IT GLOW, BUT WHEN WE REACHED THEIR FIRE... WE REALLY LIT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE! WELL, WE START BUILDING THE ROAD IN THE MORNING!

**NEXT DAY AT DAWN...**

HERE COME KELSEY AND THE REINFORCEMENTS NOW! GUESS WE DON'T NEED THEM, EH, JEFF?

**THE END.**





# WITH DRUMS, FIRE, & FLASHES!

**T**HIS modern world is pretty proud of its telegraph, radio, airmail, and other means of rapid communication. Such pride is well-founded, but it would be a mistake to think that peoples of other times did not have their own wonders in this field.

Take for example, the ancient "Talking Drums" of Africa. Talking drums are often confused with the signal or code drums still found in Africa today. The Talking Drums of Old Africa were not limited by anything so crude or clumsy as a code system. They spoke with a human, or nearly human voice! It must have been a weird experience to hear the rumbling voices of those giant drums speaking their thundering messages across vast distances.

The secret of the Talking Drums lay in the expertness of the drummers. Two drums, tuned in different pitch, furnished the entire apparatus. Blending their tones with a skill that bordered on sheer magic, the operator reproduced the inflections and vibrations of the human voice.

We should keep in mind that this was

at a time when languages were more simple than they are today. Simple phrases, groans, laughter, and outcries played a large part in human speech. It is thought that the Talking Drums helped develop language by enlarging on the field of tones, moods, and inflections.

Not all the wonders of antiquity were mysterious, but they were marvels of their day just the same. The "Pony Express" of ancient Egypt could have given our own immortal institution of that name a good run for its money. The King Tut cowboys of old used the same relay message-carrying system, but with two exceptions. The first was that they started their post service with racing camels. The second was that, when they later substituted newly-tamed wild horses, they attained speeds that haven't been equaled to this day. Forty-five miles an hour and over was the clip at which these mustangs of the Nile churned up the desert sands of old Egypt, according to reliable historians of that period.

A signal or message by fire was used in the downfall of Troy, whose mighty ramparts defied the Greeks during ten



years of siege and battle. The band of Greek warriors, hidden in the wooden gift horse within the Trojan walls, were told of the Greek fleet's return during the night by fires far out at sea. But the spectacle that has lived in song and verse through the centuries is that of gigantic bonfires flaring from mountain top to mountain top, sending the message that Troy had fallen all the way to Greece!

The early Greeks were masters at fire signals and their torch-telegraph system sent communications the length and breadth of Greece with startling speed.

A few hundred years later witnessed the world's loudest telegraph. You had to have good sound ears to be one of the telegraphers and even then you had to keep your ears well plugged. The reason for this was that the instrument was a huge fortress cannon! *Boom* followed jarring, shattering, *Boom*, and the earth and air of the surrounding countryside shook and trembled when these iron-throated message-senders relayed their news to another station five or ten miles distant. Far from considering them a nuisance, the people of that day regarded them with awesome respect.

But perhaps their tortured ears finally rebelled at such bombastic telegraphy. For the next marvel in message transmission was the semaphore telegraph, strictly silent and for the eyes alone. The semaphore system was a wonder of efficiency for that day (1794) and it received more enthusiastic support than anything then in use.

And believe it or not, one of the

things that had come *before*, was the discovery that electric currents could be sent over the wires and produce tapping sounds. The electric telegraph, in other words, was knocking at their very door.

But no one wanted anything as crude as copper wires and a lot of mysterious goings on! The semaphore system was for them. In no time at all, most of Europe and parts of Russia saw tall towers with mechanical semaphore arms sprouting over the landscape. Improvement followed improvement, and semaphore was well on its way to win out over electricity as means of communication.

We know the story from then on. Electricity would not be denied leadership. Samuel F. B. Morse perfected the telegraph; Alexander Graham Bell the telephone. Marconi gave us the wireless.

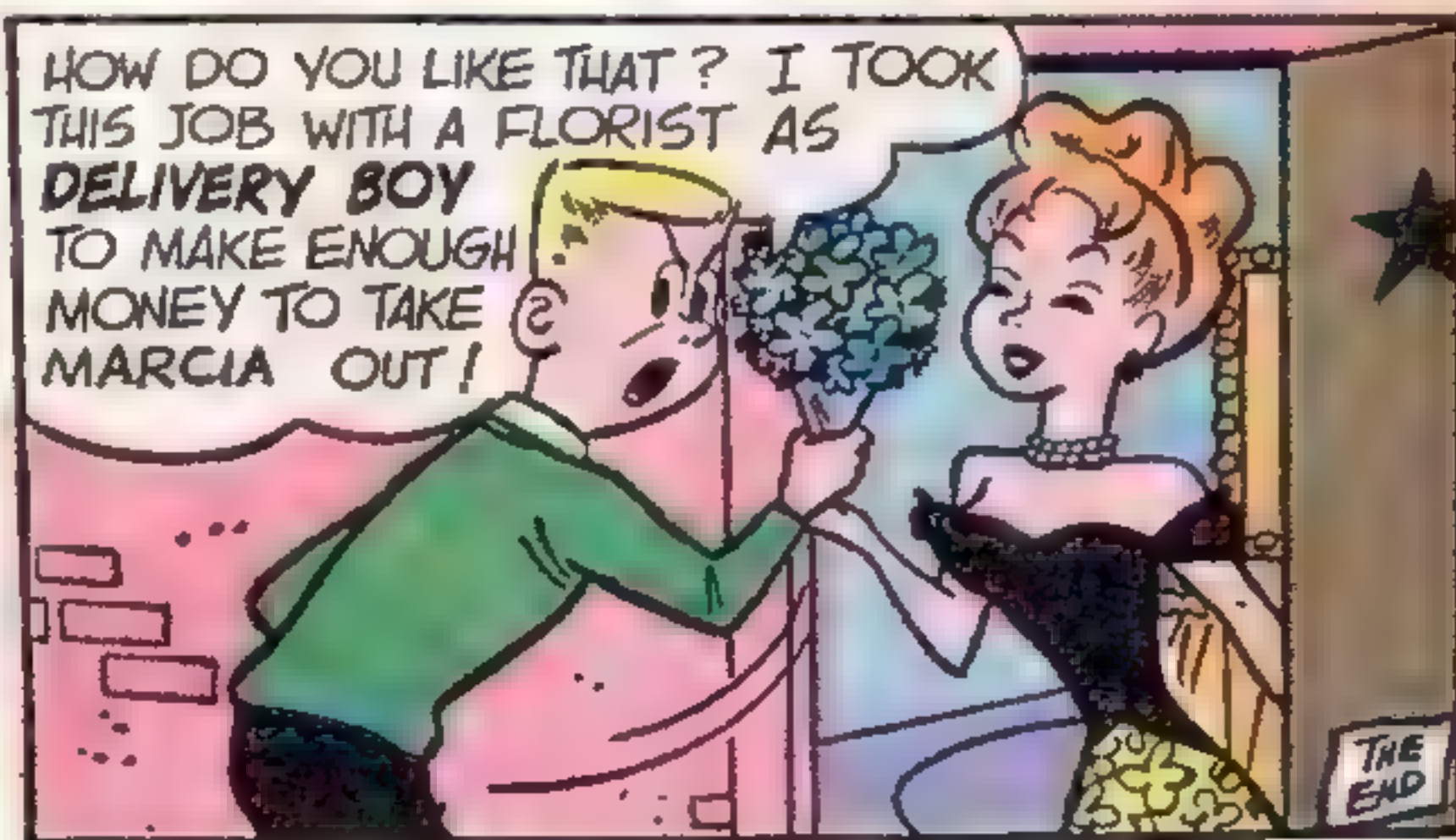
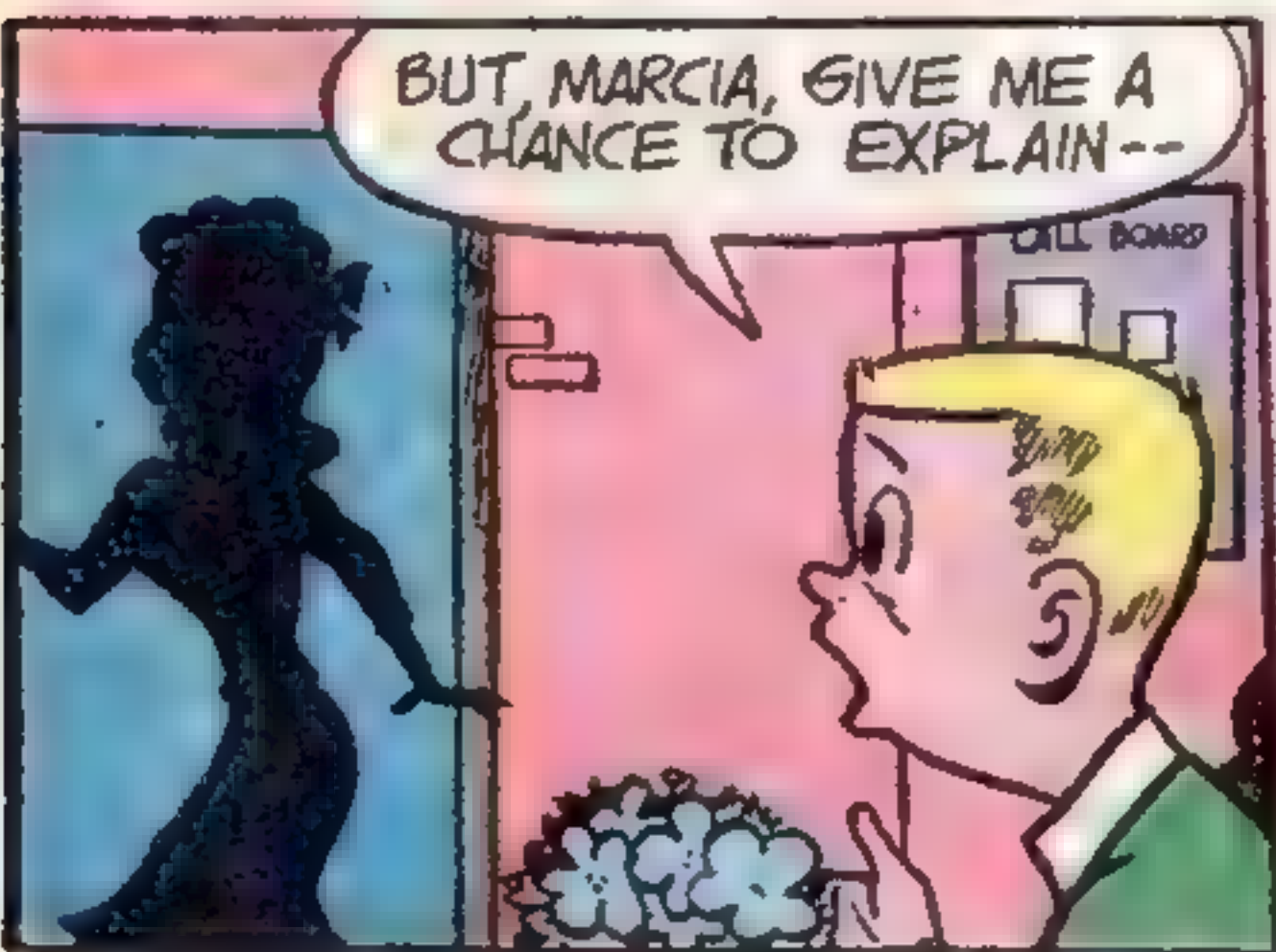
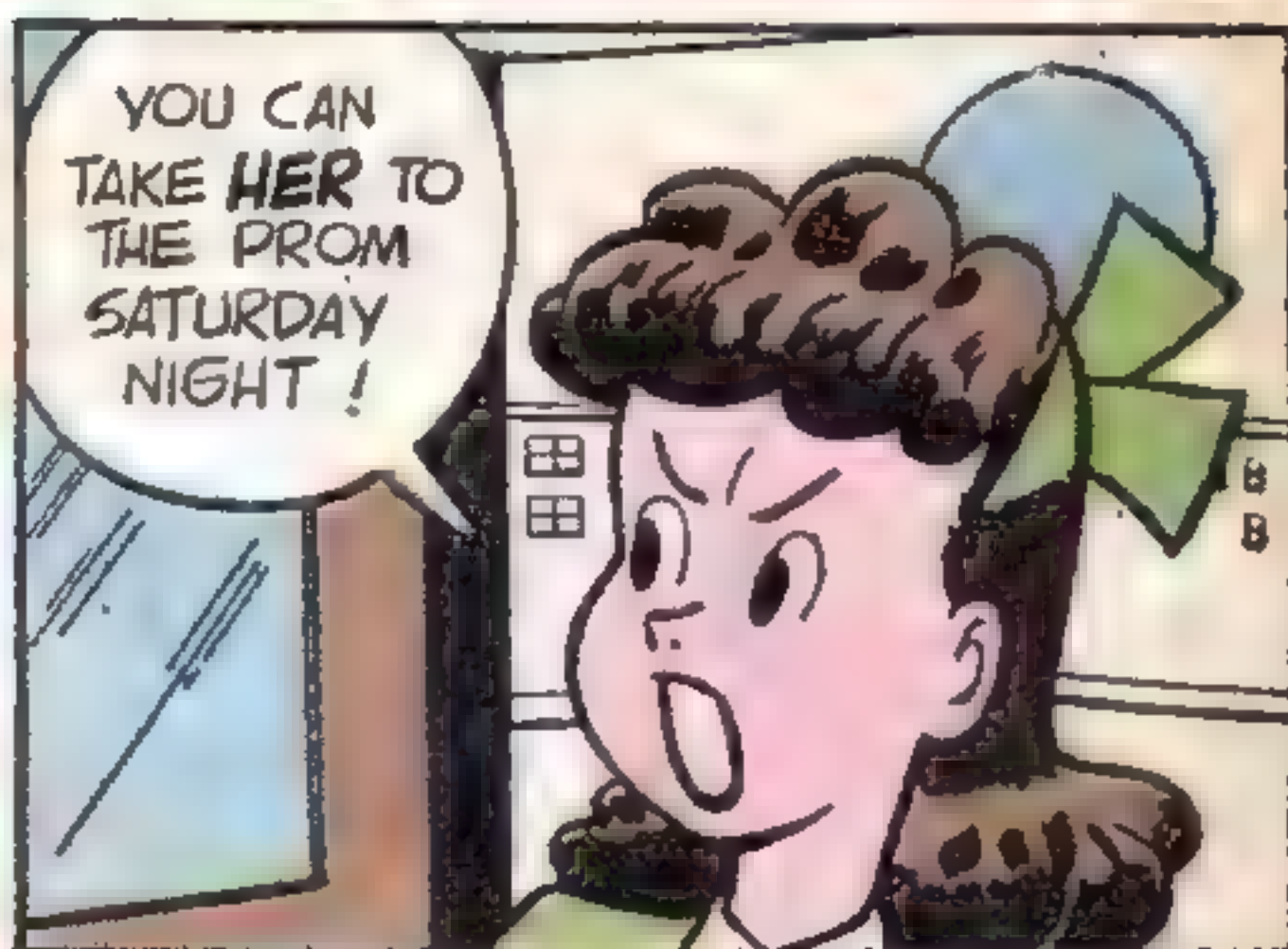
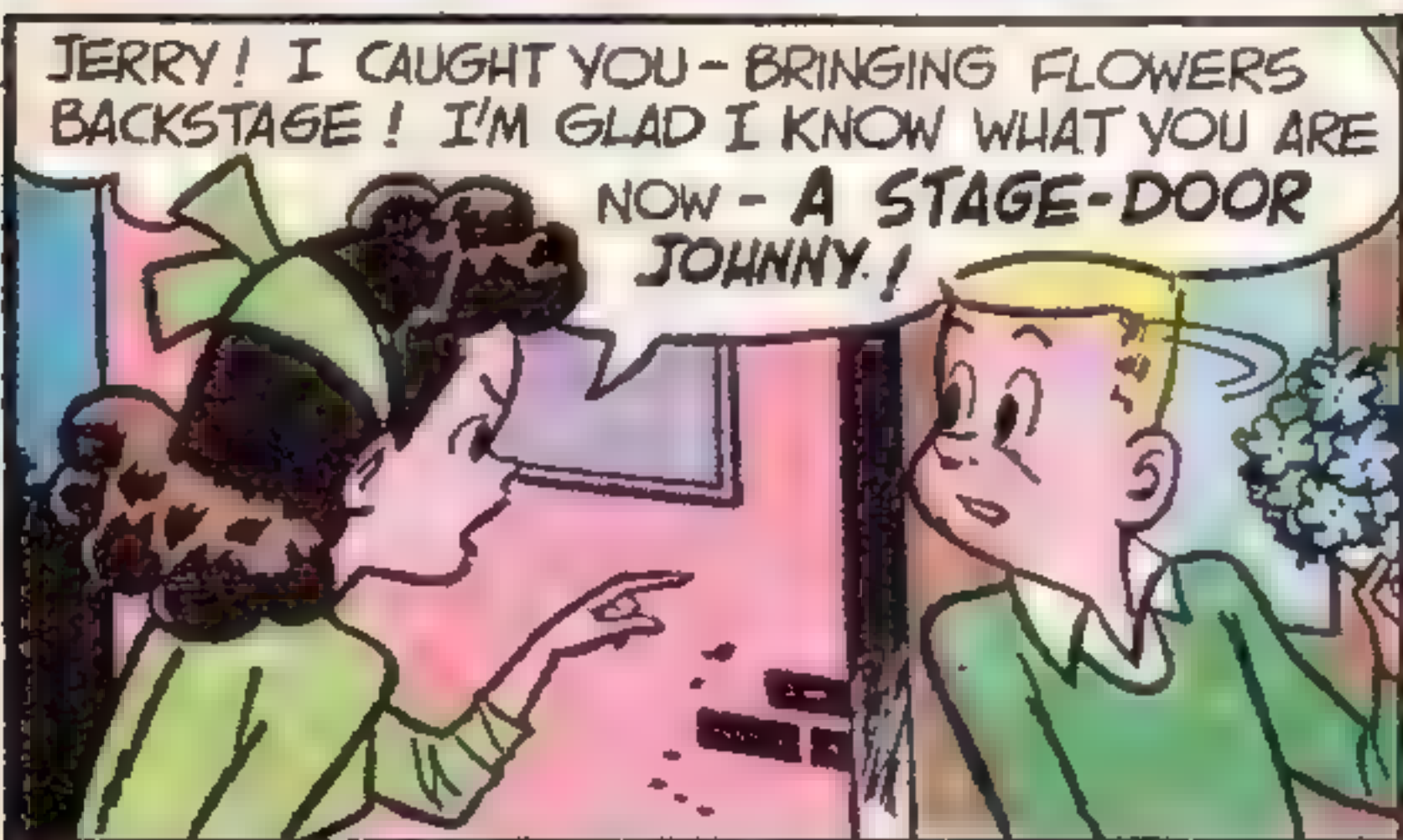
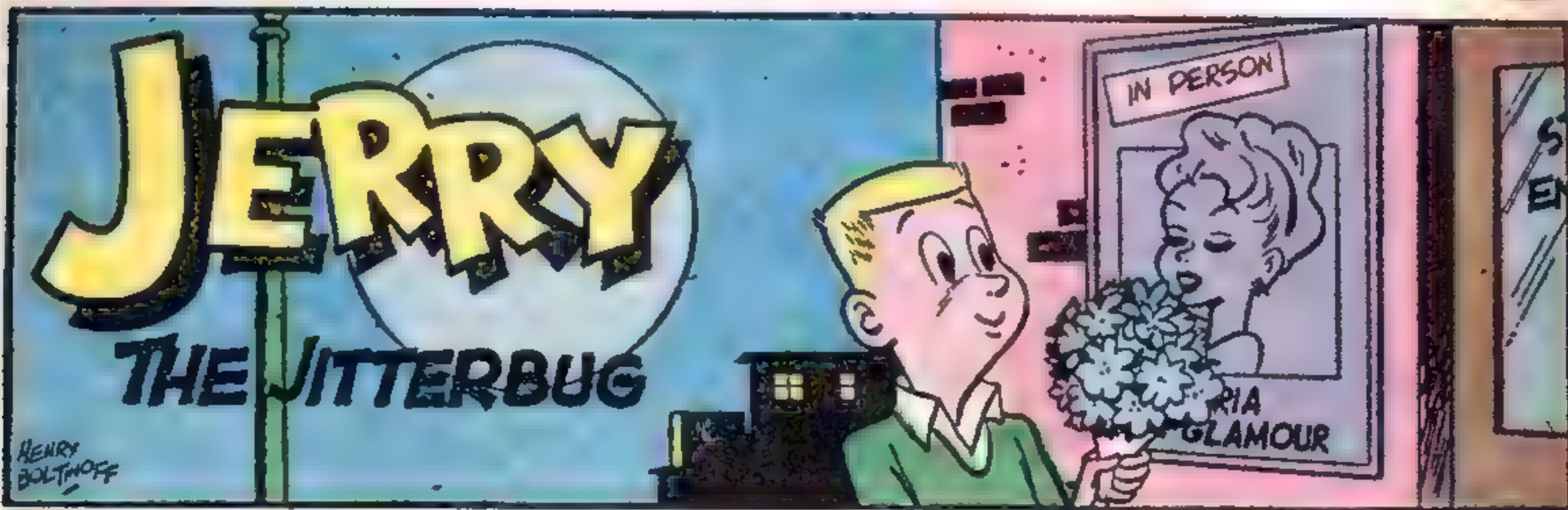
We call these inventions "modern," but let us look back into time.

Jet and rocket propulsion are directly linked with the sky-rockets of ancient China; which means that we have junked centuries of wheel and shaft development which lay in between.

Thousands of years ago the Mayans, lost race of Central America, made eight-hundred-mile sea journeys from midnight to dawn, if we can believe their records.

Swifter by far than all other mediums is light. Light rays travel 186,600 miles per second. "Sight" is closely akin to light. Who knows—maybe we'll go back to some form of the semaphore! But, whatever form it takes, you can be sure it will be one of the "wonders" of its age.





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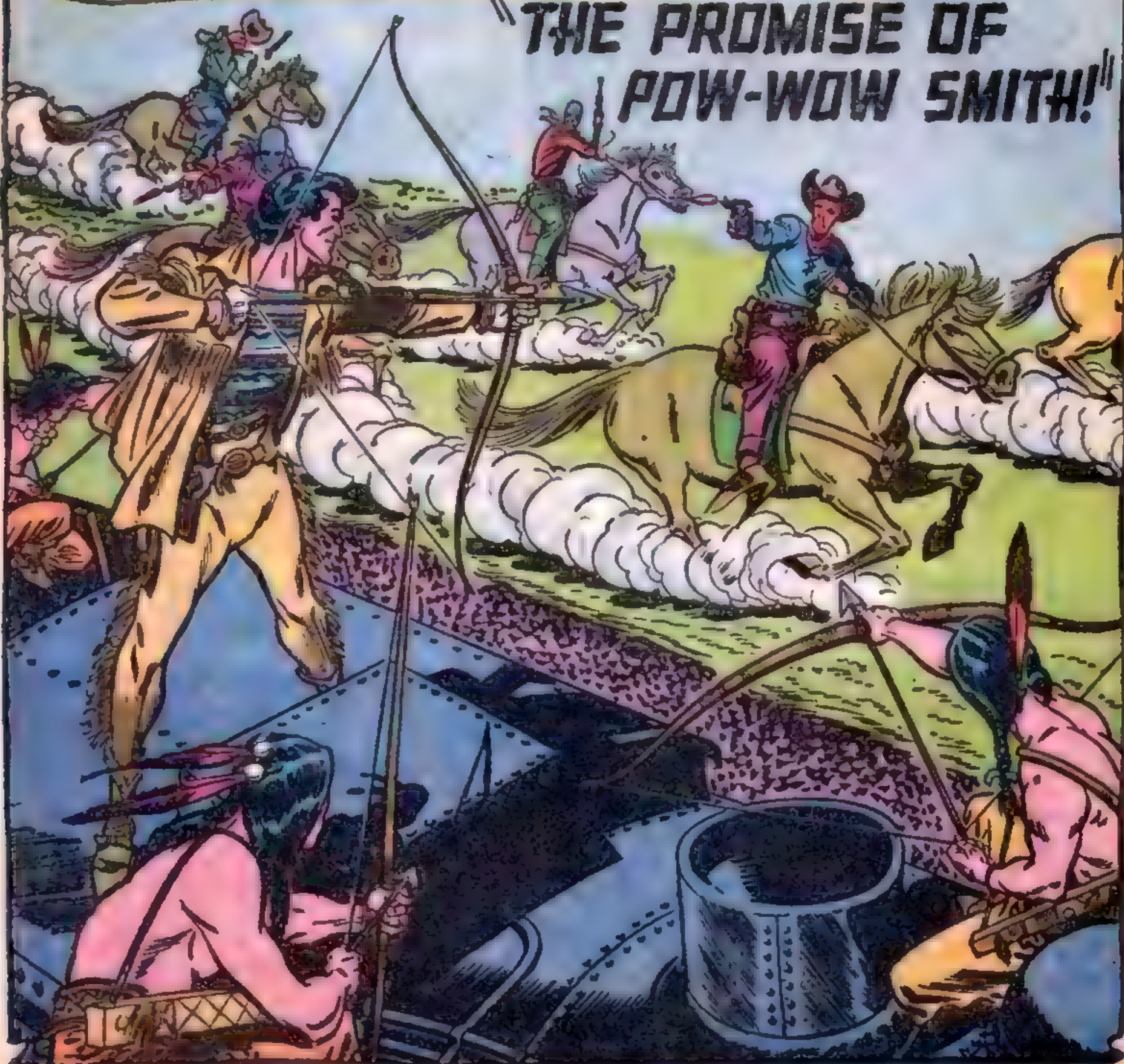


# POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

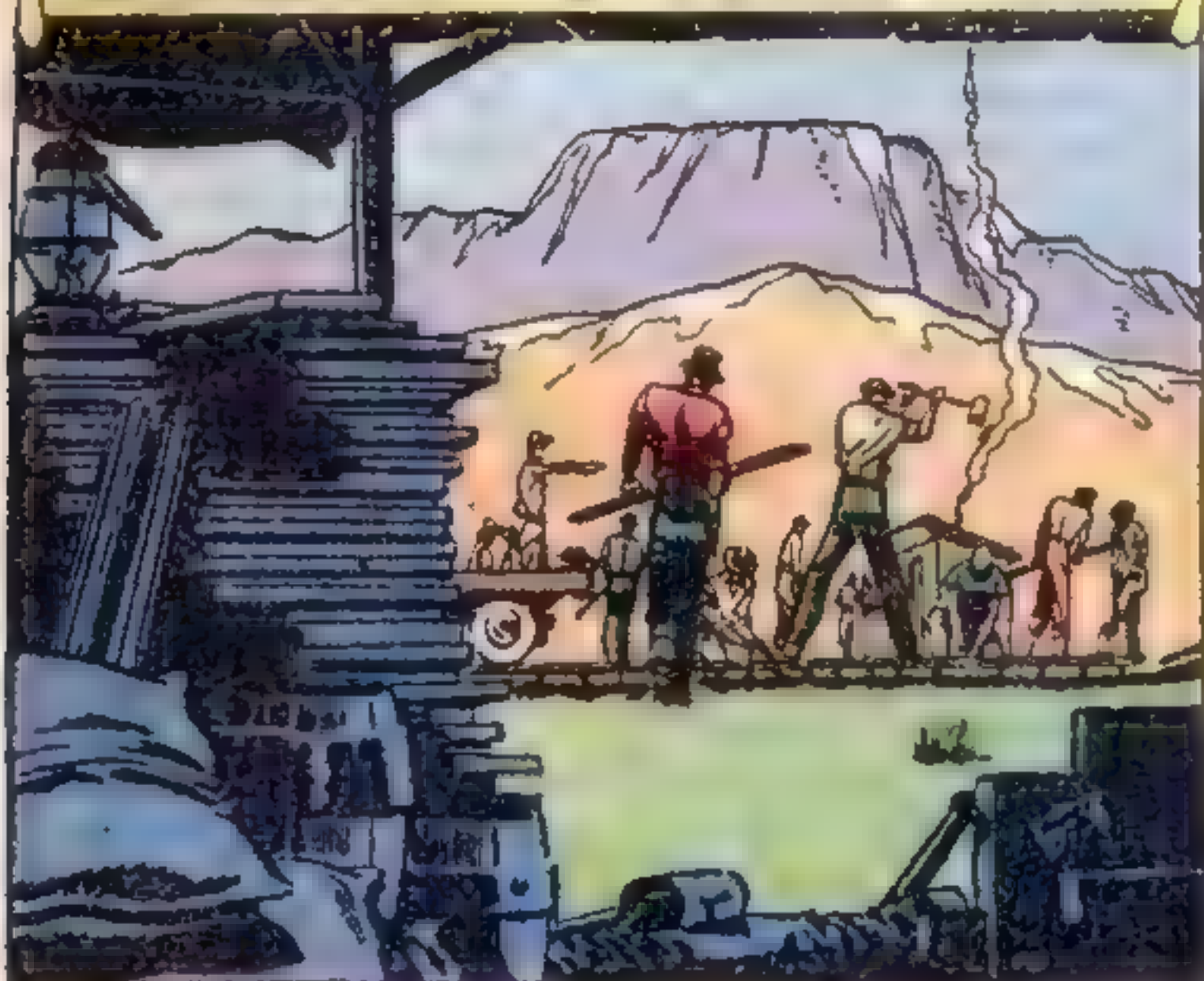
WHEN BANDITS AMONG THE BIG KNIVES (WHITE MEN) SEEK TO STOP THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE IRON HORSE - WHEN A LOWLY PACK-RAT LEAVES MUTE EVIDENCE OF MYSTERY AND MOTIVE - WHEN OHIYESA (THE WINNER) AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN DETECTIVE, PLEDGES HELP TO THE RAILROAD-BUILDING BIG KNIVES - THE THREAT OF DEATH ITSELF CANNOT FRIGHTEN A SINGLE SIOUX BROTHER AWAY FROM THE TEMPESTUOUS TASK OF KEEPING...

"THE PROMISE OF  
POW-WOW SMITH!"





OVER RUGGED WESTERN TERRAIN, TWIN THREADS OF STEEL ARE BEING LAID FOR AN IMPORTANT NEW RAILROAD DIVISION...



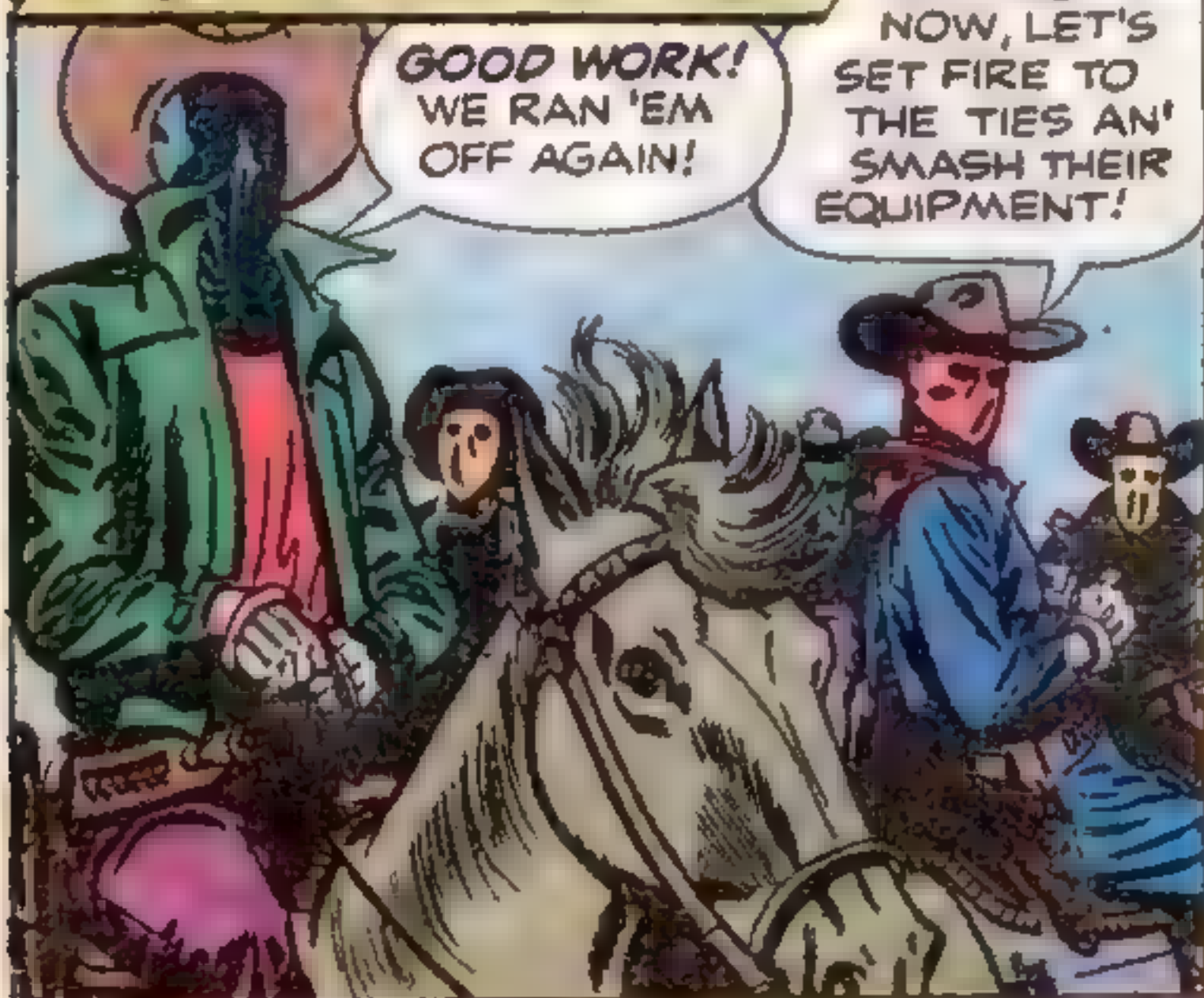
... WHEN THE AIR IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH GUNSHOTS AND HOARSE CRIES, AS MASKED RIDERS GALLOP OUT OF THE HILLS...



AFTER THE WORKMEN FLEE...

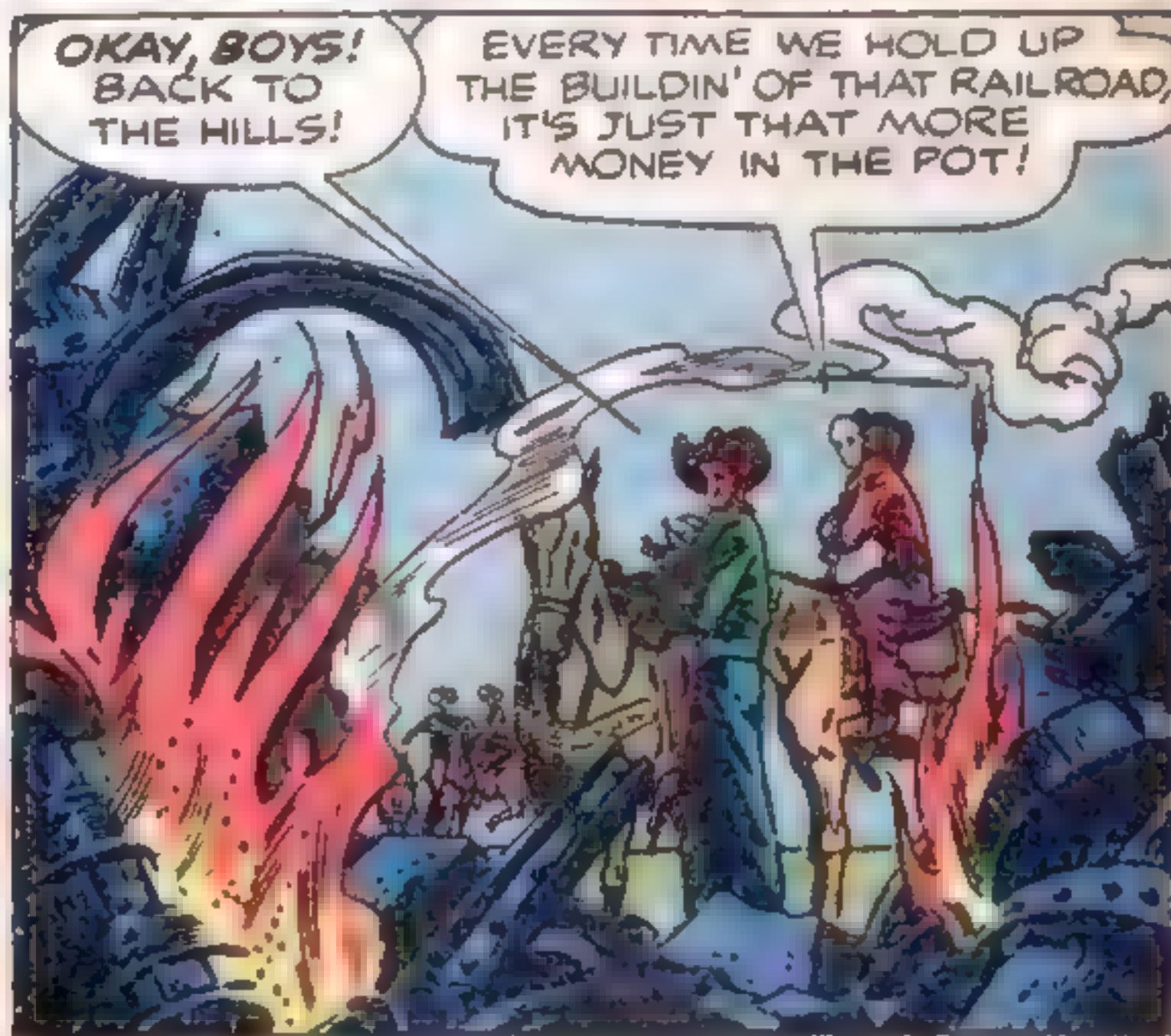
GOOD WORK!  
WE RAN 'EM  
OFF AGAIN!

ALL RIGHT!  
NOW, LET'S  
SET FIRE TO  
THE TIES AN'  
SMASH THEIR  
EQUIPMENT!



OKAY, BOYS!  
BACK TO  
THE HILLS!

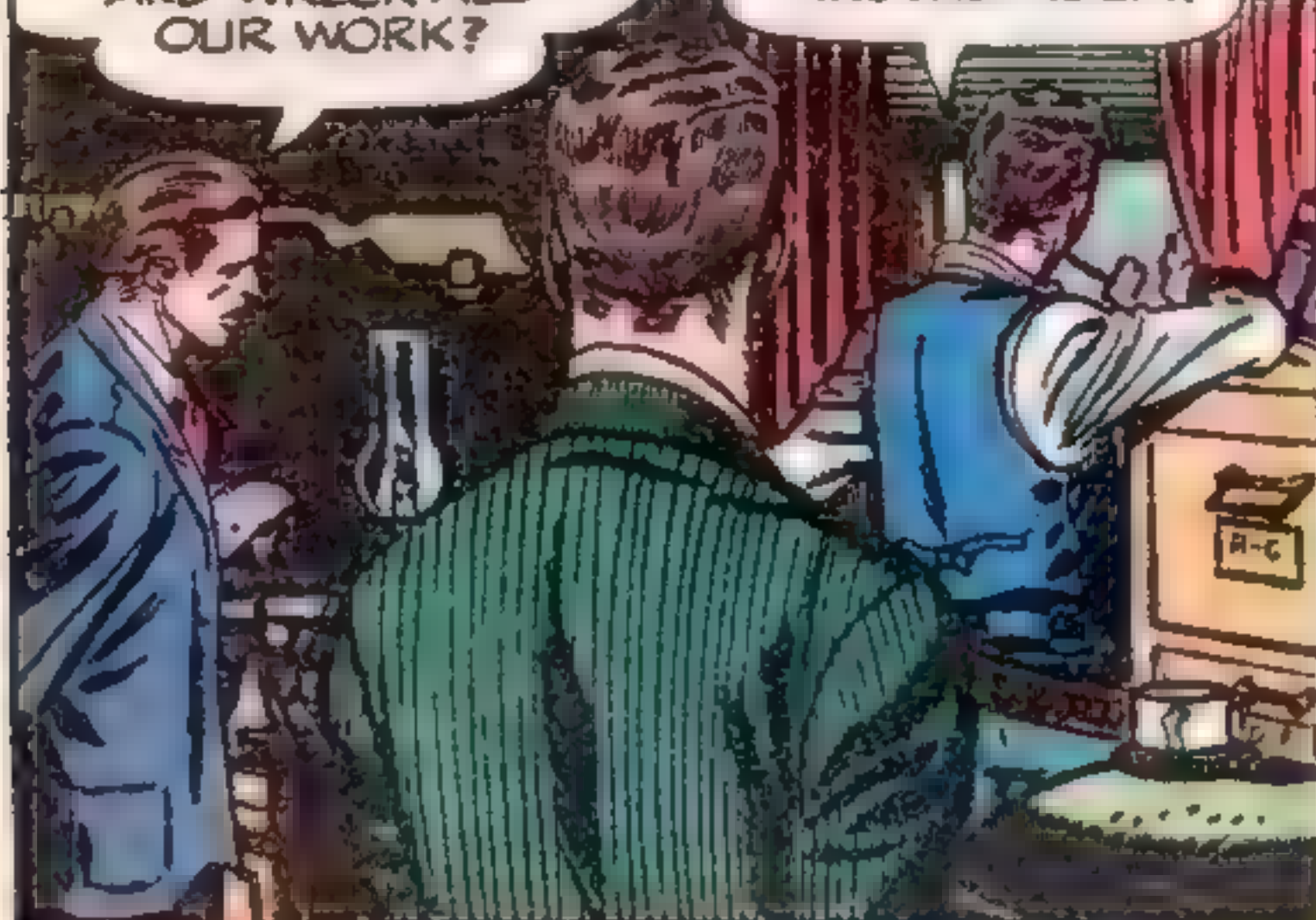
EVERY TIME WE HOLD UP  
THE BUILDIN' OF THAT RAILROAD,  
IT'S JUST THAT MORE  
MONEY IN THE POT!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

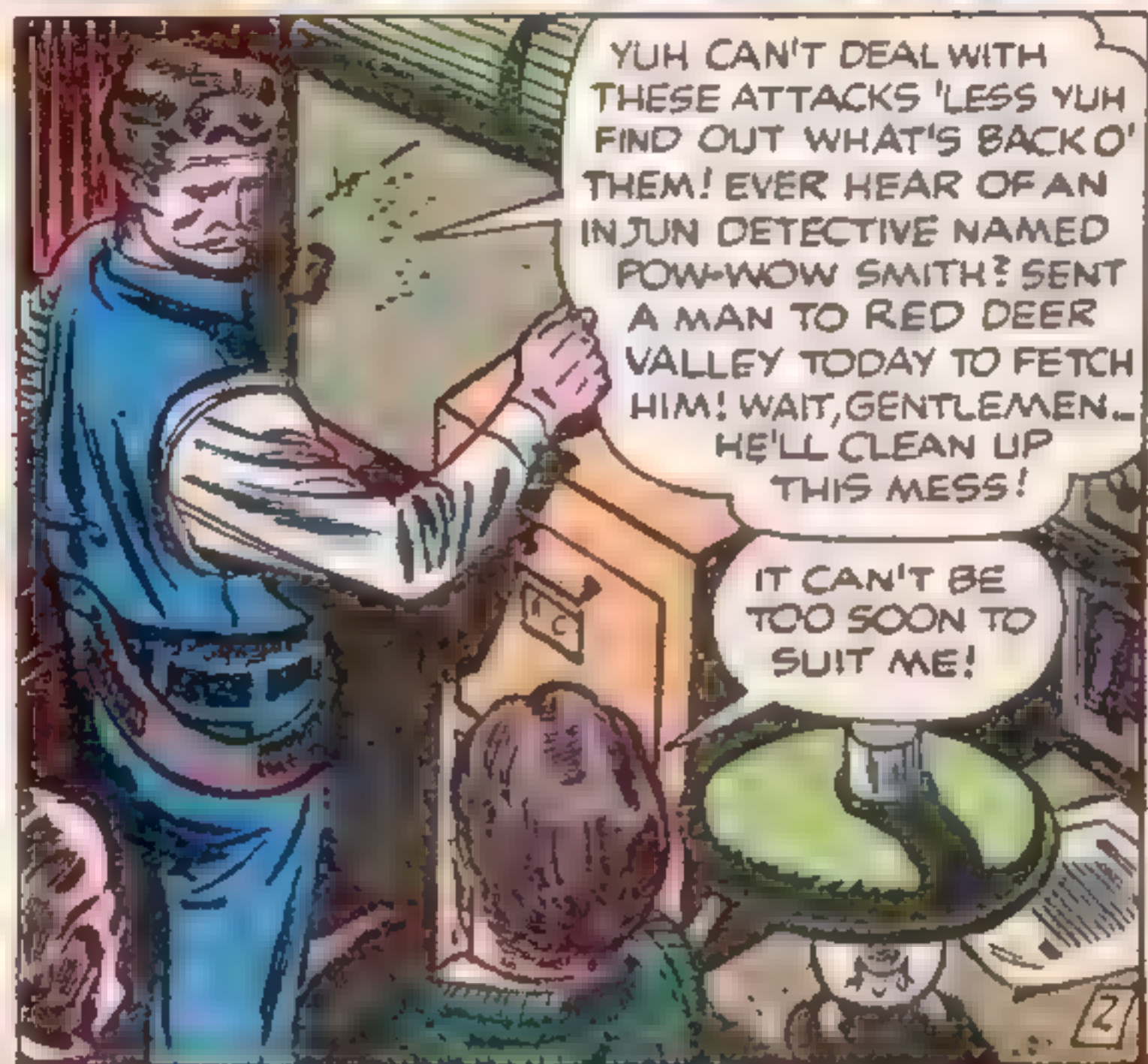
YOU MEAN WE CAN'T GET  
ANY PROTECTION FROM  
THESE RUFFIANS WHO  
RIDE OUT OF THE HILLS  
AND WRECK ALL  
OUR WORK?

MY POSSE SHORE AIN'T  
BIG ENOUGH TO RIDE  
GUARD DAY AN' NIGHT  
FOR YUH! BUT I GOT  
ANOTHER IDEA!



YUH CAN'T DEAL WITH  
THESE ATTACKS 'LESS YUH  
FIND OUT WHAT'S BACK O'  
THEM! EVER HEAR OF AN  
INJUN DETECTIVE NAMED  
POW-WOW SMITH? SENT  
A MAN TO RED DEER  
VALLEY TODAY TO FETCH  
HIM! WAIT, GENTLEMEN...  
HE'LL CLEAN UP  
THIS MESS!

IT CAN'T BE  
TOO SOON TO  
SUIT ME!





**I**N RED DEER VALLEY, AT THAT MOMENT, NO ONE IS THINKING OF RAILROADS AND RAIDS...

WE APPROACH DOWNWIND, ELSE OUR QUARRY DETECTS OUR PRESENCE! REMEMBER, THE MOOSE HAS ONE OF THE KEENEST NOSES OF ALL ANIMALS!

YES, OHYESA... WE WILL REMEMBER!

THERE, IN THE GAME-FILLED FORESTS OF THE VALLEY, OHYESA (THE WINNER), KNOWN AS POW WOW SMITH, TEACHES BRAVES-TO-BE THE TRICKS OF THE HUNT...

SEE HERE! THE BULL MOOSE HAS STOPPED RECENTLY TO USE THIS TREE AS A SCRAPING POST! OBSERVE! HE HAS SCRAPED OFF THE BARK WHILE RUBBING VELVET FROM HIS ANTLERS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, OHYESA! HIS TRACKS ARE HERE... FRESH!

THE WIND SHIFTS... SOON HE WILL KNOW WE FOLLOW HIM! CRUSH THE CEDAR-BERRIES AND RUB THEM ON YOUR SKIN... IT PREVENTS THE MOOSE FROM SMELLING YOU!

THEN, LEADING HIS TROOP FORWARD ON MOC-CASINED FEET THAT FALL LIKE THE PAWS OF A CAT, OHYESA PARTS A BUSH AND SEES...

THERE..YONDER! THE HUNT NEARS ITS END! BUT BE AS SILENT AS THE VERY HILLS!

JUST THEN, OFF IN THE WOODS, A MOUNTAIN LION SCREAMS, AND THE GREAT MOOSE, STARTLED, LEAPS FORWARD...

BUT AT THAT INSTANT A BOW STRING IS DRAWN...

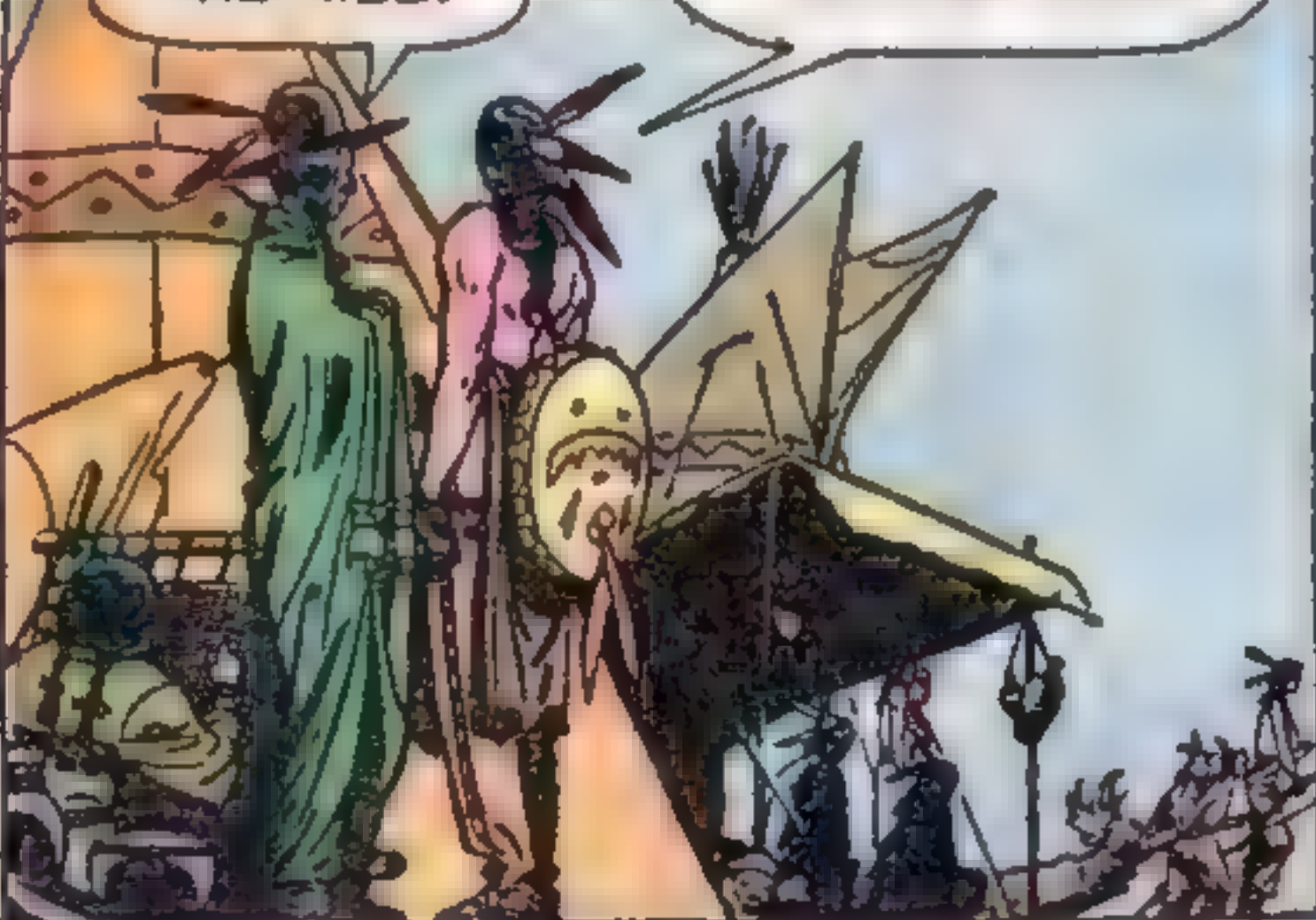
YUH! THE LION WOULD SPOIL IT FOR US!... BUT QUICKLY DO I DRAW THE BOW STRING TAUT, AND QUICKLY DO I AIM AND RELEASE AN ARROW!



LATER, AT THE SIOUX VILLAGE...

LOOK AT THE LITTLE ONES! YOU WOULD THINK *THEY* MADE THE KILL!

AND MANY A KILL THEY *WILL* MAKE WHEN OHIYESA TEACHES THEM!



WHEN OHIYESA REACHES HIS TENT...

A RIDER CAME FROM THE BIG KNIVES (PALE FACES) TODAY, MY SON! TROUBLE STIRS THE AIR IN THE BIG KNIVES CAMP! THEY CALL FOR YOU!

AND I WILL GO, MOTHER! I ALWAYS GO WHEN TROUBLE BECKONS!



SO SHERIFF AND POW-WOW MEET...

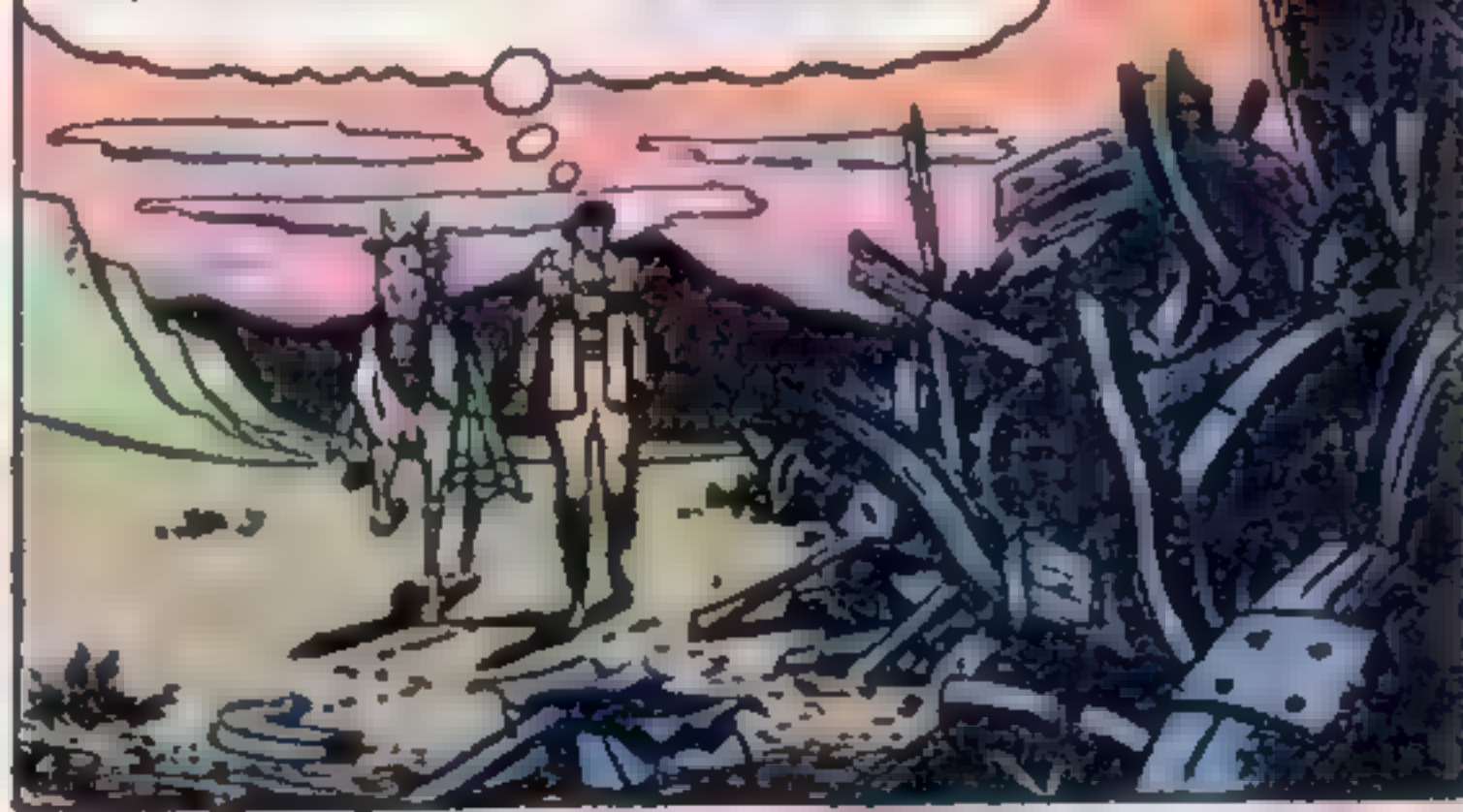
I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THOSE BANDITS WANT. THEY DON'T STEAL ANYTHING... THEY JUST BURN AND DESTROY!

TOMORROW I'LL RIDE INTO THE HILLS AND SEE FOR MYSELF!



SO WITH THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN...

THOSE BANDITS CAN'T HOPE TO STOP THE RAILROAD FOREVER. SO IT MUST BE ENOUGH FOR THEM TO STOP IT JUST TEMPORARILY. WHY? WHAT CAN THEY GAIN...OR RATHER, WHAT WOULD THEY LOSE IF THE RAILROAD CAME THROUGH?

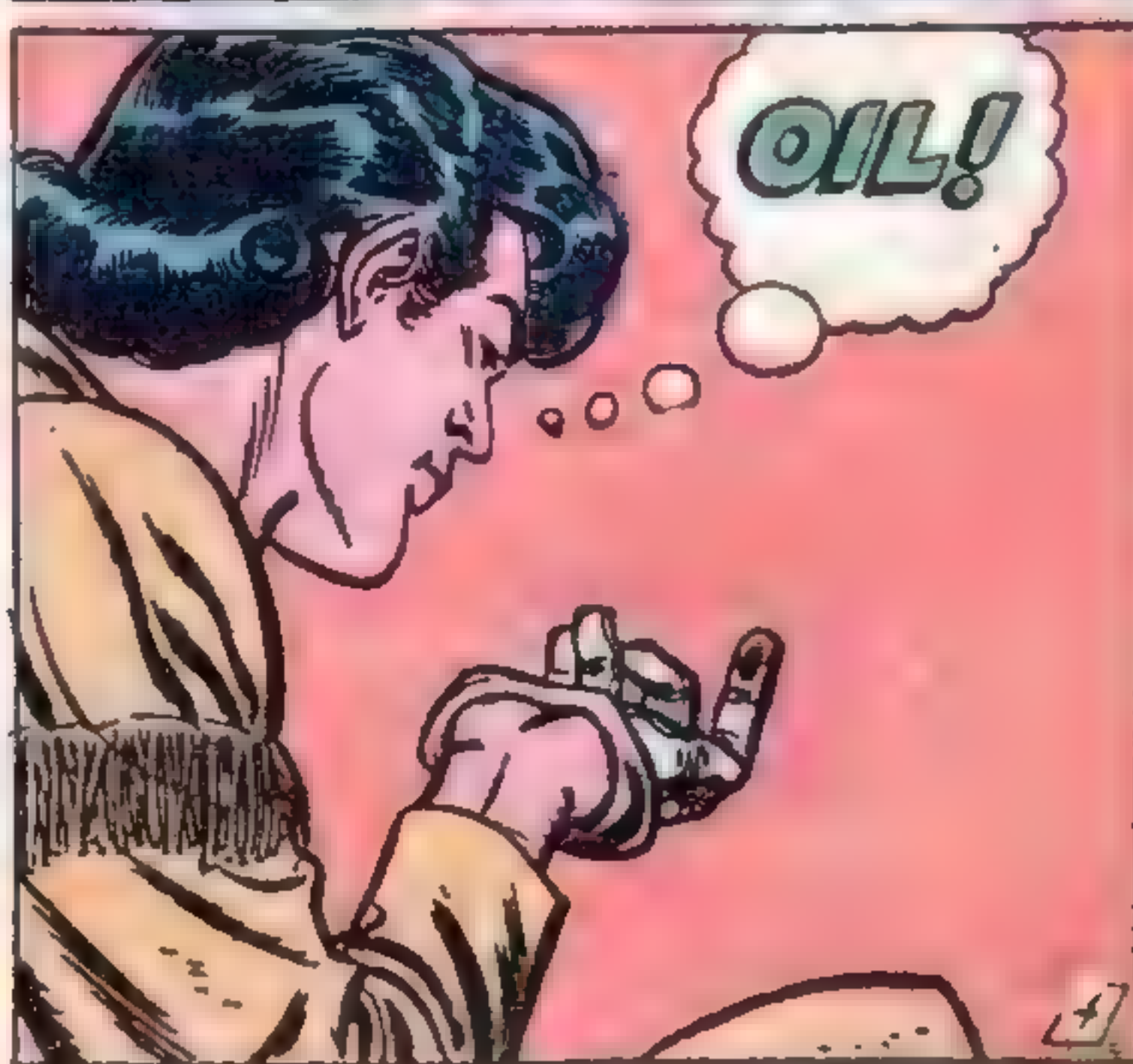


FOR AN HOUR, THE KEEN EYES SEARCH THE RUGGED TERRAIN, THEN...

SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT CLUE... THE TRACKS OF A PACK RAT! BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN A PACK RAT THAT LEFT TINY BLACK SMUDGES IN THE GROUND...SMUDGES FROM ITS FEET!



OIL!

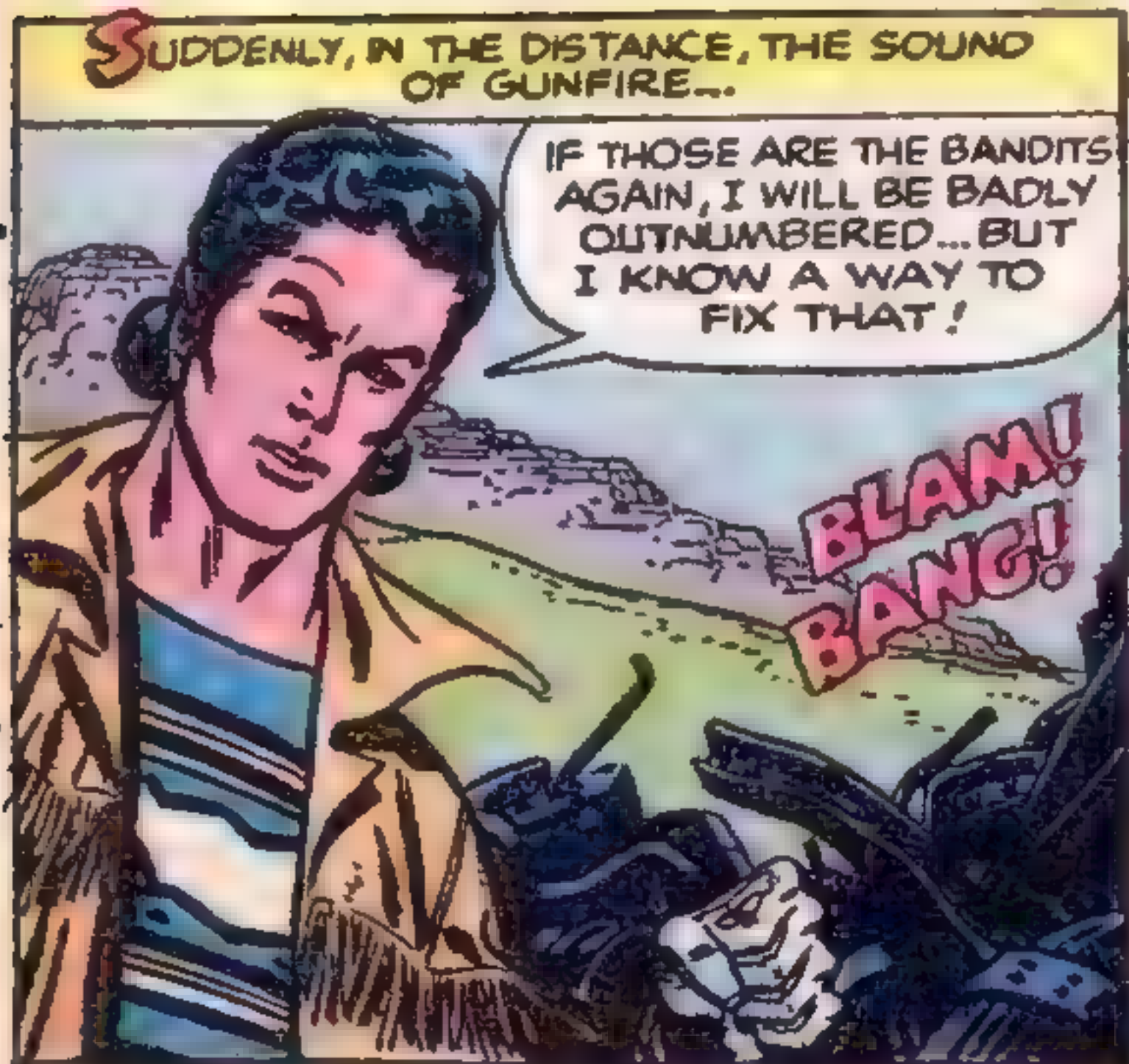




**S**UDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE...

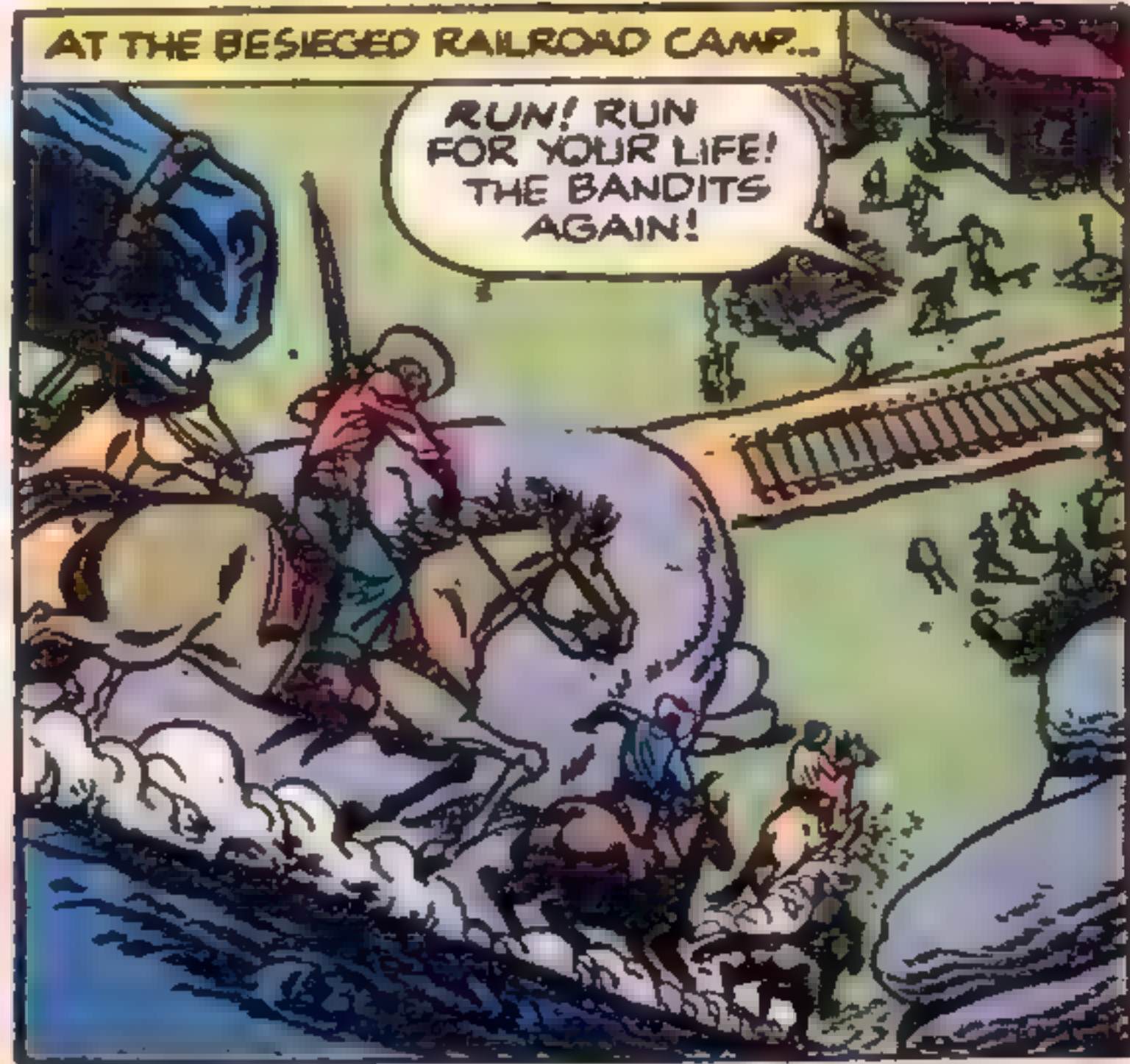
IF THOSE ARE THE BANDITS AGAIN, I WILL BE BADLY OUTNUMBERED... BUT I KNOW A WAY TO FIX THAT!

**BLAM!**  
**BANG!**



AT THE BESIEGED RAILROAD CAMP...

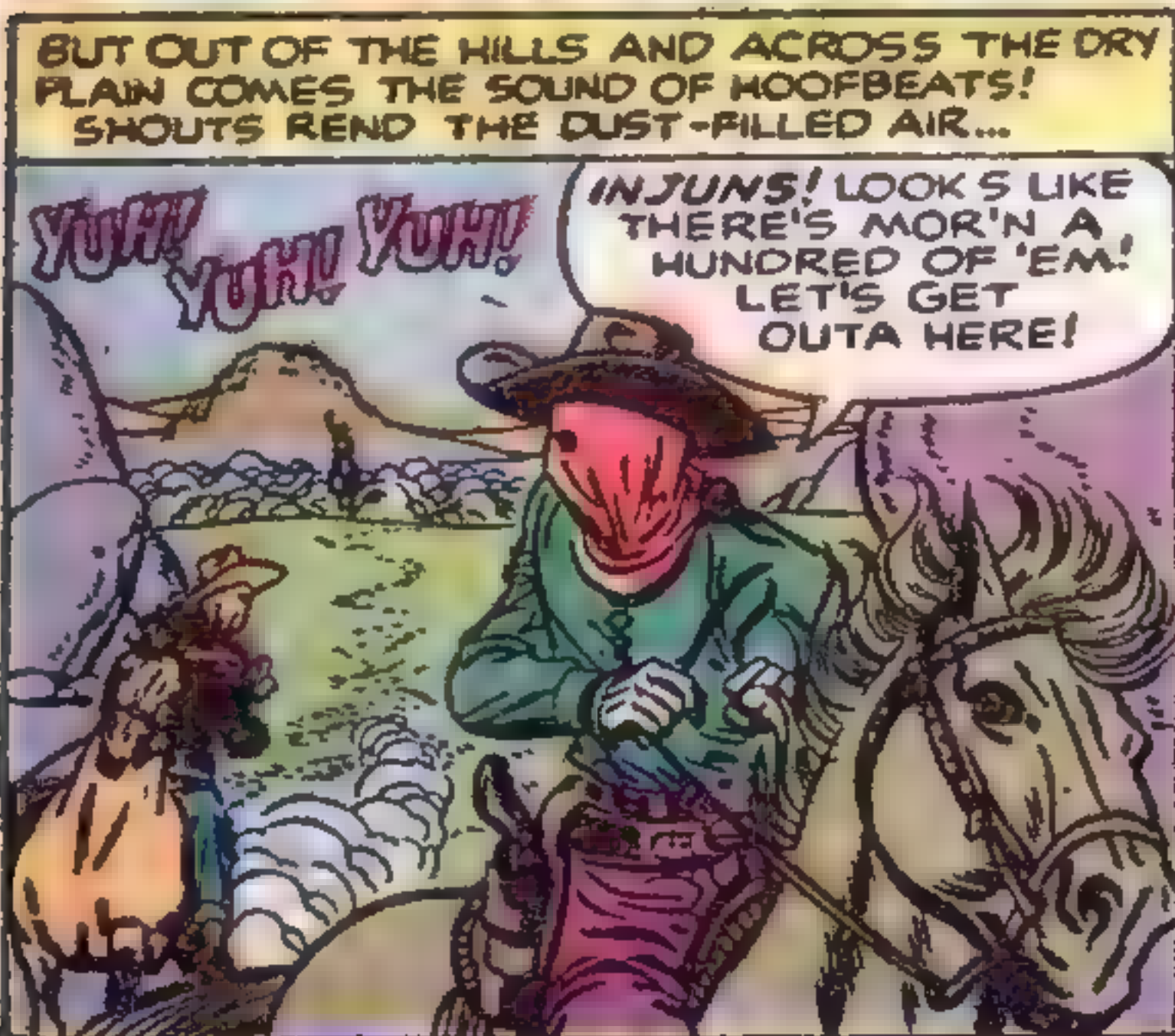
RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! THE BANDITS AGAIN!



BUT OUT OF THE HILLS AND ACROSS THE DRY FLAIN COMES THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS! SHOUTS REND THE DUST-FILLED AIR...

**YUH! YUH! YUH!**

INJUNS! LOOK'S LIKE THERE'S MOR'N A HUNDRED OF 'EM! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



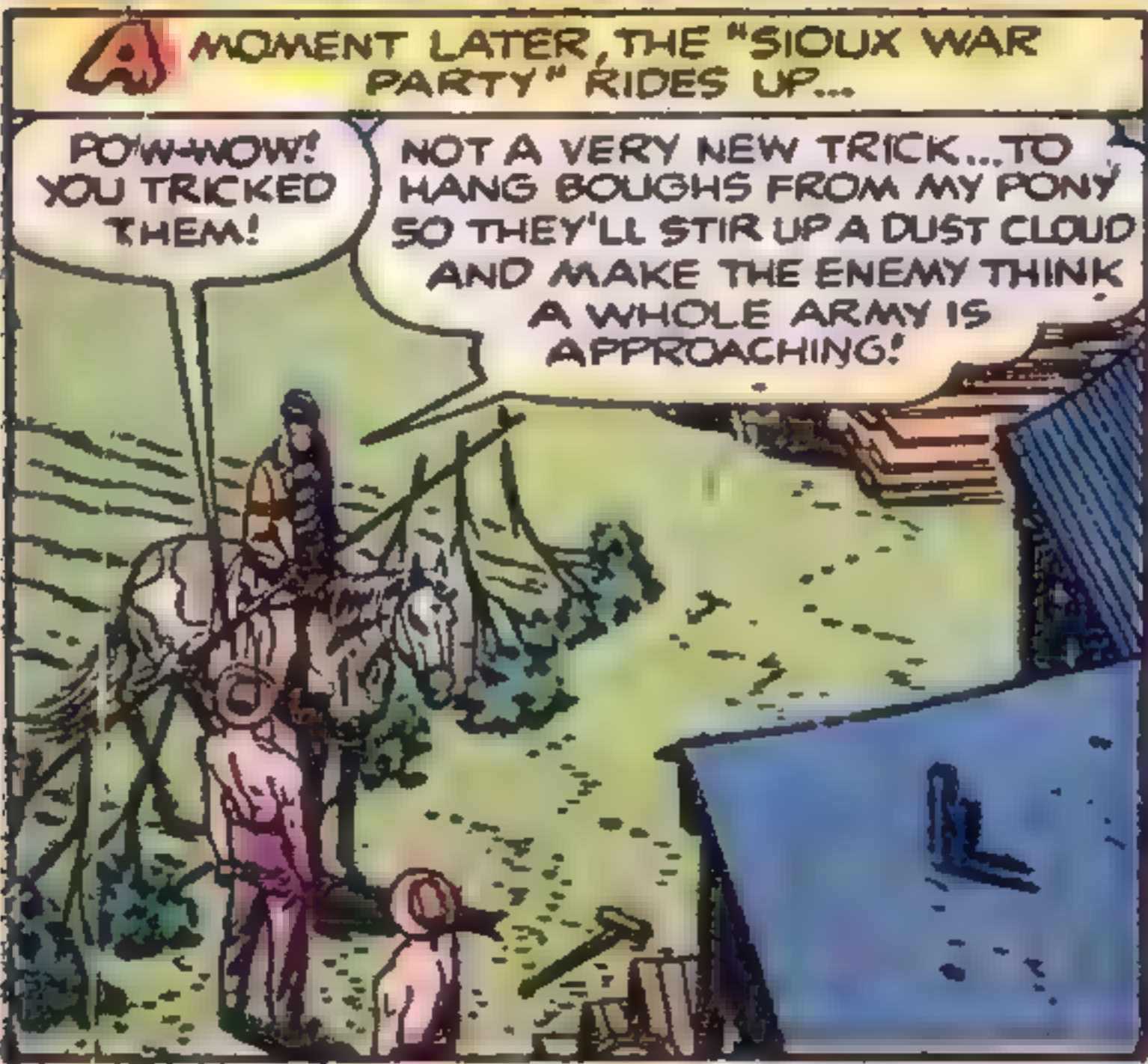
RIDE FOR IT, BOYS! THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER!



**A** MOMENT LATER, THE "SIOUX WAR PARTY" RIDES UP...

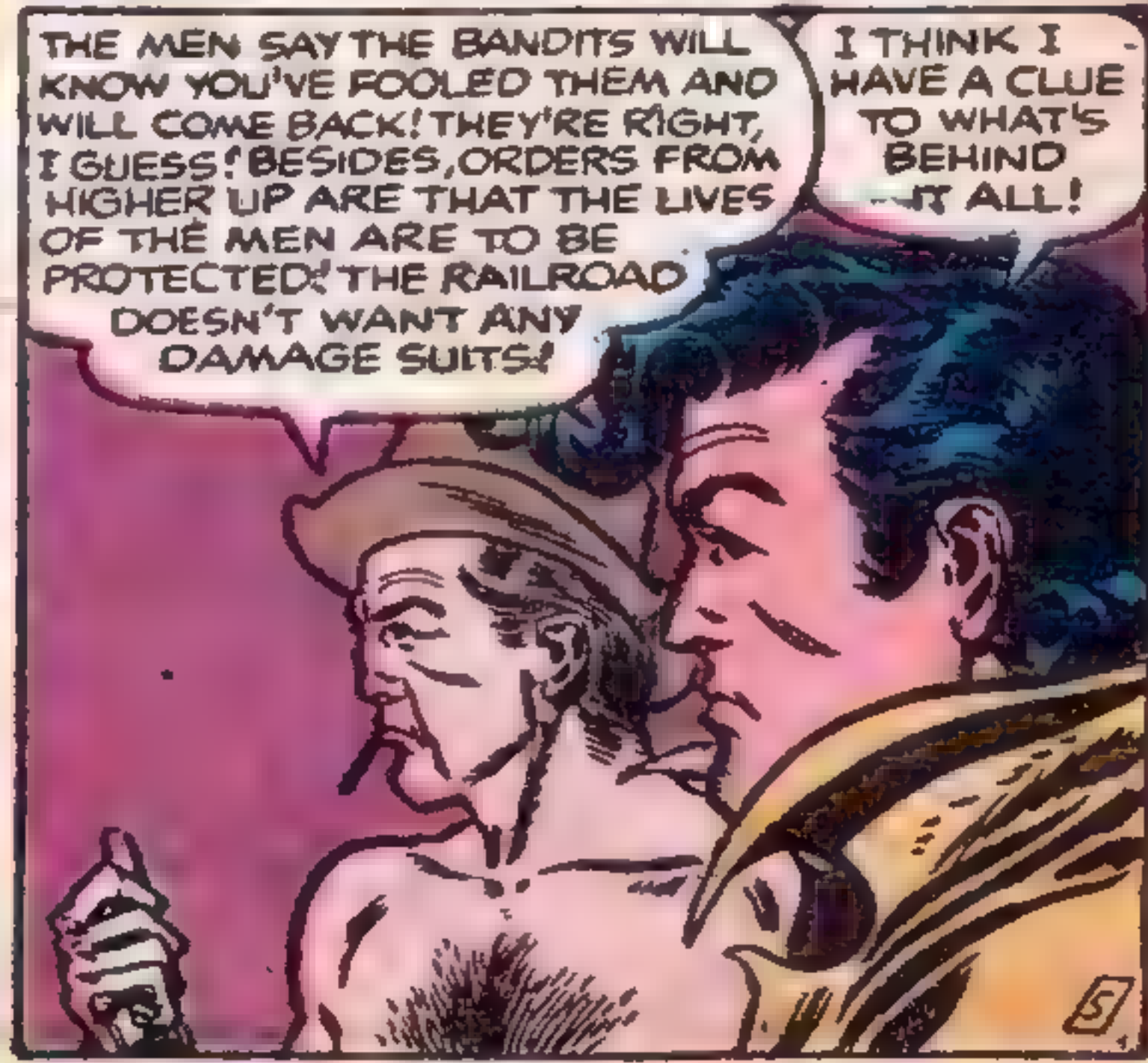
POW-WOW! YOU TRICKED THEM!

NOT A VERY NEW TRICK... TO HANG BOUGHS FROM MY PONY SO THEY'LL STIR UP A DUST CLOUD AND MAKE THE ENEMY THINK A WHOLE ARMY IS APPROACHING!

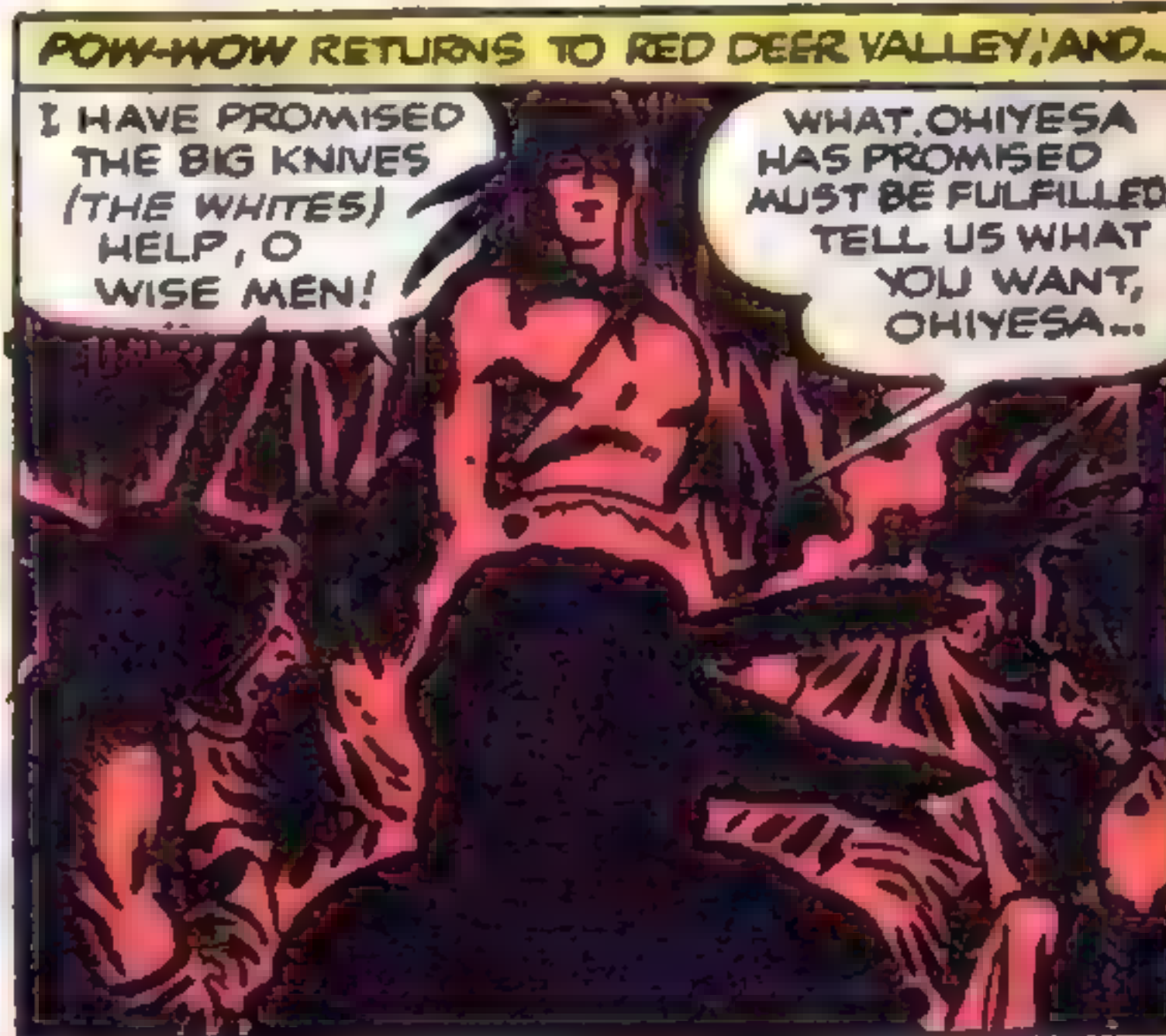
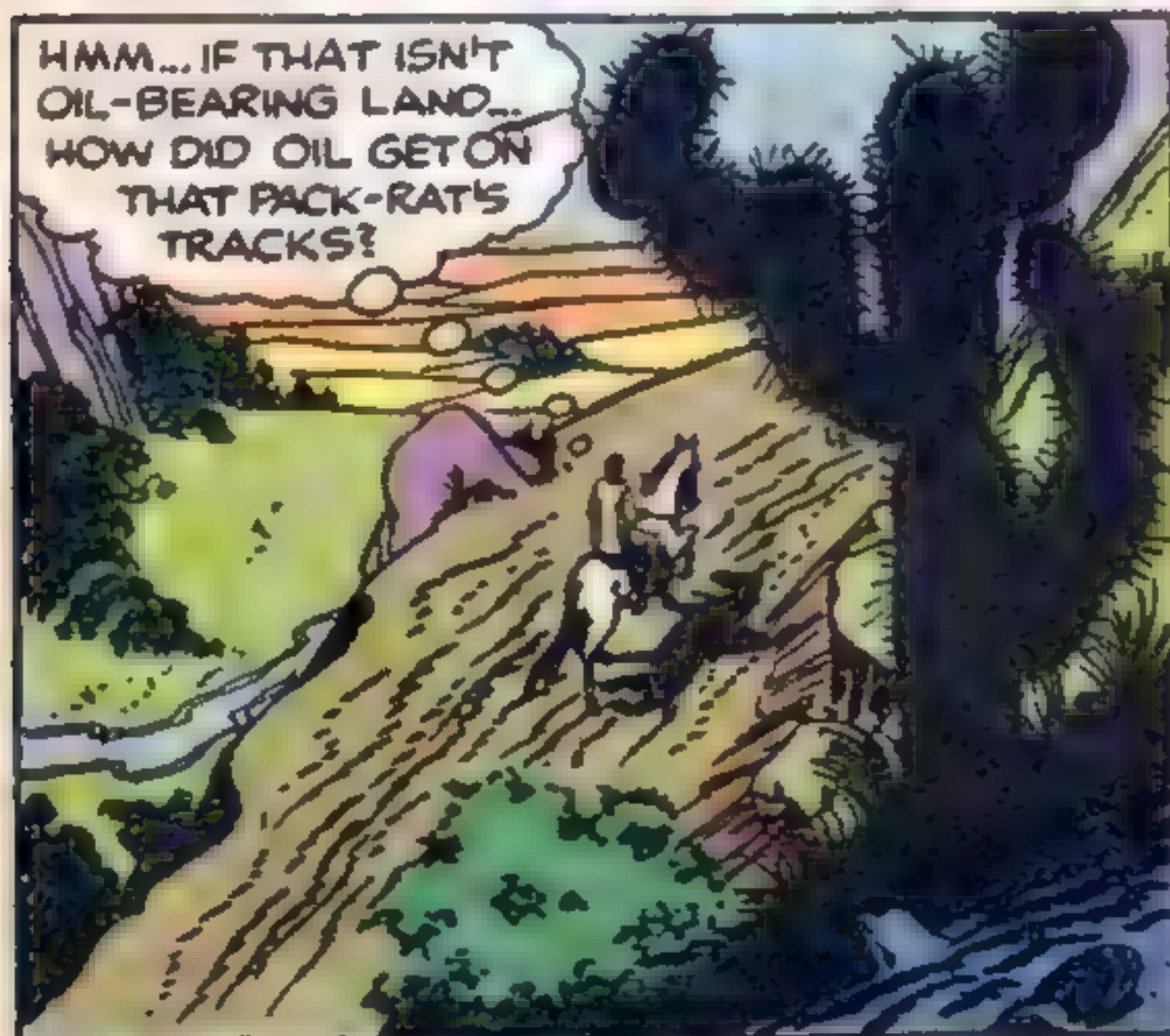
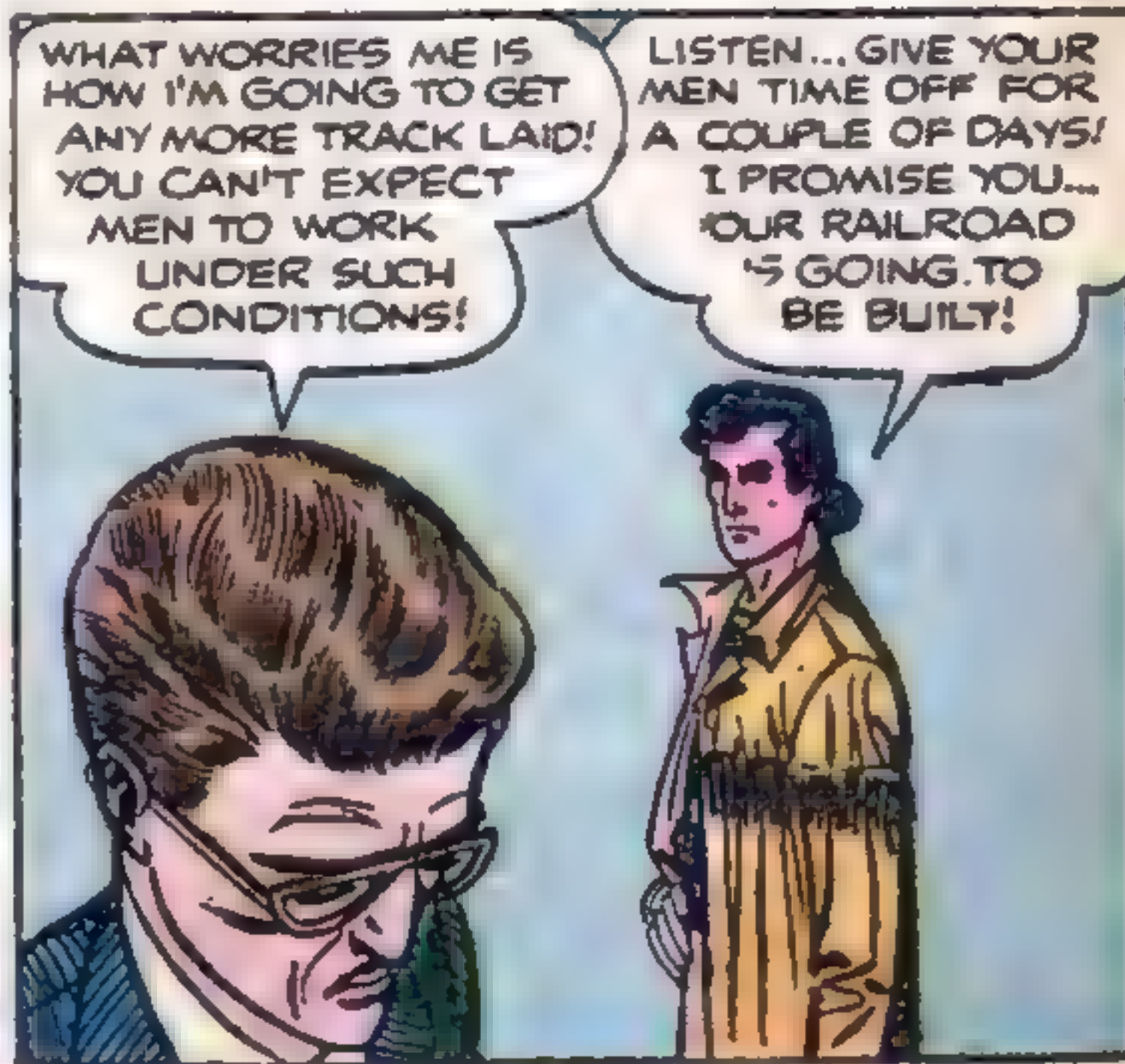


THE MEN SAY THE BANDITS WILL KNOW YOU'VE FOOLED THEM AND WILL COME BACK! THEY'RE RIGHT, I GUESS! BESIDES, ORDERS FROM HIGHER UP ARE THAT THE LIVES OF THE MEN ARE TO BE PROTECTED! THE RAILROAD DOESN'T WANT ANY DAMAGE SUITS!

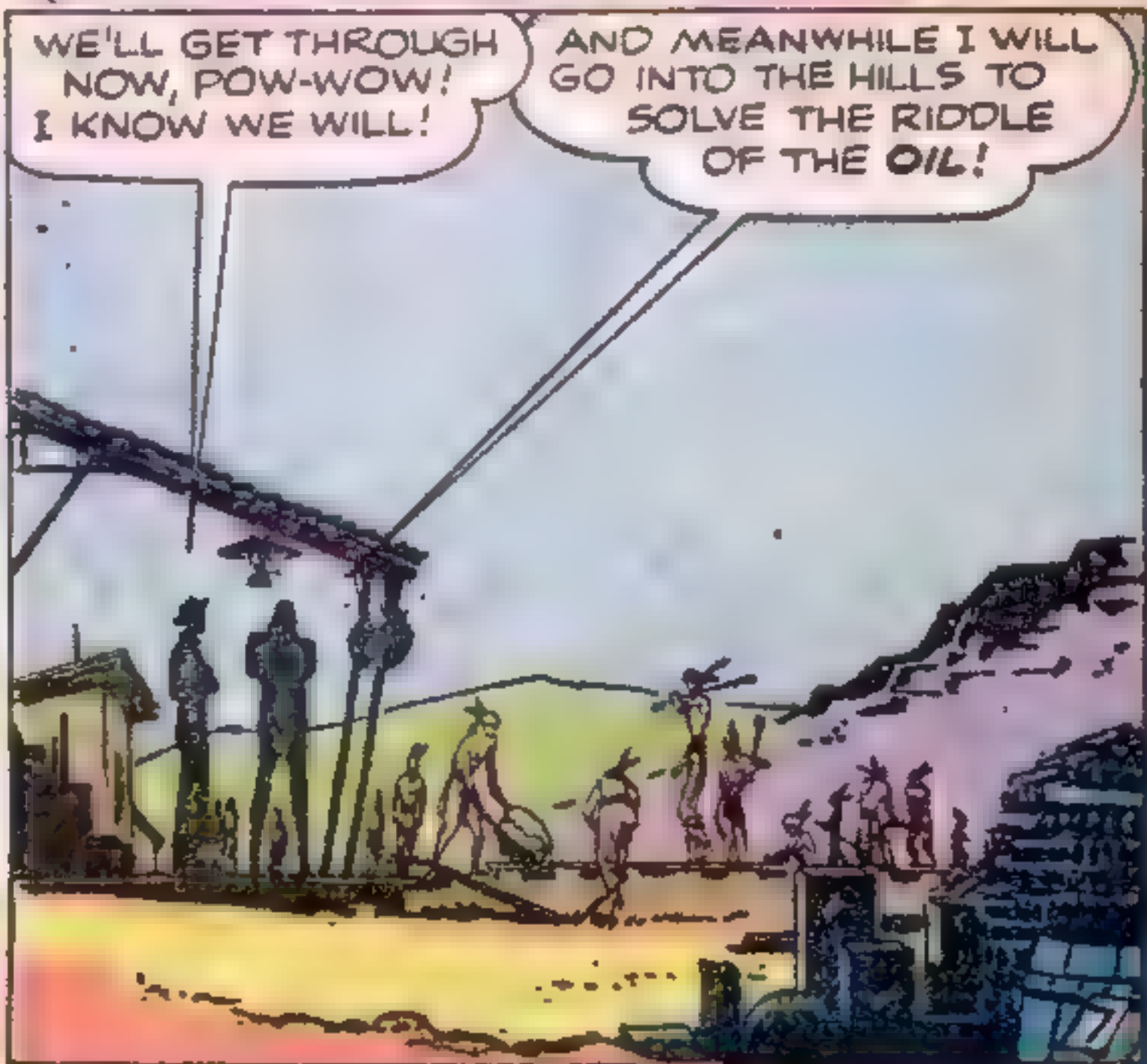
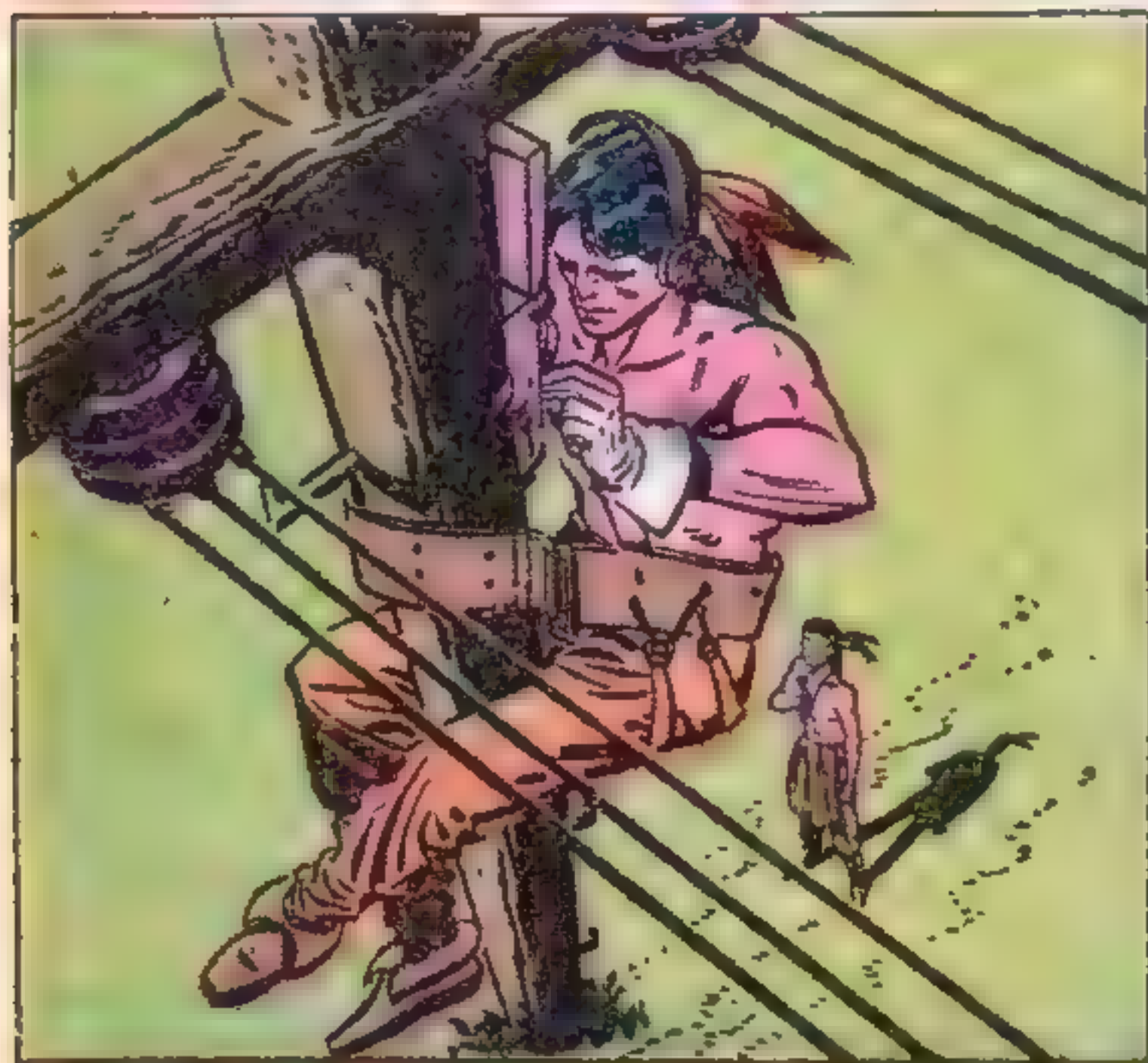
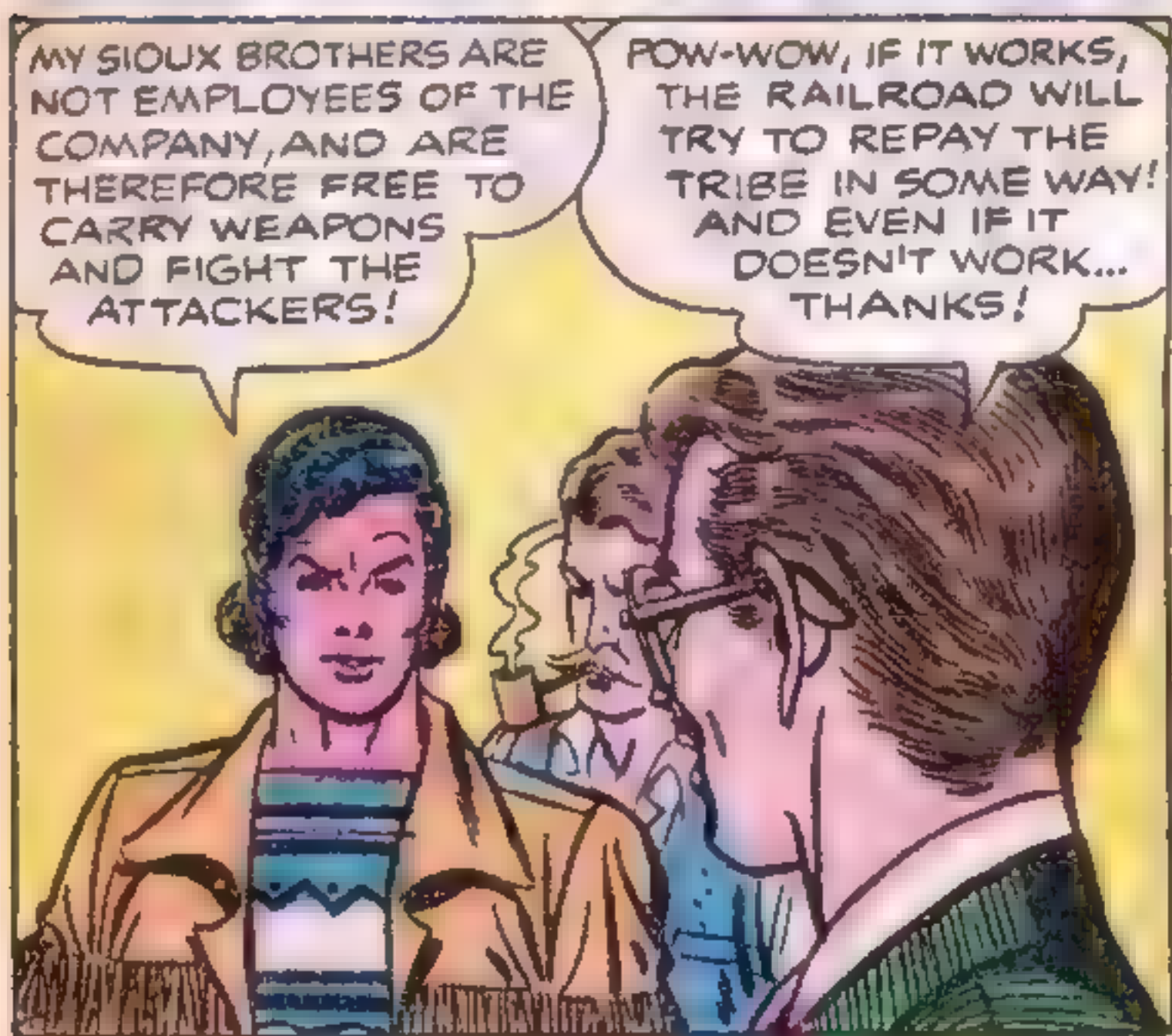
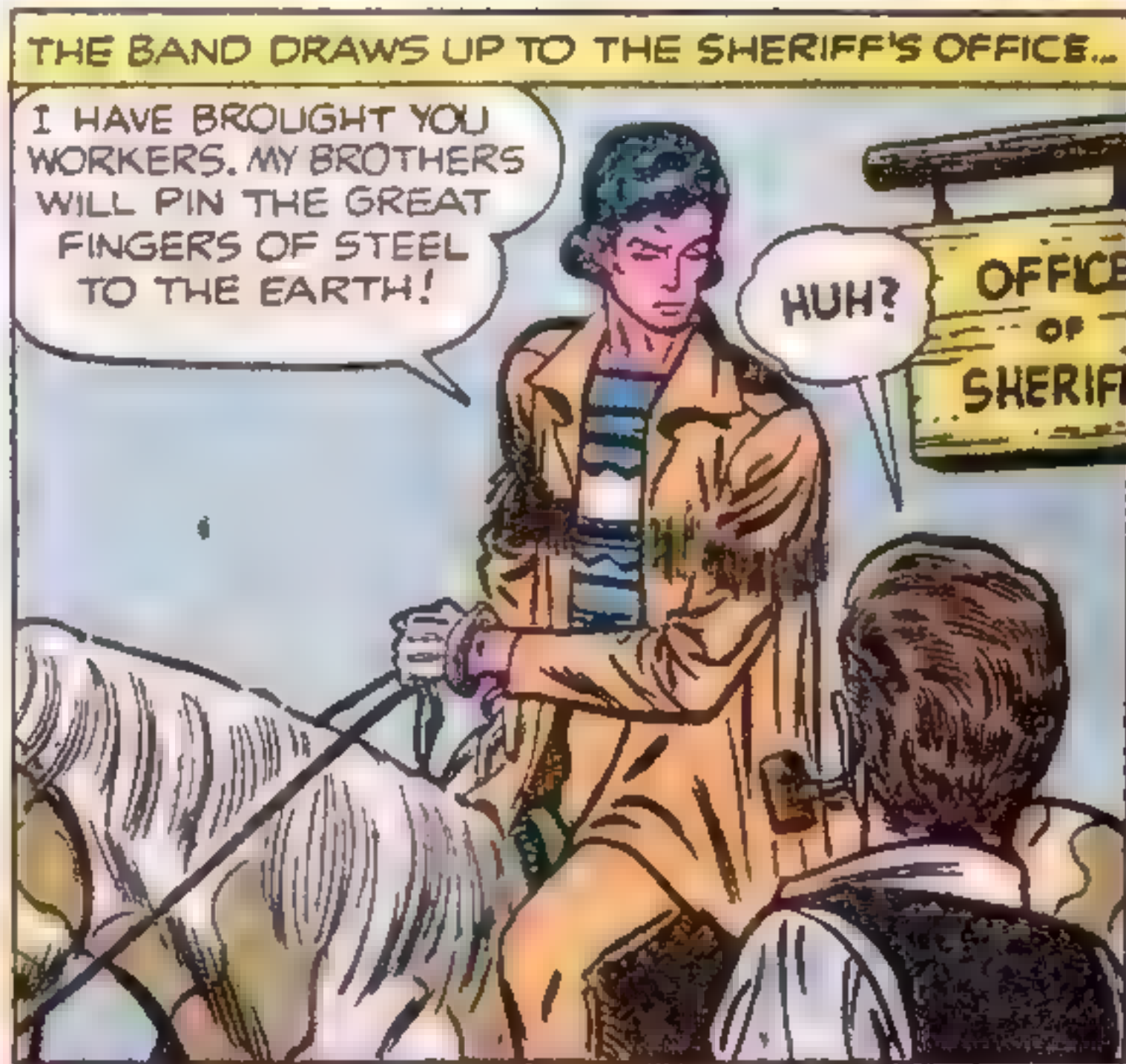
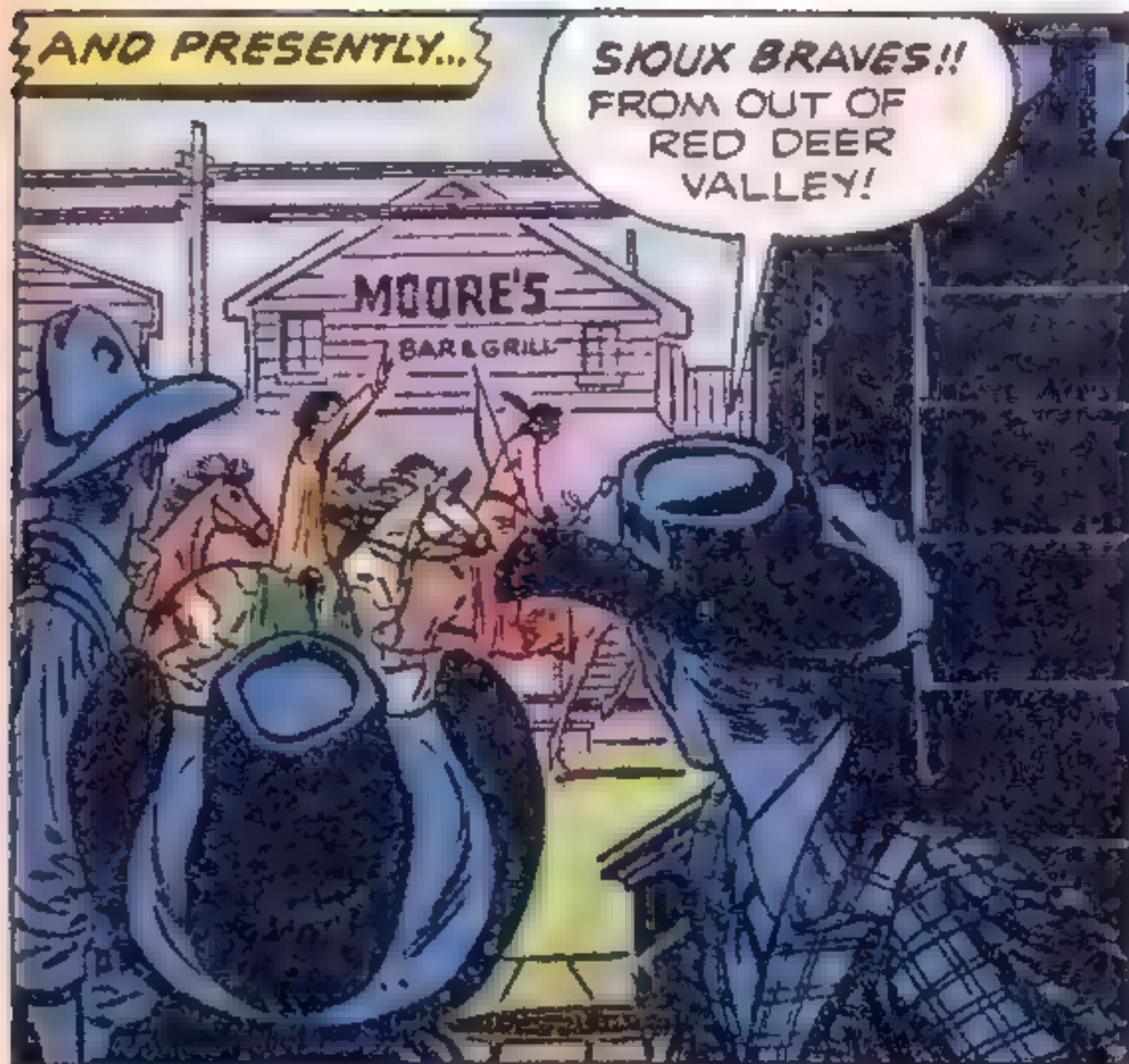
I THINK I HAVE A CLUE TO WHAT'S BEHIND IT ALL!







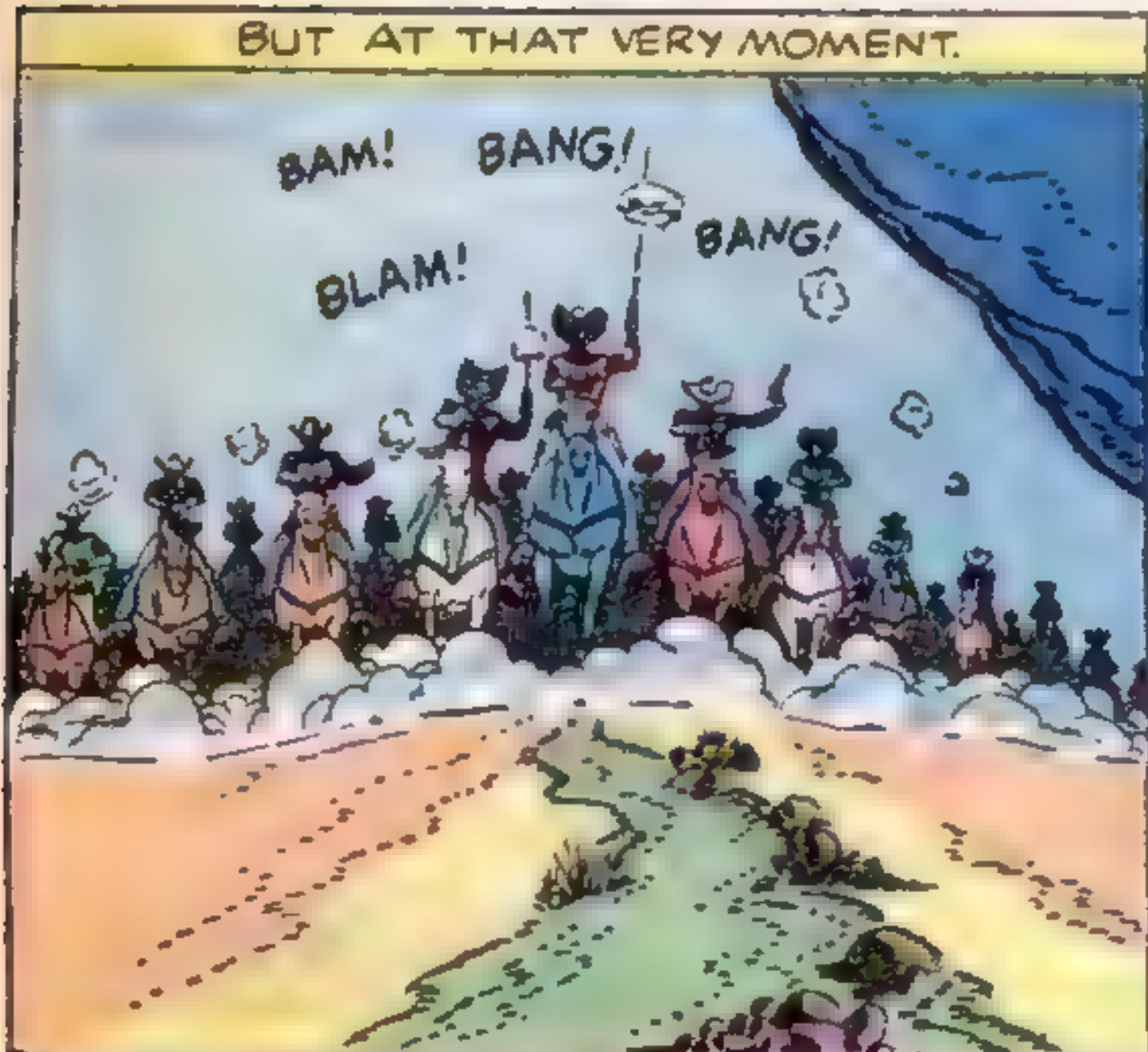






BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT.

BAM! BANG!  
BLAM! BANG!

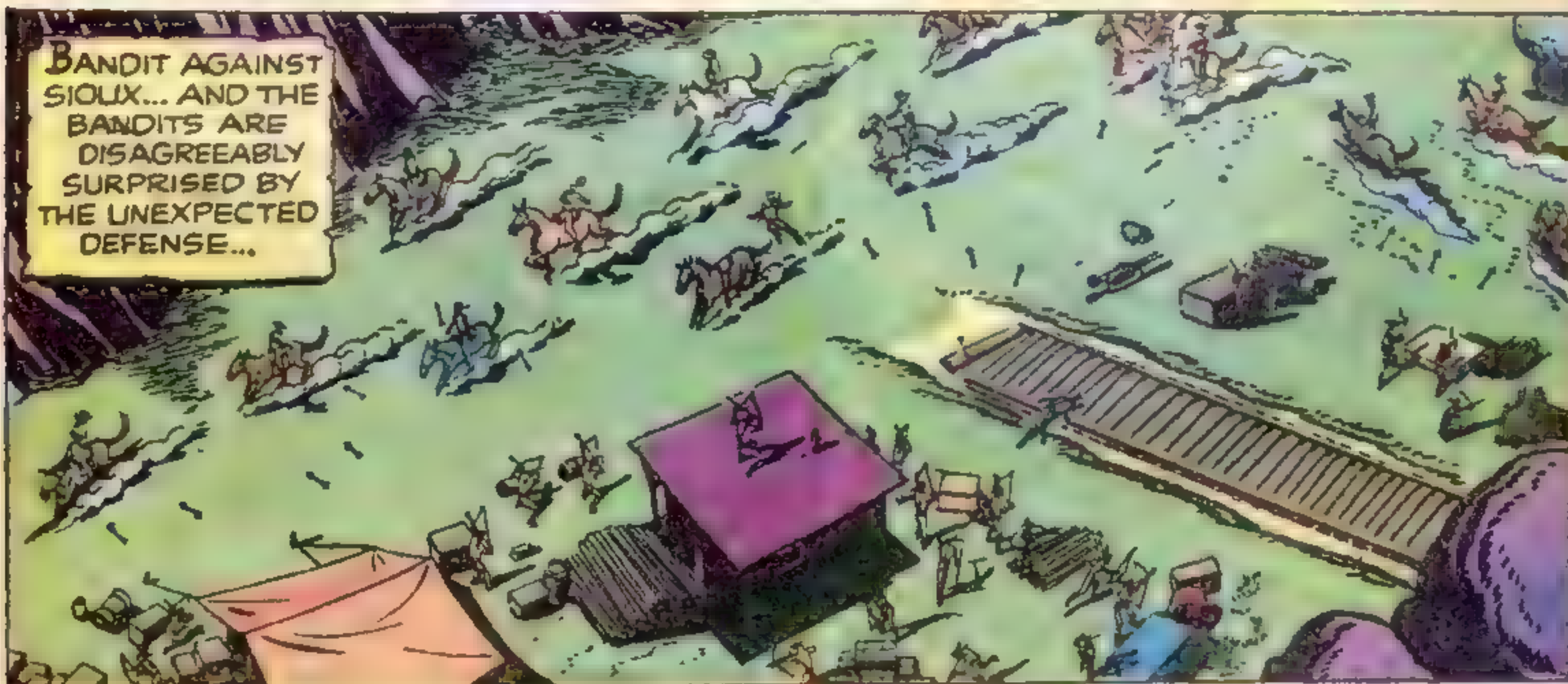


TOKA AHE  
DO...THE  
ENEMY!  
TO YOUR  
PLACES!

BLAM!  
BLAM!

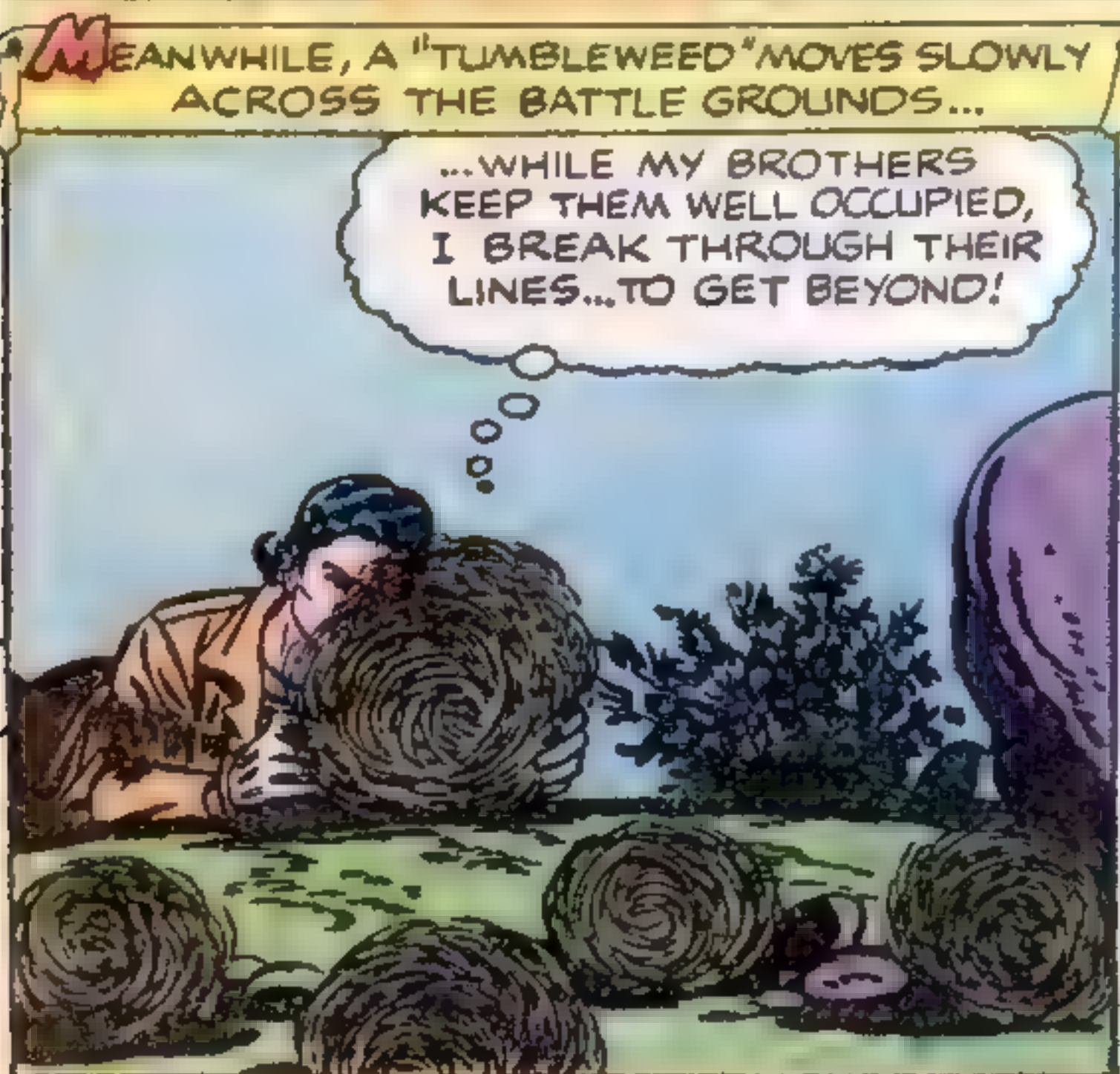


BANDIT AGAINST  
SIOUX... AND THE  
BANDITS ARE  
DISAGREEABLY  
SURPRISED BY  
THE UNEXPECTED  
DEFENSE...



MEANWHILE, A "TUMBLEWEED" MOVES SLOWLY  
ACROSS THE BATTLE GROUNDS...

...WHILE MY BROTHERS  
KEEP THEM WELL OCCUPIED,  
I BREAK THROUGH THEIR  
LINES...TO GET BEYOND!



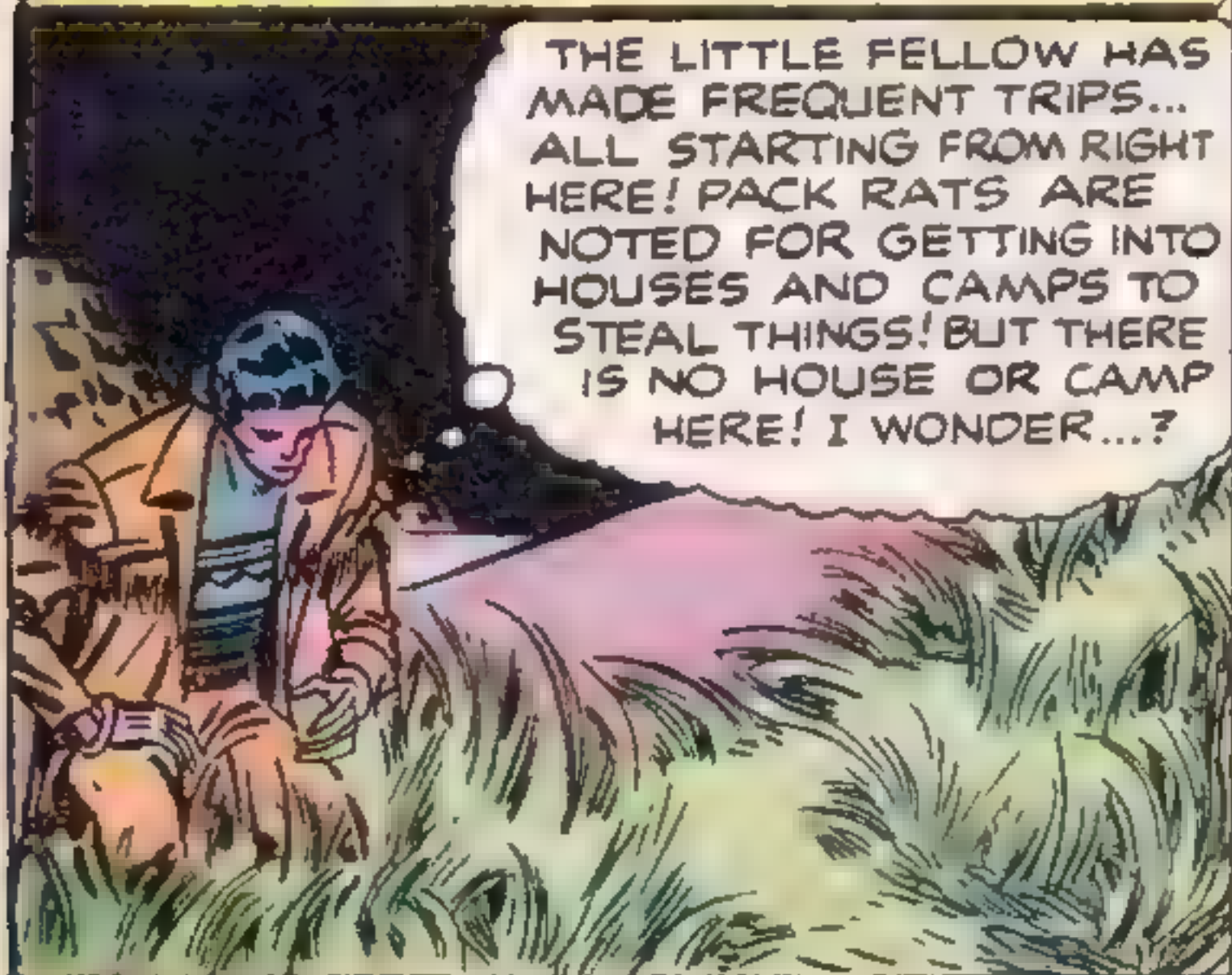
...AND NOW TO FIND  
OUT WHY THE LITTLE  
PACK RAT FOUND OIL!





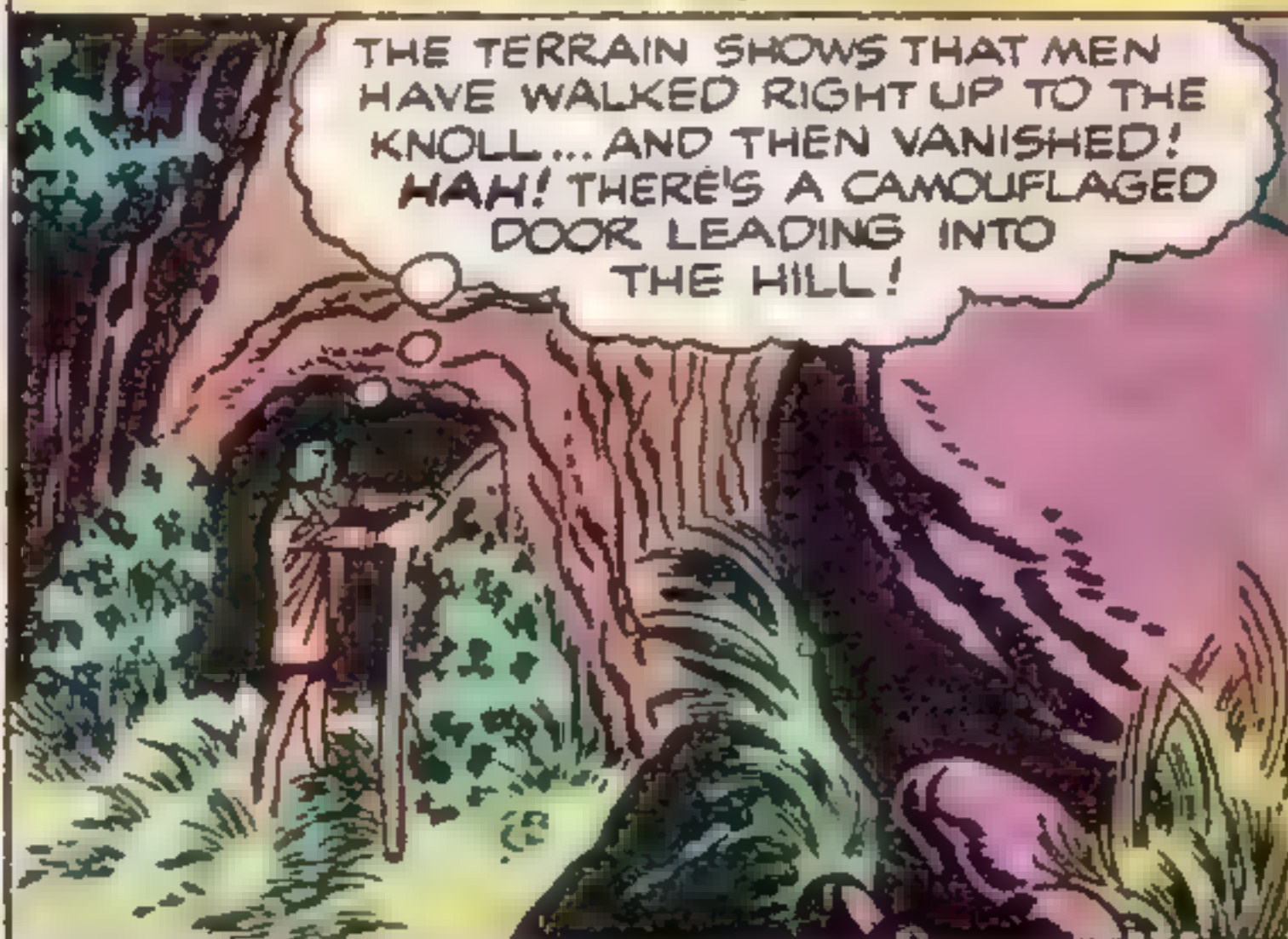
ONCE MORE, POW-WOW PICKS UP THE  
PACK RAT'S TRAIL...

THE LITTLE FELLOW HAS  
MADE FREQUENT TRIPS...  
ALL STARTING FROM RIGHT  
HERE! PACK RATS ARE  
NOTED FOR GETTING INTO  
HOUSES AND CAMPS TO  
STEAL THINGS! BUT THERE  
IS NO HOUSE OR CAMP  
HERE! I WONDER...?



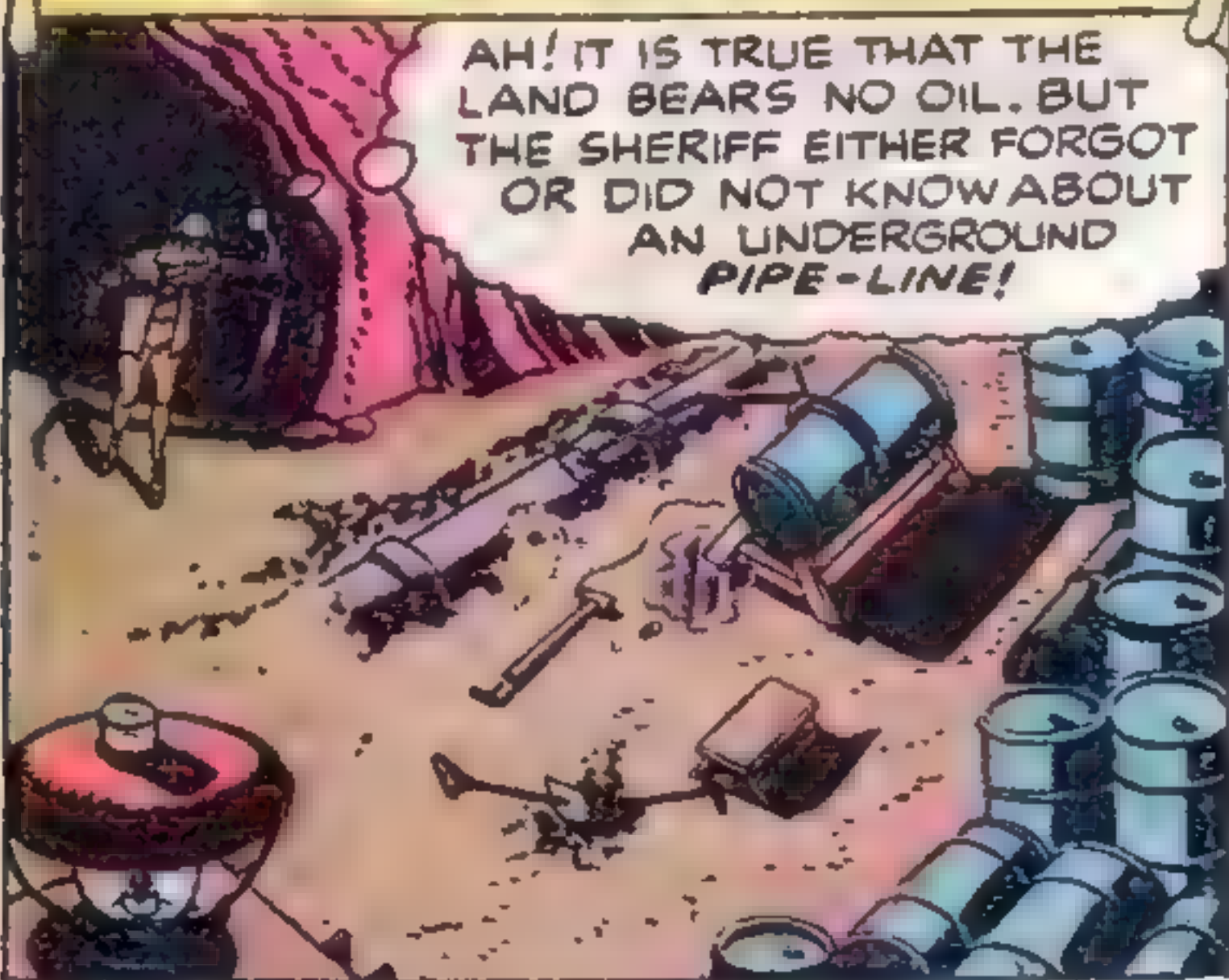
CAREFULLY POW-WOW EXAMINES THE GROUND  
AT THE BASE OF THE KNOLL. THE BENT  
GRASS BLADES REVEAL CLEAR SIGNS  
UNDER HIS CLOSE SCRUTINY...

THE TERRAIN SHOWS THAT MEN  
HAVE WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE  
KNOLL... AND THEN VANISHED!  
HAH! THERE'S A CAMOUFLAGED  
DOOR LEADING INTO  
THE HILL!

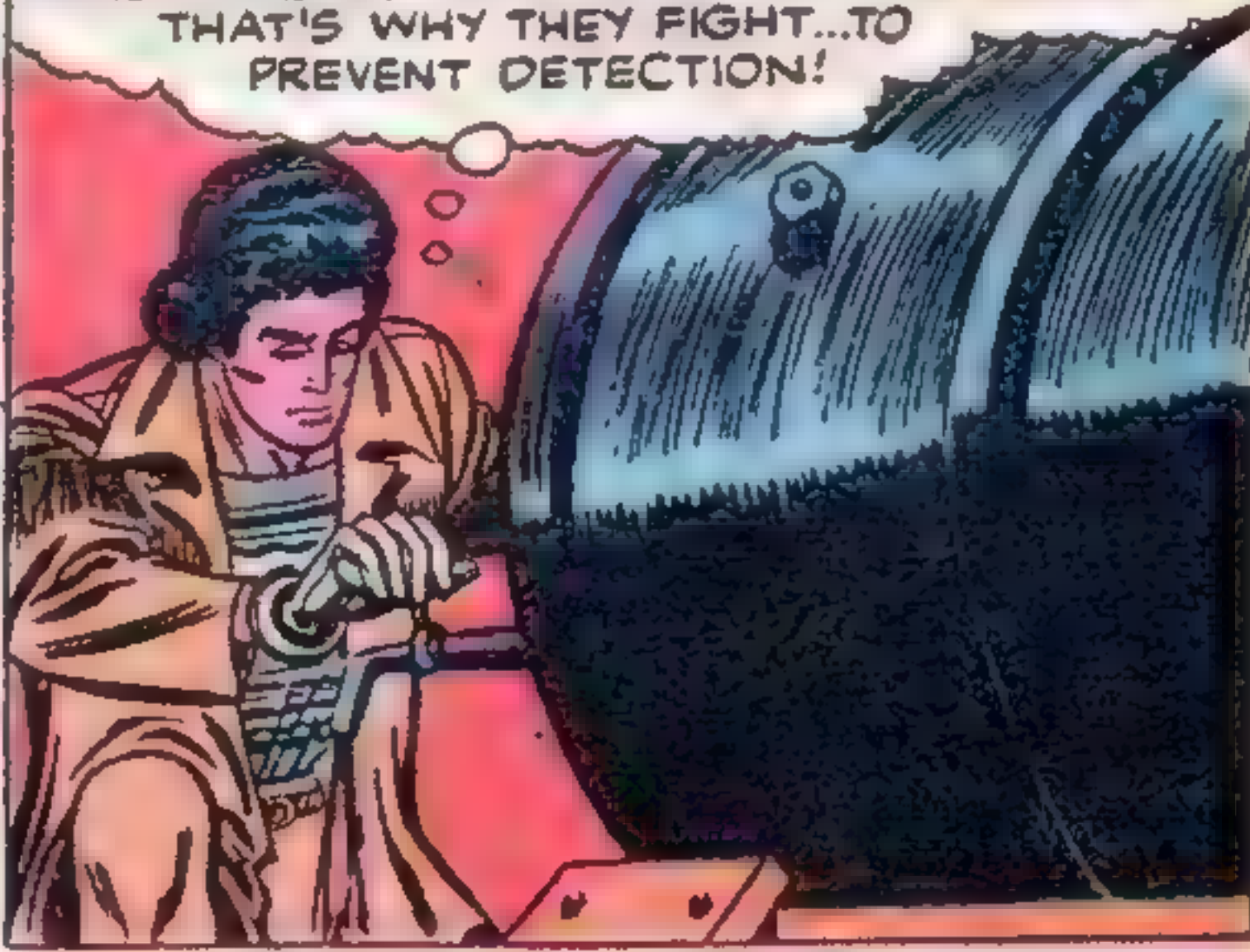


AS POW-WOW ENTERS THE HOLLOWED-OUT  
HILL, IMMEDIATELY THE STRONG SCENT OF  
OIL HITS HIS NOSTRILS...

AH! IT IS TRUE THAT THE  
LAND BEARS NO OIL. BUT  
THE SHERIFF EITHER FORGOT  
OR DID NOT KNOW ABOUT  
AN UNDERGROUND  
PIPE-LINE!

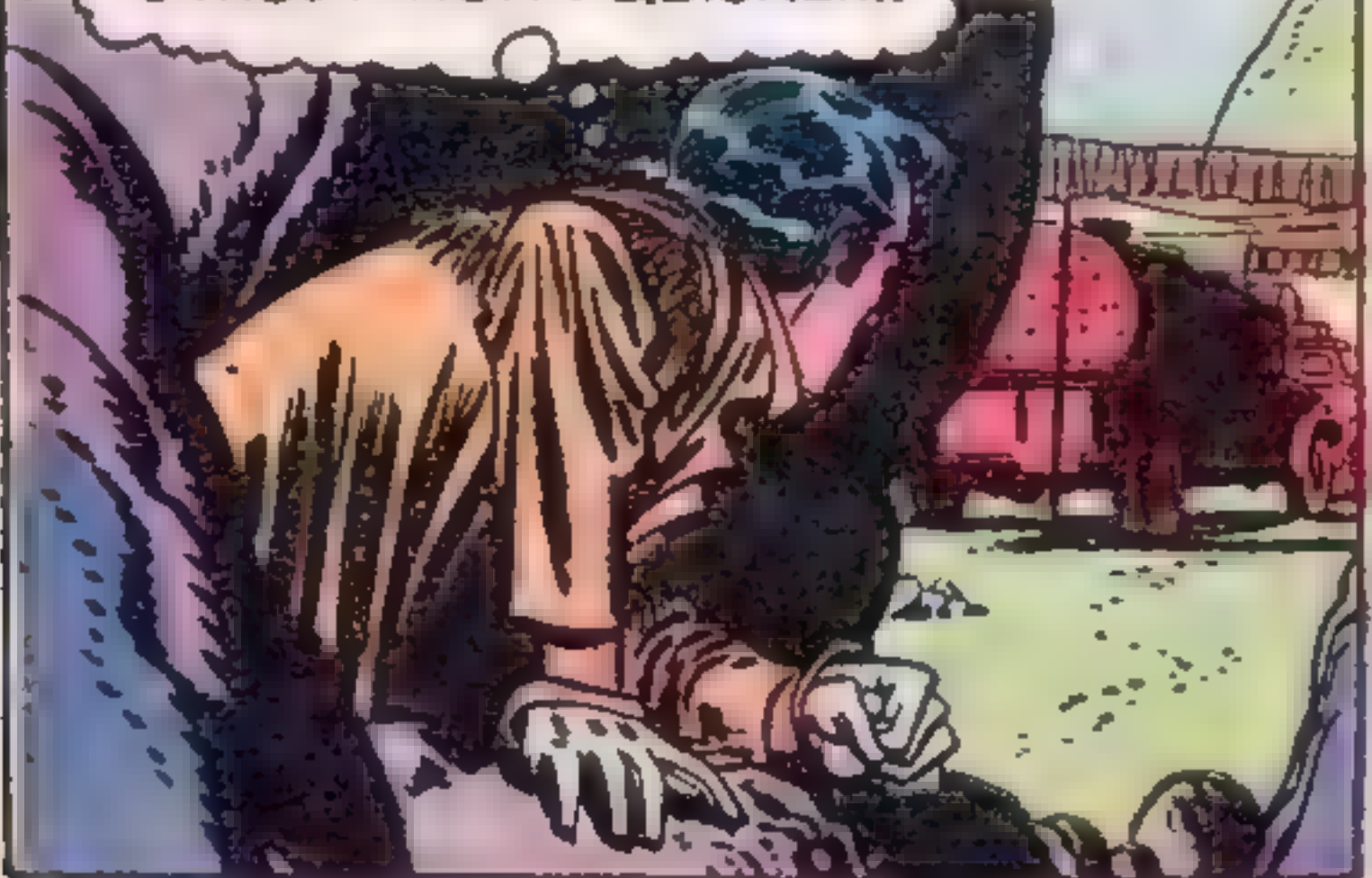


...AND THE BANDITS HAVE BEEN SIPHONING OFF  
BARRELS OF OIL FROM THE PIPE-LINE IN THIS SUB-  
TERRANEAN ROOM! BUT THE RAILROAD IS COMING  
THROUGH... AND THE KNOLL WOULD BE LEVELED!  
THAT'S WHY THEY FIGHT... TO  
PREVENT DETECTION!



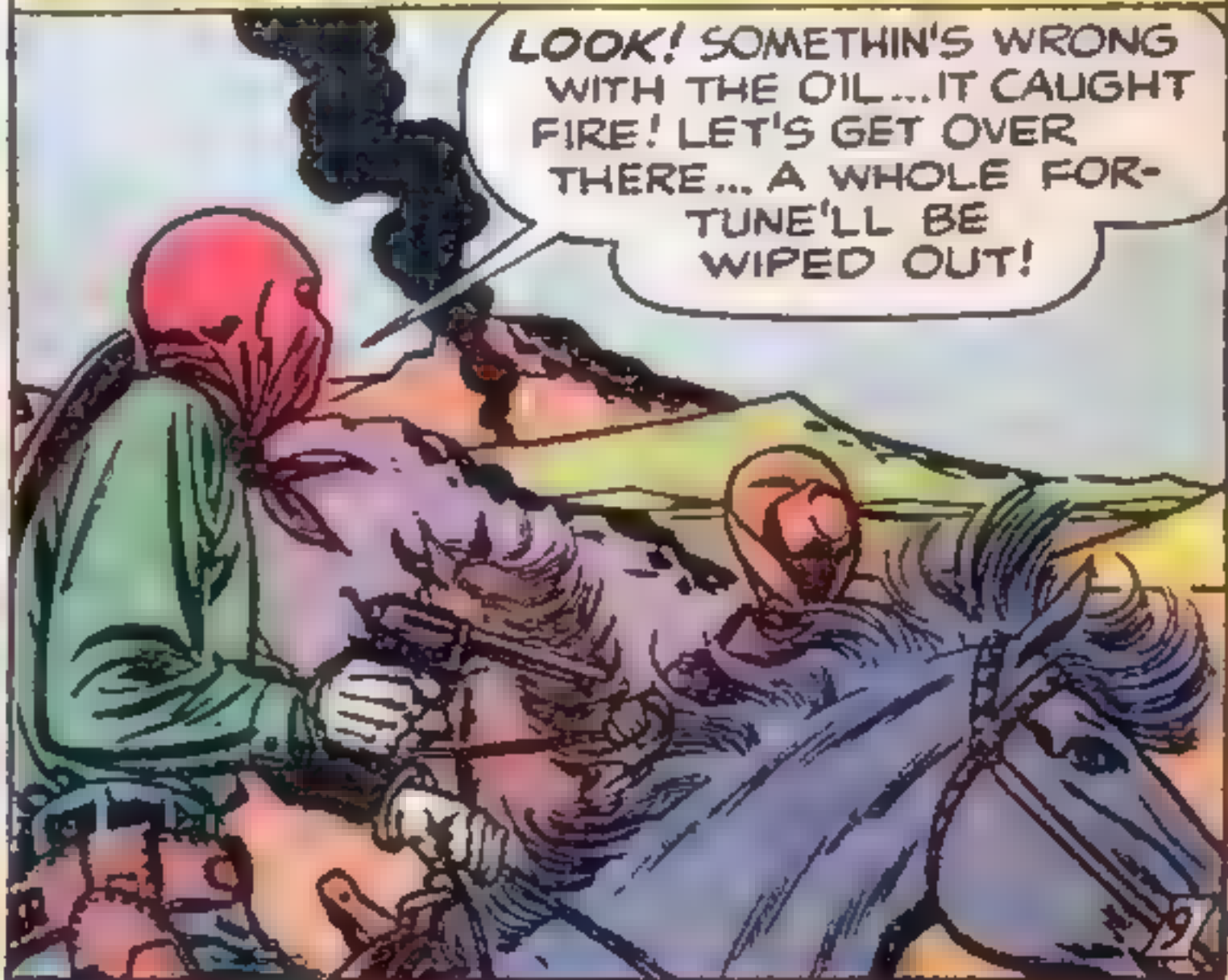
WALKING THROUGH A MAN-MADE TUNNEL,  
POW-WOW FINDS...

AND HERE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL,  
IS WHERE THE TRUCKS PULL UP TO THE  
TUNNEL TO HAUL AWAY THE STOLEN OIL!  
NOW THAT I KNOW THE SECRET,  
I MUST WORK QUICKLY...



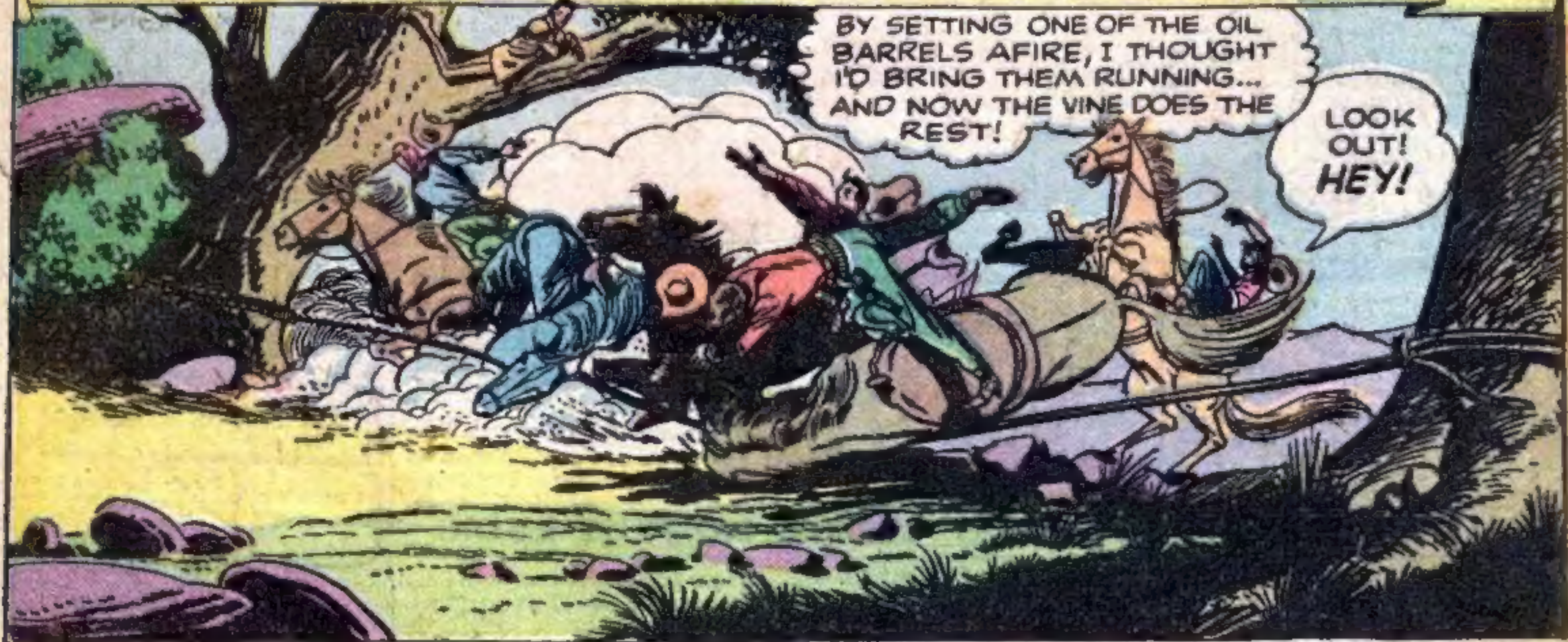
A MOMENT LATER, AT THE BATTLEGROUND,  
THE AMAZED BANDITS SEE A BLACK CLOUD  
OF SMOKE BILLOWING FROM THE HILLS...

LOOK! SOMETHIN'S WRONG  
WITH THE OIL... IT CAUGHT  
FIRE! LET'S GET OVER  
THERE... A WHOLE FOR-  
TUNE'LL BE  
WIPE OUT!





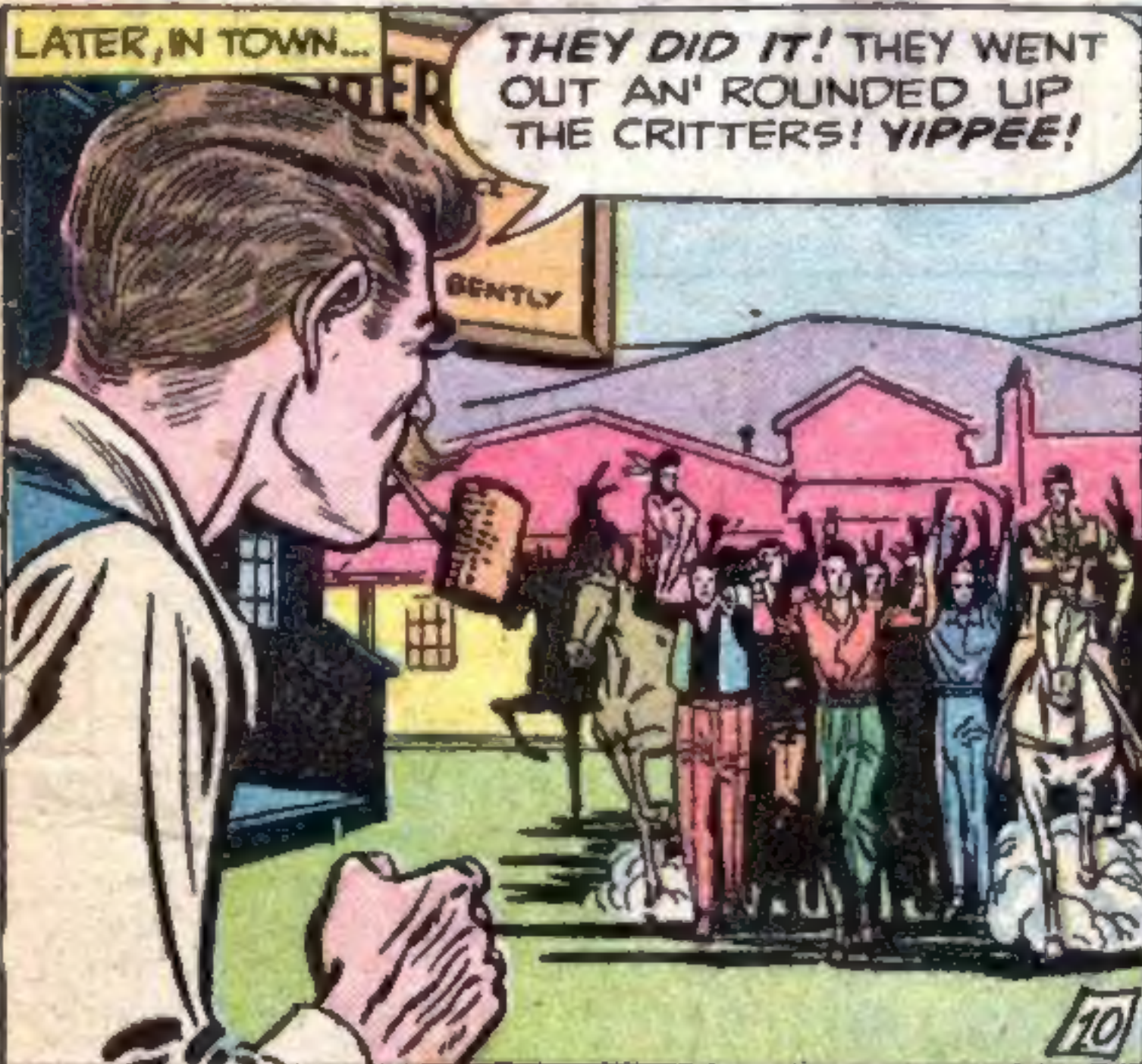
**AS THE BANDITS RACE UP THE CRAGGY HILL PATHS, THEY FAIL TO NOTE A VINE STRETCHED TIGHTLY ACROSS THE TRAIL...**



**THEN, BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER...**



**YES! I FOUND THEIR SECRET... THEY HAVE BEEN STEALING OIL FROM A PIPE-LINE! THEY WANTED TO DETAIN THE TRACK CONSTRUCTION LONG ENOUGH TO ACCUMULATE A FORTUNE IN OIL!**



**IT IS A MONTH LATER WHEN THE BRAVES RIDE FORTH ONCE MORE FROM QUIET RED DEER VALLEY, AND...**







Girls  
Boys

# GET YOUR PRIZE

This Easy Way



American made Pocket Watch. Leather fob—good luck charm. Sell one order.

TOOL KIT



With Holster, Belt and Lariat. Sell one order.

DRESSER SET



A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your choice of Boy's or Girl's Model. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.

SHOW HOME MOVIES



Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Seeds plus \$3.50.

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A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

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The sensational new Remote Control Toy Car. Fun for everyone. Sell one order.

CROQUET SET

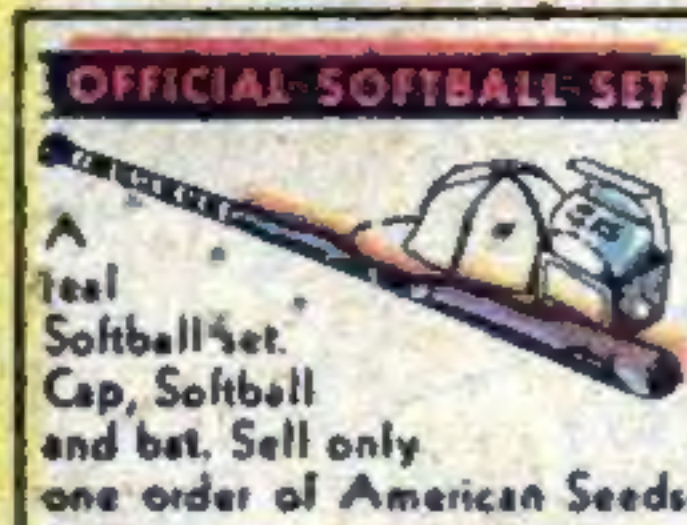


Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Sell one order of American Seeds.

PEN-PENCIL SET

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OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET  
A real Softball Set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell only one order of American Seeds.

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FISHING TACKLE SET  
Big 11-piece outfit. Sell one order plus 75c extra.

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ALSO GIFTS FOR MOTHER AND DAD

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A fast shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

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NEW RADIOPHONE  
A real radio for Boys and Girls. Sell one order of Seeds plus \$2.00.

ARCHERY SET

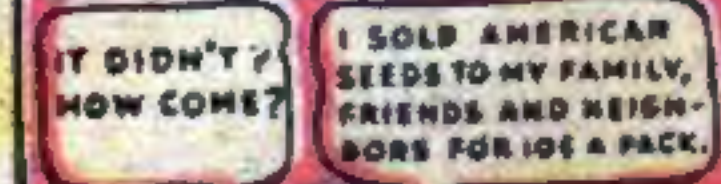


Gene Autry Guitar  
Full Size musical instrument with Gene Autry's Signature. Sell one order of American Seeds plus \$5.00.



HI BOB, THAT'S A SWELL CAMERA—BUT DON'T THEY COST A LOT?

THEY DO—BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T COST ME A CENT.



IT DIDN'T? HOW COME?

I SOLD AMERICAN SEEDS TO MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS FOR 10c A PACK.



THAT SOUNDS EASY. HOW COULD I GET STARTED?

JUST MAIL THE COUPON SEND NO MONEY. THEY TRUST YOU.



LATER,

SEE, IT REALLY WAS EASY! OUR PRIZES CAME ALREADY.

I'M PROUD OF YOU BOTH



HERE IS A GIFT FOR YOU MOTHER.

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY  
DEPT. 941 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. Box or Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

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Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 40-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated in our Big Prize Book.

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SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU  
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OUR  
32nd  
YEAR



# I Will Train You at Home for Good Jobs in **RADIO - TELEVISION**



**I Send You Many  
KITS OF PARTS  
for practical experience**

You conduct many tests and experiments with equipment built from materials I furnish. Some of the equipment from my Servicing Course and some from my Communications Course is shown below. Everything I send is yours to keep.

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**SET TESTER**

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**VETERANS**

GET THIS TRAINING  
WITHOUT COST  
UNDER G. I. BILL

## America's Fastest Growing Industry Offers You **GOOD PAY--SUCCESS**

Want a good-pay job in the fast growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be successful Technicians. . . . **MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE.** My tested and proved train-at-home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with **MANY KITS OF PARTS** I send. All equipment yours to keep.

### MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

The day you enroll, I start sending **SPECIAL BOOKLETS** that show you how to make \$5, \$10 a week or more **EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. From here, it's a short step to your own shop or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or be a licensed Radio-Television Operator or Technician.

### TELEVISION OFFERS BRIGHT FUTURE

Today there are nearly 2700 Radio stations on the air—and within three years experts predict over 1000 Television Stations. Then add developments in FM, Two-Way Radio, Police, Marine, Aviation and Microwave Relay Radio! Think what this means. New jobs, more jobs, good pay for qualified men.

## ACTUAL LESSON **FREE**

Act now! Send for my **FREE DOUBLE OFFER.** Coupon entitles you to actual lesson, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVER SERVICING." It shows you that learning at home is easy, practical. You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION." It tells what my graduates are doing and earning.

Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. **J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OC89, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH  
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in **RADIO-  
TELEVISION**

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### COWBOY CARBINE

-and Get in on the  
**FUN!**

No.  
111

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Plymouth,  
Mich.

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Get a sweet-shootin' RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE and get in on the fun! This famous Daisy 800-shot repeater looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy saddle gun. Carbine Ring has Leather Saddle Thong attached. Red Ryder's name, horse branded on stock. Buy yours with cash you got for Christmas or ask DAD to buy it from your Daisy dealer! Promise Dad you'll follow Daisy's Safety Shooting Rules as millions of boys have since 1868!

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WITH  
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SADDLE  
THONG  
ATTACHED

Look! Complete new Daisy B-B Gun-n-Scope Target Outfit includes: famous Daisy Red Ryder Carbine with

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311

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I enclose one thin dime (10c coin)  
and unused 3c stamp for Daisy  
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Please rush postpaid!

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THIS NOW.  
PARTNER!  
Red Ryder

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BULLS EYE SHOT IN

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